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ISABEL BURTON.

THE INNER LIFE OF
SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND THE HOLY LAND.

WORKS BY CAPT. RICHARD F. BURTON.

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THE INNER LIFE OF SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND THE HOLY LAND.

FROM MY PRIVATE JOURNAL, BY

ISABEL BURTON.

II

“Ellati Zaujuhá ma'ahá b'tadír el Kamar b'asbiha.”

(“The woman who has her husband with her (*i.e.* at her back) can turn the moon with her finger.”)

“El Maraa min ghayr Zaujuhá mislahá tayarán maksús el Jenáhh.”

(“The woman without her husband is like a bird with one wing.”)

“He travels and expatriates; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land.
The manners, customs, policy of all,
Pay contributions to the store he gleans;
He seeks intelligence from every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return,—a rich repast for *me!*”

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LONDON:

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1879.

WRITING for my own sex, my greatest ambition was to have offered this first attempt to the noblest and most beloved of our sex, our Nation's Idol, Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales. I visited Vienna in May, 1873, partly—I may say chiefly—with the object of obtaining the desired permission, but Her Royal Highness was not there.

At last a bright idea dawned upon me. I would embody my petition in a letter, and send it through the Embassy, and then—I was ashamed of pushing myself forward (a good old English feeling, I believe)—my petition and I disappeared together in the wild, struggling, unsympathizing crowd.

So my wish was never spoken; and I lay this work, the offering of the firstfruits of my pen, where I lay all the other events and actions of my life, great and small, on the Grave of the best and dearest of women—

MY MOTHER.

24799

PREFACE.

THIS book contains little History, Geography, or Politics; no Science, Ethnography, Botany, Geology, Zoology, Mineralogy, or Antiquities.

Exploration and the harder travels, such as the Túl es Safá, the Haurán, the Lejá, the Aláh, and other wilder parts of Syria, have been described by Captain Burton and myself in "Unexplored Syria;" but for all that, this book contains things women will like to know.

I have followed my husband everywhere, gleaning only woman's lore, and I hope that the daily jottings of my private journal will yield a sketch of the inner life of the Holy Land in general, and of Damascus in particular. I wish to convey an idea of the life which an Englishwoman may make for herself in the East. In so doing I have found it difficult to avoid being too personal, or egotistical, or too frank, but I do not know how to tell my story in any other way, and I hope that in exchange for my experiences my readers will be indulgent. I have been often accused of writing as if it were intended as an address for the Royal Geographical Society, that is, in a *quasi*-professional way. I conclude that this happened because I always wrote with and for my husband, and under his direction. This is my first independent publication, and I try the experiment of writing as if

talking with friends. I hope not to err too much the other way, and, in throwing off the usual rules of authorship, to gain by amusing and interesting those who read me, what I may lose in style. The British reading public, nay, all the world, likes personal detail. I trust, therefore, that they will excuse the incessant *Ego* of one who was only allowed to take a part in the events which happened during our residence in Syria; and if this book proves to be the humble instrument that launches and prospers any one of my philanthropic projects for the Land of my heart, I shall have lived for some good purpose, and when I lie upon my death-bed I shall not be haunted by that nightmare thought—"I have never been of any use."

ISABEL BURTON.

14, *Montagu Place*,
Montagu Square, London.

CONTENTS.



CHAPTER I.		PAGE
From London to Alexandria	...	1
CHAPTER II.		
From Alexandria to Beyrout	...	9
CHAPTER III.		
The Road from Beyrout to Damascus	...	17
CHAPTER IV.		
Settling down at Damascus	...	24
CHAPTER V.		
A General View of Damascus	...	33
CHAPTER VI.		
Description of the Hajj, and what we saw	...	46
CHAPTER VII.		
A Day's Shopping in the Bazars	...	62
CHAPTER VIII.		
Familiar Conversation about Syria—Climate—Health—Horses, and Treatment—Friendly Visits—Arab Cafés—Arab Dancing, Music, and Singing	...	79
CHAPTER IX.		
Society—Reception Day—Customs—Turkish Officials	...	93

CHAPTER X.		PAGE
The Environs of Damascus	100
CHAPTER XI.		
The Hammám, or Turkish Bath—A Friendly Evening at a Harím	105
CHAPTER XII.		
The Darwaysh Dance—The Great Mosque—The Houses of Lisbona and Ali Beg—The Jeríd—Burial-Grounds—Post-office—Church and Money matters	124
CHAPTER XIII.		
Revival of Christianity	137
CHAPTER XIV.		
Palmyra, or Tadmor in the Wilderness	157
CHAPTER XV.		
Palmyra, ancient Tadmor—Stables at Home and in Camp	176
CHAPTER XVI.		
Zahrán's end—Chapels—Dragomans—Village Squabbles—Pariah Dogs—Humane Society	196
CHAPTER XVII.		
Moslem Wedding—Sickness—Beyrout—Excursions—Society, Schools, and Missions—Return home—I fall in love with Damascus	210
CHAPTER XVIII.		
Summer Quarters—Bludán in the Anti-Lebanon—Life in the Anti-Lebanon—Lord Clarendon's Death—Visitors—Mr. Palmer and Mr. Charles Tyrwhitt-Drake join us—We go Gipsying—Ba'albak and the Lebanon	222
CHAPTER XIX.		
Disagreeables in Damascus—My Patients—Conscription—Village Squabbles—Mountain Life again—Vineyard Harvest—Moslems and Christians	241

CHAPTER XX.

Breezy Times—Struggles between right and wrong—"Fais ce que	PAGE
<i>dois, adviennne que pourra</i> "	261

CHAPTER XXI.

Gipsying again	273
-----------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

The Wedding of the Wali's Daughter—The Damascus Swamps— Mohammed Dukhi's Camp—Safety of Letters at Beyrout—An official Visit—How I tore off the Diamonds—The Mezrabs— Mohammed Agha, the Kawwás-Bashi of the Consulate—The Famine of the Winter 1870-71	302
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

Our Hajj to Jerusalem	316
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

Continuation of the Pilgrimage	343
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

Pilgrimage (<i>continued</i>)	370
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Dream	397
----------------	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

Pilgrimage (<i>continued</i>)	442
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Continuation, and last of our Pilgrimage	473
---	-----

THE INNER LIFE OF SYRIA.

CHAPTER I.

FROM LONDON TO ALEXANDRIA.

“Did you like Damascus?”

Like it! My eyes fill, and my heart throbs even at the question—the question that has been asked me by every one who has shaken hands with me since October, 1871.

“Why are you so fond of it?”

“I don’t know.”

“But surely you must have some reason. Was the climate exquisite?”

“No.”

“Were there great luxuries and comforts?”

“Oh no; quite an absence of them.”

“Your marble palace?”

“No; I hadn’t one.”

“Was there much gaiety or society?”

“No; we were only thirty Europeans in all, hardly any English, and gaiety, as *we* understand it, unknown.”

“Had you any especial attraction?”

“None.”

“Perhaps you liked the power and influence which your husband’s official position gave you?”

“No; I don’t think I cared much for that, except when I saw others unhappy, poor, or oppressed, and I cared for power then, because it enabled me to relieve them.”

“Well, but—you are incomprehensible—do explain!”

(I am by this time dreamily seeking to say something that might be understood.)

"I can't tell you—if you had lived there you would know. I hated it at first; I saw the desert, it grew upon me. There are times, when I have sorrows, that I hunger and thirst for it; times when the goings on in the world make me miserable, and I have to despise myself that my heart can be touched or my happiness affected by what concerns my fellow-creatures. Then a horror of the common groove, of the cab-shafts of civilization, of the contamination of cities, of the vulgarities of life, takes its hold of me, and I yearn for the desert to recover the purity of my mind and the dignity of human nature—to be regenerated amongst the Arabs. You cannot understand me, but I can understand you, because I have lived both lives."

"What do you mean by both lives?"

"I mean the life that man has made, the life of London and Paris—the splendid school which rubs off the angles, which teaches us that we are nothing and nobody, which prevents us, by mixing with our equals and superiors, from becoming brutalized—that life so passionate, so intense, so struggling, and in which we ought all to pass one year out of four. The other life is what God made, the life in which nature and you have to understand each other and agree, and where there is no third person to interfere; where there is enough danger to prevent too much 'Kayf' (*dolce far niente*), and where you are wrapt in the solemn, silent mystery, the romantic halo, of pure Oriental life. You have no idea how, the moment you recross the Lebanon towards the sea, the fumes of vulgarity begin to offend you, and increase until they culminate in now Liberal not liberal Europe. Tourists wend on beaten tracks, stay but a few months, and know nothing of this. That is what makes their books on the East so very *fade*. They skim the surface. Dragomans know what pleases their victims, and they have a jargon of their own. The victims rarely speak the language of the country, they have European minds, and they go home about as wise as they came out. The truth only begins to dawn after the first six months, and becomes a conviction in a year; then you gradually improve yourself for Oriental life, and unfit yourself for that of Europe. When I go to a picture gallery and I find the desert, and the camels marching at sunset, like Lord Houghton's 'Palm leaves' at Frystone, for instance, or a good bivouac by moonlight, I sit opposite it, and gaze and gaze until my eyes are rested and my mind is at peace. I shall return to the East, Inshallah! to end my days there. Fortunately my husband has had the same mind from his youth. You cannot understand me, but I have met one or two people—Mr. Disraeli is one—who have felt the same feelings. I have been suffering from

what the Brazilians call *saudades*, which literally means, a yearning after places or persons, for the last three years, and I have sought relief in writing my experiences and reminiscences, now imagining that I am showing Damascus to a friend, and then relapsing into a form of journal. I have a long string of regrets. Firstly, I cannot give my writings to the public in their crude state; in the present day the press has settled into a certain groove: the English reading public have drawn four lines which represent the height, length, breadth, and depth of what they will read, and who wants to be read and to be welcomed must write within those lines. Add to this that my husband and I have already produced a book of Syrian travel, somewhat hard and dry, which speaks of Palmyra, Ba'albak, Hebron, the Haurán, the Lejá, Homs, Hamah, the Tulúl es Safá, and the Aláh, so that there is that much less exploration to record. Secondly, as the wife of a Consular officer, I avoid politics and official matter *en détail*—I only use what is public property, or our own affairs, to which I have a right, taking no advantage of any knowledge my position gives me—whereas all the *salt* of Turkish life consists of politics and official intrigue. Thirdly, where I have seen good I shall speak of it with pleasure, and where I have seen the reverse, I shall try to be silent; for a book is meant to give pleasure, and pain that is inflicted in black and white lasts for ever. Fourthly, every one of my friends has begged of me to describe the inner life of the Harím; a minute detail of some parts of the domestic life of *all* classes of Harím, which differ very much from ours, would not be suitable for English girls, and I wish to write a book which may be read by everybody, and which may appear on every table *sans peur et sans reproche*. Besides which, *noblesse oblige*. I have been received with open arms in the greatest intimacy, I have eaten bread and salt with all classes, I have been admitted to prayer in the mosque tribune, and to all the *vie intime*. I cannot put them under a microscope to make my book entertaining, but there is much that I *can* say, and quite enough to give my readers a fair idea of Eastern life. Gratitude is not incumbent upon a tourist, but when one has been *l'amie de la maison*, and hopes to become so again, and perhaps to the end of one's life, one would rather keep that confidence than conquer a literary success. I will endeavour to make the best of the things that remain to me: I can warrant their genuineness, and if they are tinged with a little colour of rose, and with 'Holy Land on the brain,' I wrote at the time, and I write now, as I saw, felt, and thought."

Those who are in the habit of leaving their homes, families, and

dearest ties in England without any definite chance of return, and who sally forth into the unknown, will fully understand the single line contained in my journal of this day.

16th December, 1869.—“Some wretched partings, a terrible wrench, and general break up at home.” To a Frenchman I should only say, “*Je quittais ma mère.*” It was a wild night, and the express to Dover rattled through the driving winter storm. The sky was black as pitch. The wind soughed and surged in blasts which drove us from one side of the streets of Dover to the other. The sea ran “mountains high.” The cockle-shell steamers danced up and down in the harbour as if they were playing at seesaw on an extensive scale; but what cared I? I had shaken the dust off my feet of what Mrs. Grundy is pleased to call respectability—the harness of European society. My destination was Damascus, the dream of my childhood and girlhood. I am to live amongst Bedawin Arab chiefs; I shall smell the desert air; I shall have tents, horses, weapons, and be free, like Lady Hester Stanhope. I would follow the footsteps of Tancred, and live in that marvellous country, the only land where the Creator has deigned to reveal Himself to His creatures. I, too, shall kneel at “the Tomb,” and relieve my burdened spirit. I, too, shall see the masters of the old, as well as the new learning. I shall go to the fountain head of my religion, founded by my Hebrew Saviour, where the magnetic influence lingers still, and learn the theology of thousands of years gone by, so poorly understood in Europe. As Disraeli truly says, “the East is a career.” I am ashamed to confess it to English people, who might think that I had a “bee in my bonnet,” but I should speak of it as a natural thing to Easterns—I am subject to mesmeric influences. For instance, I dreamed a dream of such a wild night, and so vividly, that I could hear the wind moan, and could see the blackness: a voice said to me—“There are two steamers; if one goes and the other refuses, take it as a sign.” Now I was most anxious to sail, and wished to travel day and night on the road, rail and steam, permitting, without an hour’s delay, for my husband was waiting for me at Damascus. And certainly, after so many long voyages to Brazil and other lands, I had never thought of our little Channel as an obstacle. When I set out to embark, an old sailor stepped from the darkness as I stood on the quay, and said—

“Go home, Miss; I’ve not seen such a night this forty year!”

The advice sounded kindly in my desolation—perhaps I rather liked being called “Miss”—however, I asked him to be so kind as to ascertain what steamers were going.

He replied at once, "Two ought to go, but the captain of the Ostend boat refuses, and he is right. The Calais boat sails at midnight."

I remembered my dream and decided: after thanking him I turned into the nearest shelter, a small, uncomfortable inn opposite the boats (it was too dark to look about for the best hotel, though it was close to me), so as to be able to start at daylight. At 9.30 the following morning the weather was much the same, but we could at least see where we were going. The steamer of the night before came back thoroughly disabled: she had struggled in the darkness and the heavy sea, and after four hours she was bumped on the Calais pier, till she lost one paddle and her tiller, frightened her passengers, hurt somebody, lost some baggage, was towed out by rowing smacks, beat about all night in the trough of the waves, and was bringing her wretched passengers back to Dover. She looked like a "lame duck" (Consuls will understand me), and her passengers—poor things!—pitiable indeed.

What a wonderful "bear-garden" is the buffet at Calais. Some had to sit on the floor with plates in their laps, so great and so rude was the crowd. The reason was evident—people are not allowed time to eat. It must be a well-paying establishment. Perhaps I may offer a useful hint, that they should keep half the provisions in painted wood, and carefully put back the portions of the other half until too stale even for that purpose. How uncomfortable and expensive foreigners make travelling. Firstly, you must take your tickets, have your baggage examined, then registered, then attend to the porter and all the sub-deputy-assistant porters, buy your book or paper and refreshment under the surveillance of the police, and stand in a pen for an indefinite period—half-hours are of no consequence—laden with all your small baggage. Suddenly the door opens, and the people burst out of "quod" as if shot from a gun. The best places are at once filled. Then you must fee the guard to secure some little bit of comfort. The carriages are excellent, the pace is killing from slowness, the stoppages are long, and changes and examinations are continual, though smashes such as we have in England are rare. Your mind is kept in an unpleasantly suspended and irritated state, from the time of unhousing yourself in the morning, to housing yourself at the end of the journey. For instance, they will tell you that the train stops at such a place for half an hour, and start a quarter of an hour sooner, or that the halt is of ten minutes when they give you five.

This boat accident caused us to miss our proper train to Marseilles, whither I was bound; and as the P. and O. *Tanjore* was to sail out on the 19th, there was no time to sleep or eat in Paris, but only to catch the slow train. Every trouble came at once. On arriving at the Bureau des Baggages (Paris), to reclaim my luggage, registered from London, two trunks were missing, and as if an evil spirit had picked them out, one contained nearly all my money, and the other all my creature comforts for the journey. I had to decide at once between losing my passage or forsaking my missing baggage. I left my name and address, took that of the superintendent, and registered my loss, without naming the money. By dint of writing eight letters twice a month, I received them, contents intact, through the P. and O. Company, within half a year. I have been less fortunate since.

I left Paris immediately, barely catching an 8.30 p.m. slow train; we "worried along" all night, and next day till four in the afternoon. However, after all these petty but disheartening annoyances I got through what work I had to do at Marseilles, I wrote letters for home, and I was on board the P. and O. *Tanjore*, Captain Brooks, at 8 a.m. on Sunday, 19th December, '69.

France was looking charming. The last time I saw her was on the Emperor Napoleon's *fête*, 1869. The scene was gorgeous; France appeared in her greatest pomp, luxury, and glory. The illuminations were unequalled, even in the eyes of those who were used to them. All night Paris was like the "Land of the Sun." One could have read or written a letter in the darkest corner. The Tuileries was one blaze: festoons of lamps, each terminating in a huge bunch of grapes, lined the way from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe. All the columns, the Place Vendôme, and the hundred squares, had serpents of gas-lamps, twining from top to bottom, and the *feux d'artifices* were wonderful to behold. Though not a Sybil, there are times when words will rush to my mouth, and I must say them. I was walking that night in the Champs Elysées with a friend, who will remember it, when I said suddenly, somewhat excitedly,—“In a year hence all this will be shattered, and the hand that created it will be humbled in the dust.” My friend answered,—“You are like the raven to-night.” And I replied,—“I love France, and I fear for her.” A girl standing near me said to her companion,—“Voilà une dame qui ne se gêne pas.” So we moved on, I had spoken too loud. That day year France was fighting Prussia.

Marseilles was delicious; it was so pleasant to exchange the blowing, damp, cold, rainy, foggy winter of England, and our angry little

Channel, for a mother-of-pearl sea, and the balmy breath of the sweet South. We steamed out at 9.30 a.m.; we passed the Chateau d'If, Hyères, and Catalan of Montechristo. Towards night there was a heavy dew, and the unpleasant fog whistle was our lullaby. Our ship was one of the P. and O.'s floating palaces, magnificently fitted; 2000 tons, 110 officers and men, and about 50 passengers, are the figures.

20th.—We passed through the Straits of S. Bonifazio, between Corsica and Sardinia, close to Garibaldi's house at Caprera. It was lovely weather, and we were all deck-loungers, but at night it became rough.

21st.—We ran by Stromboli and the Lipari Isles; there was some excitement at the appearance of a small bird and a fishing smack, as we had, curiously enough, seen nothing for three days.

22nd.—We neared the coast of Sicily, and found a fleet of small sailing vessels that could not enter the Straits, owing to the wind. All flocked on deck to appreciate Scylla and Charybdis. The Italian and Sicilian coasts seem to meet like a broken half moon, and you wonder where the entrance can be until you are actually in it, for it is only a mile and a quarter broad. The Straits of Messina were very reposing to the eye after our cruise. The mountains rising in tiers one above another, Etna smoking hard in the distance, with a beautiful sunset behind; the sea like glass, and a balmy air adding sensuous charm. Yet I, who had been spoiled by South American scenery, felt a sort of secret superiority over the other passengers: they went into ecstasies; I thought that beautiful as the Straits were, they were only a small, bad copy of São Sebastião, between Santos and Rio de Janeiro. We passed Reggio and Cape Spartivento before the sun's last rays had departed, and then we left the coast to make a clear run of 800 miles into Alexandria.

23rd.—We passed Candia and the Grecian Archipelago, and inhaled their perfumed and balmy breeze.

24th. *Christmas Eve.*—We all wrote home, and posted our letters in the ship's office. In the evening we managed holly and snap-dragon. At 10 p.m. we lay to, eighteen miles outside the entrance of Alexandria, the harbour being too dangerous to approach by night, although the lighthouse has a fine revolving light. We sent up a blue light and a rocket, which meant "Happy Christmas to you All."

Our six days' passage had been very pleasant. Every one connected with the ship had been most kind and obliging. We numbered five so-called "grass widows," that "young person" going out

to be married, several newly married couples, officers about to join their regiments—all excepting myself were Anglo-Indians. They puzzled me often in conversation, and were amused at my ignorance concerning “tiffins” and “boys” and “griffins,” and other regimentalisms, which reminded me of our convent-school jargon. The new couples were evidently not used to steamers. They never will remember the ventilators over the doors, opening upon the saloon, and perhaps all passengers may not be so discreet as I am. I had the pleasure of hearing from more than one fellow-passenger after their arrival in India,—travelling not only instructs, it also makes friends, sometimes.

CHAPTER II.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO BEYROUT.

25th. *Christmas Day*.—An auspicious day to set foot on Eastern ground. At dawn we steamed in slowly. For eighteen miles the channel is so very narrow and winding as to require a pilot. When we anchored we passed a merry morning—I must confess it—laughing at the homeward-bound Anglo-Indians coming on board. They were such funny figures; but I can remember looking just as curious myself after a few years in Brazil, and saw in them a picture of what we should be like again after three years' absence from Europe. All agreed that it was very well to laugh, but some of our party confessed that they would be very glad to exchange places with them. I was the last to leave the ship, and the P. and O. agent, kindly pitying my unprotectedness, took me in charge and attended to all my wants. It was my first view of Alexandria, and I cannot say that I was much struck—all was flat and low, even below sea-level. It looked better from the ship's deck, with the sun rising behind it. I had no wish to loiter there, and went to three offices immediately to see what steamer would most quickly land me at Beyrout. I found that a Russian steamer, the *Ceres*, was about to sail in twenty-four hours, and secured my passage. I then went to the telegraph office and paid 19s. 6d. for a telegram to Beyrout, which of course arrived after me. Nobody knew where Damascus was, and I had not been taught to call it Esh Shâm. I went to High Mass on Christmas Day, and then called upon our Consul, Mr. Stanley, who was very kind to me. I went to the Hôtel d'Europe, situated in the gayest part of Alexandria, but very second rate; however, seeing in the balcony all my fellow-passengers, who were to leave that night for Suez, I thought I should enjoy it more than solitary grandeur at Abbatt's, which is superior, but out of the way. At the "Europe" the rooms were uncomfortable and bad, the food worse, the attendance worst, and *vin ordinaire* was sold as good wine at six shillings a bottle. *En revanche*, the people were civil and obliging, and every other charge was moderate. We made parties to see Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and the

bazars. The only striking things at Alexandria to a person who has never seen Egypt, are the tiny donkeys, shaped like pigs or rats, ridden by huge Egyptians whose legs dangle on the ground, and who ought rather to dismount and carry the donkeys under arm. Except this one boulevard on which looks the Hôtel d'Europe, I thought Alexandria a jumble of rubbish and dirt.* [N.B.—On my return it became quite a little Paris, but I despised it infinitely for its semi-civilized, semi-Christian habits. It was neither "fish nor fowl," like Beyrout, only much worse, and infinitely more offensive to one bitten by Orientalism.] An amusing detail took place: two Dragomans made a quarrel as to who should take me to the bazars. When appealed to, I said, "You may both come, but I shall only pay one." Whereupon they fastened upon each other tooth and nail, tore each other's clothes and tarbushes, and bit each other's cheeks. These two (though I never suspected it) were, it appears, in the habit of dealing with ladies and philanthropic English, with here and there a missionary, and they always got up this farce. To avoid a street fight, the kind-hearted new arrival would employ and pay both, and, if ladies, perhaps give a pound out of fright to calm the heroes down. I innocently did the right thing without knowing it. I had so often seen negroes fighting with knives in South America, and been really frightened, that two Dragomans biting each other's cheeks appeared to me more supremely ridiculous and time-wasting than sensational; but I waited patiently until one of the two affected to be very much hurt, and then, turning to the other, I said, "You are the best man of the two, so we will employ you;" they were very crest-fallen. We all dined together, and as my friends were going off by train to Suez, I accompanied them to the station. When I had seen them depart it was quite dark. My carriage had been driven away by mistake; I had brought no servant; I could not speak one word of Arabic; I did not know the way, and I was on the outskirts of Alexandria, alone, foot-sore, tired, and a little puzzled. Some good people, vendors of tripe and other "eat-ables," kindly offered me a seat outside their stall, so I sat down very gratefully, and began to consider how I could get back to the hotel, which seemed a long way off. Kind Providence sent by the Dragoman of the English Consulate, who, on passing and seeing where I was sitting, threw up his eyes and arms, sprang on a minute donkey, soon came back with a carriage, and escorted me home. I had seen plenty of donkeys, but I could not hire one, as it would have necessitated

* Alexandria is a very different place now, and the "Europe" is vastly improved and far better than Abbatt's.

riding *en cavalier*, which in English clothes would not have had a graceful appearance. It was a strange Christmas night, spent alone, in a small room at an Alexandrian hotel, passed in writing letters home, and in thinking of the merry family parties and festivities—and of my mother.

26th.—Next morning, at 11 a.m., Mr. Stanley kindly came with his carriage and Consular boat, and put me on board the Russian *Ceres*, to sail at mid-day. She was bound for Port Sa'id, Jaffa, and Beyrout, which we were to reach on the third day. Though rather small after the P. and O., she was a good sea-boat, albeit she rolled almost round in the water. The first-class part of the vessel was clean, the food good, the wine drinkable, the caviare delicious. The deck was very dirty, being crowded with Orientals from every part of the East, many nations, creeds, and tongues, but mostly pilgrims for the Hajj. The captain and all the officials were most attentive: one or two spoke a little French, but unfortunately the stewardess could talk only Russian, which was embarrassing. The dirty, crowded deck was the most interesting part of the ship, to one who had been always dreaming of the East. Each family had their mattresses and their prayer carpets. They never seemed to change place during the whole three days; no matter how rough, how sea-sick, they were always either in an attitude of devotion, or of devouring, or dozing, or lying on their backs, or sitting cross-legged. Occasionally they chanted devotions which were so nasal that I was obliged to laugh, and when I laughed they did the same—I do not notice this peculiarity now. I used invariably to bring all the sweets out of the saloon after our meals for the children, so that I was always welcome. At first I could not tell what sex individuals belonged to, from their picturesque and gaudy dress, which struck me as more feminine than masculine. There were amongst them some splendid-looking creatures, and women handsomely dressed. Steaming out of Alexandria was very fine, but that night we ran over a heavy sea. I was fortunate in having the ladies' saloon to myself. It was as good as a small, comfortable drawing-room, but the heavy rolling pitched me four times out of my berth, and the last time, thinking that it would save some trouble to stay there, I did.

27th.—Port Sa'id was made in twenty-four hours. It looked like an old acquaintance, a West African station, low, flat, hot, and sandy. No one would suspect it of containing 12,000 inhabitants: to the ship's deck it presents one row of hovels down to the water's edge. We anchored at the entrance of the Suez Canal, so lately the centre of the world's attraction, a narrow channel with two tall lighthouses. Here

we took on board seven first-class passengers, one English officer returning home from India, five Americans, and "that little Frenchman." The dinner table became animated with violent political discussions, good-humoured withal, chiefly upon the Alabama question, Northerner and Southerner both being represented, and both attacking me. Whereupon I gallantly held my own.

28th.—We had a better sea to Jaffa, which was made in twenty-four hours. From this town, Jerusalem lies a forty miles' ride inland. Jaffa is a tarbush or fez-shaped green hill, covered with houses which look like a dirty pack of cards or well-rubbed dice. It has a garden-like suburb, the German quarter, seen to great advantage from a ship's deck. The Russian Vice-Consul came off and kindly called upon me. He took charge of another telegram for me to Damascus, which never reached its destination, but I am certain not through his fault. Here we lost our seven fellow-travellers from Port Sa'id, and picked up an Effendi and his Harim, and two poor respectable Italians, who played concertina and guitar very prettily. They told me that they "came of decent people," and, having made a *mariage de cœur*, were dependent upon their talent. I obtained leave from the captain for a "little music" after breakfast and dinner, and carried round a plate, which paid their passage and something more. This was my first sight of a real, veritable Harím. Harím was carefully wrapped up in Izár (sheet) and Mandíl (face veil), and was confined to its cabin, with rare intervals on deck. Her Effendi jealously watched the cabin door, to see that nobody went in but the stewardess. However, it freely unveiled before me, and I thought what a fine chance the Izár and Mandíl would be for some of us.

We remained at Jaffa till the afternoon, and then hugged the land—a hill coast patched with shrubs. Towards 5 p.m. we passed the Convent of Mount Carmel on a tall bluff promontory, stretching out into the sea; then Khaifa, a pretty townlet, with gardens and palm trees. The night was dark, the weather rough, and the lights of the harbour looked pleasant. Khaifa is supposed to be the ancient Helba of the tribe of Aser (Judges i. 31). It is situated at the foot of Carmel in the bay of St. Jean d'Acre. The mountain on which stands Carmel is called Jebel Már Elias.

Carmel was a kingdom in the time of the Canaanites, but Joshua killed their king. On Carmel Lamech killed Cain. Elijah and Elisha had their school and lived here. St. Anne, mother of Mary, had flocks and a house for her shepherds, and often came here with Mary; and Mary, returning from Egypt, stood on Carmel with Jesus

and Joseph. Some of the first anchorites here embraced the gospel and joined the apostles. The Pagans here had their local gods before Christ, and after Him several saints lived upon the mountain. In 1245, St. Simon Stock of Kent, to whom a little chapel has been dedicated, became founder and general of the order of Mount Carmel, and established at Rome the confraternity of the scapular, which united in a body, by rules and exercises of piety, all those who wished to honour Mary. Edward the First of England joined it, also Louis of France, who made a pilgrimage in 1252. Often and often all the religious of Carmel have been massacred at their devotions. This is the extreme northern point of the Holy Land.

It continued to blow hard, so we anchored at St. Jean d'Acre, and dined at anchor, leaving again at midnight. St. Jean d'Acre was the ancient Acco of the tribe of Aser, and St. Paul passed a day in it (Acts xxi. 2-7). Its chief interest is its crusading history, and the acts of Richard Cœur de Lion. The siege, during which there were a hundred skirmishes and nine pitched battles, lasted three years; the besieged had to eat their own horses; and of 600,000 of the flower of the nobility of Christendom, but 100,000 lived to return. An English priest, it is said, alone shrived 100,000 warriors. In 1291, Khalil ibn Kala'ún laid siege to the town, and in thirty-three days took it by assault, when 25,000 Christians were massacred. The Clarissa nuns escaped outrage only by cutting off their noses. The buildings are mostly of the crusaders' date. There is a fine mosque, and two tombs in white marble—one containing Djezzár Pasha, and the other Selim Pasha.

We passed Sur, which means "rock" (Tyre), and Saida (Sidon), in the night. Tyre's grandeur is described in Ezekiel xxvi. and xxvii. Three times she flourished, and three times she was destroyed—by Nebuchadnezzar, by Alexander the Great, and lastly by Pompey. In her second fall, 6000 soldiers were killed, 2000 were crucified along the shore, and all perished save 15,000 saved by Sidon. Our Saviour here delivered a girl from a devil (Mark vii. 24-31), and again Tyre is mentioned in 3 or 1 Kings i. 13, 14, and Acts xxi. 3-6. Origen died and was buried here in 253. During the rule of Diocletian many Christians were put to death in the arena. The words of the prophets have been truly carried out more than once, and kings have risked their lives to destroy her. Earthquakes, fires, rising seas, and the winds have all contributed their help. It owns about 6000 inhabitants *

* Captain Burton, who visited Tyre twice, assures me that it is one of the most prosperous little places in Syria. Still it can only be a poor village in comparison to what it was when Ezekiel described it.

and they sell cotton, tobacco, corn, and its own *débris* for building purposes; and the opening of the Suez Canal has given them a large trade into Egypt. Sidon, which contains about 12,000 inhabitants, has delicious gardens of oranges, citrons, and figs. It was founded by the eldest son of Canaan, son of Ham, son of Noah, and was given by Joshua to the tribe of Aser. The inhabitants, I am told, were the inventors of navigation, of joinery and turning wood, of sculpture, glass and stone cutting, not to mention such a trifle as the alphabet. They were the cleverest builders of the Temple, according to 3 or 1 Kings (v. 6). Some 405 years before Christ, they were treacherously sold by their own king to their enemies, and having set fire to their ships that no one might fly, they burnt, in their despair, themselves and their town. Sidon rose again from her ashes, but was never the same. Our Saviour touched here, according to Mark (vii. 31), and also St. Paul (Acts xxvii. 3).

On the morning of the 29th we anchored very early off Beyrout. We had fortunately a calm sea, for it is a difficult and an utterly exposed landing, an open roadstead in a bay formed by the Nahr el Kelb. Beyrout is charming as viewed from the ship. The town, which begins at the water's edge, and whose base is washed by the blue Mediterranean, straggles along a fair line of coast, and crawls up part of the lower hills. The yellow sand beyond the town, and the dark-green pine forests which surround it, contrast well with the cobalt-coloured bay and the turquoise skies. It is backed and flanked on its right by the splendid range of Lebanon, upon whose steep sides the rising sun casts delicate lights and shades. They are dotted with villages, which in some places appear to overhang the sea. There are two domed ruins about half an hour out of the town eastwards, which look red like bricks, but they are, I am told, made of the common stone of the country. They mark where St. George killed the dragon—a feat which took place in more sites than one. The air is redolent with a smell of pine wood: every town in the East has its peculiar odour, and when once you have been in one, you can tell where you are blind-fold. That of Damascus is the chamomile (*Za'azafán*). I have recognized it twice in Trieste. The perfume of pine wood reached us even on board the ship, and it was deliciously refreshing; I no longer wonder that the wise men of the west have found vanilla in the bark.

My sea-journey is now over. This is my future seaport, and it promises to be very pleasant, if the inhabitants are as nice as the place.

About 9 o'clock a.m. Mr. (Vice-Consul) Jago kindly came on board,

and, offering me every assistance, took me ashore with my baggage. The landing consists of a few old steps, and a small, dirty, fish-bespattered quay. I was led to what appeared to me, then, a small, but clean and comfortable hotel, facing the sea—"The Bellevue," kept by Andrea Boucopoulo, a Greek. This later on became to my eyes the centre, the very acme of civilization. During our two years' stay at Damascus, Beyrout was our Biarritz, and Andrea's the most luxurious house in Syria. Basool's, now, I believe, equally good, was not then regularly opened. Basool is a worthy, civil man, and speaks all languages. Beyrout, according to some historians, is the ancient Geris, founded by Gergeseus V., son of Canaan, son of Ham (Genesis x. 16); others say that it is Botrys, a Phœnician town, built 210 years before Christ by Ithoba'al, King of Tyre and Sidon. There is no doubt of its being the Berytus of the Romans, and its coins are well known to Eastern collectors, especially to our friend M. Pérétié.

Mr. Jago breakfasted with me, and after settling all manner of business, I went with him to call on our Consul-General, Eldridge. His wife was ill in bed, but the former kindly asked me to remain to luncheon, and showed me how to smoke my first Narghileh. I wished to start at once for Damascus, but the diligence had gone. On the next day the *coupé* was partly taken by a Turk, and, as there had recently been a "disagreeable" between a Persian scamp and a nervous English girl, Mr. Eldridge wished me to hire a private carriage for the following morning. We again sent a telegram to Damascus—the third—which also arrived after I did.

Twenty-four hours suffices to see everything at Beyrout, which contains about 72,000 inhabitants. The houses are remarkably handsome; the bazars are very poor. We have six Catholic religious houses, but I do not wish to describe them until I know them better.

The best way of getting money is to have a Bank Post Bill made out in your own name, which you can present at the Imperial Ottoman Bank, Beyrout, where Mr. Charles Watkins is always to be found; and every European who goes to Beyrout has reason to be charmed with his kindness and attention. My travelling friends may thank me for this detail—it may save them abundant trouble.

That evening the Duchesse de ——— arrived from Damascus, and sent me word that she would come to *table d'hôte* if I would wait a few minutes. She gave me some news of my husband, and enlivened our dinner exceedingly. She had enjoyed her visit to the interior, but had nearly caused a fracas, as she insisted on behaving in that grave Oriental city exactly as if she were in her own joyous Paris. In

Damascus women do not visit *cafés*, but she insisted on going and seeing Moslem life in public, which so shocked all True Believers that the Kawwáses, who are anything but prudish, begged their Consul not to send them on guard—they were “losing their reputation.” On another occasion she went up to the top of a minaret, and when prayer was called she refused to come down. The Shaykh made all kinds of entreaties, and failing, sent endless emissaries, to whom at last she replied, “Dites au Shaykh que je suis la Duchesse de —, que je me trouve fort bien ici, et que je ne descendrai que quand cela me plaira.”* Her pleasure did not take place for three-quarters of an hour after the call to prayer.

I spent that evening writing home letters, and forwarding some trifles from the bazars. On the morrow I was to leave everything connected with European life, civilization, comfort, luxury, society, and wend my way inland to the “Pearl of the East.” The Lebanon range is the boundary line between European and purely Eastern and Mahometan life. This exciting thought quite preoccupied my mind.

Beyrout is a demi-civilized, semi-Christianized, demi-semi-Europeanized town, with a certain amount of comfort and European manners and customs: it enjoys perfect safety, being on the coast, with soldiers and policemen, and ships lying under its windows; it has free communication with Europe by post and telegraph—in fact, it is somewhat more European, or rather Levantine, than Oriental. Yet it is several shades more Oriental than Alexandria. As soon as you cross the Lebanon range, just behind it, you quit an old life for a new life, you leave the new world to make acquaintance with the old world, you relapse into the days of the Jewish forefathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—a purely Oriental and primitive phase.

30th.—Early this morning a shabby little omnibus, drawn by three screws, made its appearance. My English maid, a large pet St. Bernard dog, my baggage and I, were squeezed into it or on it. Mr. Eldridge kindly sent his Kawwás as guard, and this official appeared a most gorgeous creature, with silver-mounted pistols, and all sorts of cartouche-boxes, and dangling things. He rejoiced in the name of Sakr ed Dín, which, of course, I pronounced “Sardine,” and this greatly amused those who had congregated to see us off.

* Tell the Shaykh that I am the Duchess of —, that I am very comfortable here, and that I don't mean to come down till I choose.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROAD FROM BEYROUT TO DAMASCUS.

THE road spans the plain of Beyrout, called Es Sahl, crosses the Lebanon range between the districts El Metn and El Jurd, touches that called Ez Zahleh, traverses the Buká'a or plain of Cœle-Syria. Thence it runs through the Anti-Lebanon, and the plainlet of Jedaydeh, and after the bit of Desert, Es Sáhará, it dives into the ravines of the Salihíyyah mountains. The latter are here known as the Jebel Kaysún: through them you pass by a mountain defile into the plain of Damascus, which is divided into the Merj and the Ghútah. The drive was charming, and lasted two days, as I had not a change of horses every hour, like the diligence.

Firstly, we drove over the plain of Beyrout, behind the town; its ornamentation consists of young pine forests in the sand, which extend for several miles. The roadside is lined with cactus hedges, and rude *cafés*, which are filled on Sundays and holidays, by all classes; they go to smoke their Narghíleh, to sip coffee or Raki; and to watch the passers-by, either mounted or in carriage. The fashionable drive begins at the town and ends at the foot of the Lebanon—an hour's distance, and it is wonderful to know how many have never wandered away much further from Beyrout. This French road is the only macadam in the country, and a splendid specimen it is, as smooth as a billiard table, crossing mountain, valley, and plain over a total distance of seventy-two miles. A diligence starts from each of the two termini at 4 a.m., both meet at the halfway house, Shtora, about 11.30, when travellers have half an hour to feed, and each reaches its destination at 5 and 6 p.m. Thus the drive is fourteen hours up, and thirteen hours down. There is a small night diligence in summer for the Turkish mails, with six places for passengers; it is dearer than the day diligence, but it obviates the necessity of taking your place long beforehand, unless, indeed, there happens to be any local panic at Damascus, when Christians and Europeans usually fly. I have once been obliged to wait a fortnight for a place when I was not strong enough to ride. As I remarked, the passage from Damascus to

Beyrout is one hour less, for—except ascending the Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon ranges—it is a gradual descent all the way of 2500 feet. The French road is so called because it was organized by two brothers of the *ancienne noblesse*, devoted Orleanists, Counts Edmond and Léon de Perthuis, who left France and embarked in a speculation which has proved an exceedingly good one. The passage is tolerably dear, and the transport of baggage dearer still, but the service is right well done. The drivers change their teams every hour, push very fast, and have respectable *conducteurs* and guards. The baggage and merchandise are sent in *chariots*, which are really large, long, German covered carts, drawn by mules and horses, and the journey occupies about three days. Muleteers have to pay a heavy toll, and consequently they prefer the old road, which runs more or less close to the new one—it is desperately bad in winter, and it is pitiful to see the poor laden animals floundering in the mud holes. Indeed, the drive from Beyrout to Damascus when the snow is on the mountains is very trying, and foot passengers or horsemen sometimes lose their lives in the fierce winds and deep drifts, especially at one part of the mountain (Jebel el Khokheh). After reaching Damascus, there are no more roads and carriages, you must then depend upon goat tracks, mule paths, instinct and compass. Franco Pasha began a highway in the Lebanon, but that excellent governor, our very good friend, died before he was far advanced with his work. Just before I left they were making or mending a road from Damascus to our village—Salihíyyah, about a quarter of an hour's ride. I took out a very pretty pony carriage in the hopes of driving myself. But, firstly, I found no horses trained to harness except those for the diligence, and, had it been otherwise, it would have been dreadfully monotonous always to drive on the French road, and that one road I could not have reached from my house without breaking all my springs. I was lucky enough to find a purchaser, and used to see it going at foot's pace with a small horse drawing it over the ruts and holes of the Damascus streets.

To return from this digression. Immediately on arriving at the foot of the Lebanon, we commenced a winding steep ascent, every turn giving charming views of the sea and of Beyrout, which we did not lose sight of for several hours. Mountain seemed to rise above mountain, each laid out in ledges and shelves of cultivated land, like steps. At intervals were dotted clumps of flat-roofed houses, much resembling mud boxes, and villages of larger dimensions lay at longer intervals. We ascended, and wound round and round, or zigzagged,

till Beyrout and the sea became invisible. At last we reached the top, and the glorious red wintry sunset gave us a splendid view. It is hard to understand in December all that has been written about the fruitfulness of the Lebanon, and I was unprepared for the glorious fertility that burst upon my sight five months later. After the miracles of nature in South America, Syria looked to me like a wilderness of rock and sand, treeless and barren—her very mountains were hills. I did not forget, however, that South America, endowed with nature in perfection, with luxuriant vegetable and rank animal life, possesses no history. All is new, progressive, and intelligent, but vulgar and *parvenu*. Whereas Syria, in her “abomination of desolation,” is the old land—her every stone has its story, each ruin is a treasure; she teems with relics of departed glory, and monuments of her Great Crime. I would rather abide with her, and mourn the past and hope for the future amidst her barren rocks and sandy deserts, than rush into progression with the newly-born world. It is, perhaps, everybody’s duty to recommend a railway for Syria; but oh! how I shall weep at the desecration of the land, and the introduction of European manners and customs.

We descended at a full canter, and then crossed the plain of Coele-Syria, called the Buká’a, a fruitful and cultivated plain of great extent, containing over a thousand villages, and separating the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges. On the ascent I had tempted poor Sakr ed Dín to break his Ramazan fast; good tobacco, bread, and hard eggs had made him frail, which was very excusable considering the cold. On the road I met three strangers, who offered me a little civility, seeing me searching for a glass of water at a Khan. As I was better mounted than they were, I offered, in event of our reaching our night halt the first, to order supper and beds for them, and they then informed me that every horse and every accommodation on the road had been *retenu* for me, so that they were quite at my mercy. I sent on a message to secure their comforts, and I was able to keep my promise. The halt was Shtora, the halfway house. It is kept by a respectable Greek, married to a little Italian, a retired and merry *danseuse*, rejoicing in the name of Marietta. She is much on the same terms with the world there as our “Punch” of the Preston Station used to be in Lancashire. The other travellers soon came up; we supped together, and everything was very good except the wine. My companions proved to be a French *employé* of the Foreign Office, a Bavarian minister on his travels, and a Swedish officer on leave. We had a very cheerful evening. By the kindness of the director (Count de

Perthuis) rooms usually kept sacred were put at my disposal, so that in that out-of-the-way place my maid and I had each a charming bed, and the other travellers found the best of the usual accommodation. Early the next morning my new acquaintances set out for Ba'albak, and I for Damascus. We crossed the rest of Buká'a plain, and then commenced the ascent of the Anti-Lebanon. Some would say that this range is neither so fine nor so interesting as the Lebanon, and perhaps actually upon the carriage-road this is true, but the Anti-Lebanon off the beaten tracks is wilder, and I afterwards learned to think it quite as picturesque.

The dreariest and ugliest part of the journey is the Sahlet el Jedaydeh, a flat, tiresome, monotonous bit of plateau, still in the Anti-Lebanon, between Wady el Karn and Wady el Harir. The descent of the Anti-Lebanon is done at a good pace; it seems long until you reach the plain Es Sáhará, after which, compensation begins by entering a beautiful mountain defile, about two hours from Damascus. The mountains rise high and abrupt on each side of the road, which is lined with trees and brushwood; and the Barada—the ancient Abana, they say—rushes in a winding bounding torrent through the mountains, and by the roadside to water the gardens of Damascus. The mountains are called by two names—on our side, to the left of the river, Jebel Kaysún; and on the other, the right side, Kalabát Mizzeh.

My private carriage, with only occasional relays, occupied two days, and drove eight hours each day. The journey may be fairly divided thus, by diligence time: six hours of extreme beauty after leaving Beyrout, followed by six hours of rough highland and swampy lowland, and these succeeded again by two hours of loveliness before reaching Damascus. During my first day's drive I saw nothing that I might not have seen elsewhere; but on the second day, I remember being immensely struck by an Arab sleeping against a bit of rock, with his carbine slung to his back, and his horse, as in a picture, grazing near him; six months later, the same thing affected me so little, from seeing it every day, that I wondered why I had noted it down. Perhaps we do well to write our first impressions, but chiefly for future correction. We also met laden camels, mules, muleteers, picturesque peasants, well-bred horses and donkeys, all travelling in troops—then, indeed, I began to feel that I was on new ground.

I reached Damascus at sunset on the last day of 1869, but I was unfortunate in my arrival. Were I to return, my horses should be ordered to meet me at El Hameh, the last station, or else almost two

hours from Damascus, and I should ride across the Salihíyyah mountains, as *we* call them. After a toilsome scramble over a barren, rocky range, I should come into a winding tunnel in the white rocks, near a little "Wely,"* as we English call a prophet's tomb, about five hundred feet above the glorious plain, with the gorge of the Abana at my feet, and the river foaming between its cliffs. Suddenly, when least prepared, I should gaze, as it were out of a window, upon † the poet's dream, the abrupt descent of the mountain,—at its roots a Moslem burial-ground, almost adjoining a large Kurdish village, containing about 15,000 of the "roughs" of Syria, and upon the plain the city of Damascus, lying in the Desert at my feet. I should behold my Pearl, the Garden of Eden, the Promised Land, my beautiful white City with her swelling domes and tapering minarets, her glittering golden crescents set in green of every shade, sparkling with her fountains and streams, the Abana rushing through and watering the oasis. The river valley spreads its green carpet almost thirty miles around the city, and is dotted with tiny white villages. All around that again, like another or outside frame, and as if nature had drawn the line between green and yellow with a ruler, are the reeking sands of the sunburnt Desert. In the far horizon to the east are the distant hills and ghostly misty cones, backed by the red and purple of the setting sun.

Between Salihíyyah and Damascus is a quarter of an hour's ride through cool gardens and orchards. I should gaze once more upon the most ancient, the most Oriental, and the most picturesque city in the world; and if alone, I should dismount and kneel down, and thank God with tears for granting me to see that most blessed sight again. I did not know or feel all this *then*.

And this is how *I* entered. I went along the carriage-road perpetually asking, "Where are the beautiful gardens of Damascus?" "Here," they said, pointing to what, in winter time and to English eyes, appeared mere ugly shrubberies, wood-clumps, and orchards, which extended over the two hours' drive. In fact, I saw merely a road bordered with green—a contrast to the utter sterility of the Sáhará! We passed Dummar, a village with the river rushing through it. It contains several summer villas or palaces of the Wali, Abd el Kadir, and other personages. We entered by the road, with the Abana

* The real word is Wali, and it means a little saint.

† I was about to write "Mohammed's Paradise," but my husband assures me that the "Last of the Prophets" was never nearer to Damascus than Bosra. The latter is still called by the Turks *Eskí Shám* (old Damascus), and hence probably arose the legend.

on our right, and finally broadening out into the green Merj,* which looked to me like a village common. Travellers are foolish enough to encamp here; they find it as damp as can be, and run the risk of fever, neuralgia, ague, and dysentery. The first building we passed was imposing—the Tekíyeh, founded in 1516 by Sultan Selím I. for the accommodation of Meccan pilgrims. It has on its southern side a beautiful Mosque, and the dome is flanked by two tall, slender minarets, like knitting-needles. The Tekíyeh now serves as a “refuge for the destitute.” The next building is the French diligence office, or *gare*, where travellers descend and hasten as they can to their homes—in my time mostly on donkeys. I drove in my vehicle straight to the only hotel—Demetri’s. It is a good house, with a fine Junanat, or courtyard, and a splendid Buhayreh, or fountain, full of gold-fish and little springs, plenty of orange and lemon trees, with stairs and covered gallery all round the interior, looking below into the *patio*. There is a good Líwán or raised platform, near the fountain, with a divan and carpets, and tables for visitors to recline, drink coffee, and smoke Narghílehs or Chibouques. The reception-room, or Sala, was in the pure Damascus style—a picturesque, oblong, high-roofed hall, the middle of which is like a marble passage, with a fountain in the centre; a Ká’ah, or raised open room, stands on each side of it. The Locanda is cool and pleasant in summer; dark, damp, and neuralgic, and inexpressibly sad in winter. The food and wine were detestable, the cold intense. Demetri, the owner, *can* be civil, obliging, and attentive, and was always so to me after our first meeting. He is honest, intelligent, and most reasonable in his charges. He can afford to be a little independent in his manner, because he has no opposition, and if you object to his hotel you must sit upon your boxes in the street, or wend your way as a pilgrim to a Khan.

Damascus in the cold season, as I entered it, does not produce a favourable impression. The streets are rarely repaired and never cleaned, and they regularly become deep furrows of dark mud and puddles of dirty water. With all my love for it I know that it is not the cleanest city in the world; but there is such a thing as being so much in love as to wish the object unchangeable—virtues and faults alike—whilst you are painfully aware of the latter. Viewed from a height, and in good weather, like Stambul, its domes and minarets impose upon you; but driving in, cold and tired, the shaky trap

* There are also two Merjs—a small one as you enter Damascus, and a large tract of oasis east of Damascus; and certainly it must be the larger and not the smaller Merj, if either was, as Mr. Porter says, “celebrated in the ‘Arabian Nights.’”

heaving and pitching heavily through the thick mire and slush, the narrow streets, nearly meeting at the top, filled with dirt and wild dogs, is, to speak mildly, not pleasant. The thoroughfares, indeed, are all so paved with awful stones, that if you walk they ruin your feet, and wear out a pair of boots a week; and if riding, you must think all the time whether your horse can possibly get over the next heap, or if he will slide, fall, and break your leg. The large slabs are like ice, and the small ones are like the "pilgrim's peas" of the old tale. With all this, although you may grow to love even the faults of Damascus, so that you would not have them otherwise, you do not appreciate the picturesque the first evening of your arrival.

My husband came in about an hour after my arrival. The only telegram which had reached him was one from London, and that one could not be deciphered. He had been there three months; the climate had had such an effect upon him, he was looking so ill from neuralgia, that until he came quite close to me I did not know him. We dined, warmed ourselves over a Mangal—a large brass dish on a stand, full of live charcoal embers, of which it takes two to heat a large room—and then we began to discuss our future plans for our new home.

CHAPTER IV.

SETTLING DOWN AT DAMASCUS.

1st of January, 1870.—My first thought, before seeing anything, was to get out of the damp hotel, and to make a little paradise somewhere amongst the hills. I thought that we should probably stay here ten years, and have plenty of time to become familiar with Syria. After a general inspection we found that life in the city had great disadvantages; the lanes, called streets, were like the hotel—exceedingly damp, dark, and sad; and we were told that in summer it was very highly flavoured. Horses must be ridden a long way over these horrid pavements before you reach the open country. There is no liberty, as you must be always attended by Kawwáses, a sort of body-guard, of which every Consulate has from two to six. They are picked Moslems, dressed in some glaring coloured cloth and gold, big trowsers, embroidered gaiters, sash, and slashed jacket; all are gorgeous with silver-mounted pistols, daggers, cartouche-boxes, and similar martial paraphernalia.

Moreover, there is a certain sense of imprisonment about Damascus as the gates of the city are shut at sunset; the windows of the Haríms are also barred and latticed, to hide the beauty of Esh Shám from the insulting gaze of the Giaour. On the other hand, the interiors are so grand, so picturesque, and Oriental looking, that they make one long to possess “a marble palace.” Ride out of Damascus by the Báb es Salihíyyah for about a quarter of an hour, up through the gardens and orchards, upon what, at the time of my writing, did not deserve to be called a road, and you arrive at Salihíyyah, the Kurdish village of which I spoke as containing 15,000 inhabitants. It overlooks Damascus, and is situated on the roots of Jebel Kaysún, the hill of yellow chamomile, which abounds here, and by which the whole district is perfumed. El Salihíyyah means “of the saints,” but more probably from the Kurdish Sultan Sáláh el Dín (English Saladin), it is facetiously changed on account of the Kurdish population into El Tálhíyyáh, “of the sinners.” Here, at about 2500 feet above sea-level, you have good air and light, beautiful views, fresh water, dry soil, health, tranquillity,

and liberty: for in five minutes you can gallop over the mountain without a *Fawwás*, and there is no locking up at sunset. On the other hand, the houses are all second rate. The village had the reputation of being the most lawless and unscrupulous part of Damascus, the road between it and the city at night was so unsafe that the servants would only go in twos and threes, and armed, so that we should not be able to dine out, nor expect any one to be with us after sunset. Indeed, during our time there, Mr. F——, a missionary, told an English lady who was on a visit to us, that he did not care to go there even in the day-time without a guard. This was its reputation in '69-70.

However, our search ended by our fixing ourselves in the headquarters of our after-faithful Kurdish friend and ally, Bedr Beg, in spite of all wonderment and protestations. Resigning the palace one might have had in Damascus, was like choosing between a *mariage de convenance* and a *mariage d'affection*, between the false good and the real good. Reader, will you assist at our installation, or, if it bore you, will you kindly skip over the remainder of this chapter?

Our house overhung the road and opposite gardens with projecting latticed windows, and was bounded on the right by a Mosque, on the left by a Hammám (Turkish bath), and at the back by gardens. On the other side of the road, among the apricot orchards, I had a splendid stable for twelve horses, with a good room for any number of Sais (grooms), and a little garden with the river running through it. I want to take you through my house, which was quite of the second class, and I will call things by their English names. Firstly, you enter a square courtyard, vulgarly painted in broad stripes of red, white, and blue, planted all around with orange, lemon, and jessamine trees, and in the middle plays the inevitable fountain. The most conspicuous object is the *Líwán*, a raised room with one side taken out of it, that is, the front opens on to the court: it is spread with carpets and divans for "Kayf" in hot weather, and the niches in the walls are filled with plants. It is the custom to receive here on hot days, and to offer coffee, lemonade, or sherbet, Chibouques, Na'ghíleh's, cigarettes. On one side is our dining-room, and on the other a cool sitting-room, when it is too hot to live upstairs. All the rest below is left to servants and offices. Upstairs the rooms are six, and run round two sides of the courtyard; a long terrace occupies the two other sides, joining and opening into the rooms at either end. This forms a pleasant housetop in the cool evenings, to spread mats and divans, and to sit amongst the flowers under the trees and the minaret, and to look towards our sand-coloured background, Jebel Kaysún. "Chamomile

Hill " rises like a wall above our houses, surmounted by Kubbet en Nasr, a small ruin 1500 feet above the plain. Here, too, we look over Damascus and the gardens, and taste the Desert air from afar.

We were, however, terribly taken in, as strangers must expect to be. The house consisted once of ours and another far better, adjoining it. The two would have made a first-class residence. Monsignor Ya'akúb, the Syrian Bishop, had it so, and then it was cut into two, and sold separately. We could hire only the worse half, the Harím, while we were charged more than the whole price of the house. We were, however, quite unconscious of having neighbours, as their house and entrance straggled away in another direction. In furnishing and buying we were equally unfortunate. Carpenters hung on for nearly three months, knocking up a few pegs and shelves, putting on locks, and inducing windows and doors to shut—in short, what in England would have occupied a week. This is not to be wondered at. Wherever I have been I have rarely found anybody helping a new arrival out of their difficulties. We of wandering professions have to buy our experience pretty dearly in every new country, until we know the language and prices; when we do, the kites and crows leave us to look for new pigeons.

The Consulate was in the town, close to the Serai, or Government-house. My first act after making the cottage ready was to tear off all the lattice-work, which was like a convent *grille*, from the windows, and convert it into a hen-house, in a railed-off part of the garden or orchard, which contained chiefly roses and jessamine. We also made a beautiful arbour by lifting up the over-laden vines and citrons, and branches of the lemon and orange trees, and supporting them on a framework. No sun could penetrate their luxuriance. We had a divan made under them, to sit in the cool summer evenings near the rushing river; and many happy hours of "Kayf" we passed there. I was rewarded on the fifth or sixth day after my arrival by seeing that my husband was quite restored to health. Forty-eight hours of the good Salihíyyah air had effected this change.

But I must destroy one of your illusions concerning the land of roses and "hanging gardens." An orchard, with grass, fruit trees, and a stream, cultivated on a rising ground in ridges or ledges, becomes a "hanging garden," and the roses are like our commonest April monthly-fading roses, and last but not that time. In olden times they used, I am told, to cultivate whole plantations of this flower, like a vineyard or coffee plantation, for the rose-water trade, but this has ceased to pay, as better is made elsewhere.

After this I was allowed to indulge in my hobby of collecting a menagerie. You who love animals as much as I do will not laugh at me. How well they know who loves them, how well they love us in return, and how little we suppose, until we live in solitude, how companionable they can be! I know everything they say, and think, and feel; they know also what I say to them. Firstly, we bought some horses—three-quarter-breds and half-breds; for thoroughbreds, and especially mares, were too dear for our stable, and would only have made us an object of suspicion, in a country where there are official hands not clean of bribes. Moreover, not being able to afford long prices, I am obliged to put up with bad tempers, or some slight defect curable by us, but not by the natives. My husband always gives me the entire command of the stable. I bought a camel, and a snow-white donkey, which is the most honourable mount for grand visiting. I also found in the bazars a splendid snow-white Persian cat, which I bought for a franc. The boy must have stolen it, or sold it because it ate too much. I had brought over with me a young pet St. Bernard, two brindled bull-terriers, and two of the Yarborough breed, and I eventually added a Kurdish pup of a very good race. I bought three milk goats for the house, and I received two presents, a pet lamb and a Nimr (leopard), which became the idol of the house. The domestic hen-yard was duly stocked with all kinds of fowls, turkeys, geese, ducks, and guinea fowls, and the garden and terrace in the housetop were cultivated and planted with English seeds—there I kept my pigeons. When I had got all these things together, my greatest difficulty was to prevent them from eating one another. It would not be a “happy family.” Captain Burton declares that it was like “the house that Jack built”—the pigeons and domestic fowls picked up the seeds and ate the flowers, the cat ate the pigeons and the fowls, the dogs worried the cat, the leopard killed the lamb, and harried the goats, till one sprang into the river out of sheer despair, and was drowned. It also frightened the horses, camel, and donkey to death by jumping on their backs, and uttering those shrieks which leopards indulge in if annoyed. Though things were really not quite so bad, my difficulties were great. What I suffered most from was the Nims (ichneumon). I never could shoot or catch one, but it used to make very free with my pigeons and fowls, and when it could not reach far enough to eat them, it used to mangle them. The natives told me that it mesmerized the pigeons to the bars of the gate, and then sucked their blood. I cannot disbelieve them, because I often found a live pigeon or fowl with the breast half eaten away.

And now—if you, my reader, are not already fatigued with my installation—I will tell you what kind of position our British Consul holds, or should hold, at Damascus, and how we portioned out our time.

A Consul in the East, as *envoyé* of a great Power, is a great man. It is a diplomatic post, and he ranks as high as a Minister would in Europe. Nearer home, a Consul, unless distinguished by some personal merit that cannot be quashed or ignored, is not considered gentleman, or *hof-fähig*, enough to go to Court. How witty Mr. Charles Lever, my husband's respected and talented predecessor at Trieste, was on that subject. He makes "Lady Augusta" ask (in "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly"), "Isn't a Consul a horrid creature that lives in a seaport, and worries merchant-seamen, and imprisons people who have no passports? Papa always wrote to the Consul about getting our heavy baggage through the Custom-house, and when our servants quarrelled with the porters or hotel people, it was the Consul sent some of them to jail: but you are aware, darling, he isn't a creature one knows. They are simply impossible, dear, impossible! Let a man be what he may, once he derogates there is an end of him. It sounds beautifully, I know, to say that he will remain a gentleman and man of station through all the accidents of life; so he might, as long as he did nothing—absolutely nothing. The moment, however, he touches an *emploi* it's all over; from that hour he becomes the Custom's creature, or the Consul, or the Factor, or whatever it be, irrevocably. Do you know that it is the only way to keep men of family out of small official life? We should see them keeping light-houses if it were not for the obloquy."

Far be it from me to laugh at a lighthouse. I wish we were always *sure*, even of a lighthouse. As times go at present, gentlemen must not laugh at any *emploi*; but our talented predecessor served in the grand Tory days of Old England, which are passed, I fear, never to return. In the East, however, the Consular service is still a gentlemanly profession; and the *envoyés* of great Powers are expected to keep up a little state, especially the English and the French. They have a certain number of Consular Dragomans, or gentlemen Secretaries, in distinction to the travelling Dragoman, who bears the same relation as the courier in Europe. They must have a certain number of Kawwâses, who look like cavalry soldiers. If the Consul cares about keeping up the respect of his Country and Government, he can throw a great deal of tact into all these arrangements; and it is all so much incense offered up to his Chiefs. The larger the staff, the more

important the English name. He should also keep a house full of well-drilled servants, a large stable and a fair *chef*; besides all these minor matters, he can command an enormous amount of respect by his own character and qualities. In Damascus, a Consul enjoys free life, Eastern life, and political life; and my husband was, therefore, quite *dans son assiette*. His beat extends from Baghdad on the east to Náblius on the south, and as far north as the Aleppo district. Upon him devolves the responsibility of the post for Baghdad through the Desert, as well as the safety of commerce and protection of travellers, and the few English residents, missions, schools, and protected subjects. Consequently, he must have a good understanding with the Bedawin tribes of the Desert; and our relations with the Druzes of the Haurán and the Lejá, which are in the wilds, have to be well cemented.

At the same time, the Consul who occupies this post at Damascus is put in a difficult position. I speak of places and positions, not of persons, and I will show the reason. Damascus is the heart and capital of Syria, the residence of the Wali and all the chief Government authorities, the head-quarters of the army and police, the chief Majlises, or tribunals, which represent our courts of law, chambers, and judges, and all business institutions and transactions, besides the religious head-quarters and focus of Mahometanism. Damascus, therefore, where all the real hard work has to be done, ought evidently to be the head-quarters of the Consulate-General; the reasons for the Consul-General being made to reside at Beyrout are long since obsolete. It is exactly as if the Russian Government were to send, let us say, General Ignatieff, to London, and subject him to some small man at Brighton, who should alone have the right to report to the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg. Now the Consul of Damascus is immediately subject to the Consul-General at Beyrout, whereas he ought to be responsible to the Ambassador at Constantinople. Damascus and Beyrout are two totally different worlds. Damascus requires prompt and decided action, and no loss of time; moreover, any order which might apply to Beyrout would be totally inapplicable at Damascus. Supposing—of course, it is only a supposition—that the immediate superior did not know Arabic, or any Eastern language, or had never visited Damascus, the order might, in nine cases out of ten, proceed from the advice of a Dragoman interested in the case. Therefore, it is a galling and chafing position for the man at Damascus, and one in which he could never be fairly appreciated at home. He must do all the work, but he must never be heard of. His brains must swell and ornament Beyrout reports; and if his superior like him, he may refrain

om injuring his career. But supposing he were under a superior who happened to be weak or unhealthy, or a little selfish, or ill-tempered, or otherwise ill-disposed, those reports might be tinged with a little bile, or a little wounded vanity, or a little jealousy, and the poor Damascus man would gain a bad name as a firebrand at the Foreign Office. No one would know how it happened except the Damascus man himself, but it would be so, and he could not clear himself, as in a court-martial, and so "put the saddle upon the right horse." The man at Damascus—no matter what his knowledge or superiority may be—is in a position, if desired, perpetually to "obey orders and do wrong," for the sake of keeping his place. All this would be obviated by the Consul-General being situated at the Capital, instead of the Consul. The Foreign Office have, I have been told, at last become aware of this defect, and directed that the Consulate-General shall be located at the capital (1874).

Whoever lives in Damascus must have good health and nerves, must be charmed with Oriental life, and must not care for society, comforts, or luxuries, but be totally occupied with some serious pursuit. Should he be a Consul—an old soldier is best—he must be accustomed to command with a strong hand. The natives must be impressed by him, and know that, if attacked, he can fight. He must be able to ride hard, and to rough it in mountain or Desert, in order to attend to his own work instead of sending a Dragoman or a Kawwás, who probably would not really go, or, if he did, might be bribed. He must have the honour and dignity of England truly at heart, and he should be a gentleman to understand fully what this means; not a man risen from the ranks, and liable to be "bullied or bribed." He should speak Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, as well as English, French, and Italian, so as not to take the hearsay of his Dragomans. He must be able to converse freely with Arabs, Turks, Bedawin, Druzes, Kurds, Jews, Maronites, Afghans, and Persians, and understand their religions and prejudices. He must have his reliable men everywhere, and know everything that goes on throughout the length and breadth of the country. He should have a thorough knowledge of Eastern character. He must keep a hospitable house. He should be cool, firm, and incorruptible. He must not be afraid to do his duty, however unpleasant and risky, and having done it, if his Chiefs do not back him up, *i.e.*, his Consul-General, his Ambassador, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Turkish local authorities know that he has done his duty at his own risk, and they admire and fear the individual, but spare no pains to get rid of him. Such a man

is Captain Burton, and such a man is necessarily like a loadstone to the natives. Were he in no authority the country would flock to him and obey him of their own accord from his own personal influence amongst them. Respect and influence come to him unsought out of his own nature.

I have seen a Consul almost cry the moment he arrived here, and exclaim, "Is this Damascus? Great heavens! I must go back to-morrow! I shall break my heart in three days." The place does indeed require great animal spirits and plenty of work. It has all the sadness of Venice—as many ruins of departed glory, and no society for relief when the day is over.

Having explained the position of a Consul at Damascus, I will now tell you how our time was passed. His day was divided into reading, writing, studying, and attending to his official work. It was one kind of duty within the town and another without the town, which is more difficult and dangerous—to scour mountain and Desert, to ride hard, and to know everything *personally* as it actually is going on in the country. For instance, if he heard of a case that concerned his Consular duty, he went personally to ascertain his facts. All his talents are Eastern, and of a political and diplomatic kind—his knowledge of Eastern character perfect, and he speaks all the languages here known. He was often as much needed out of the town as in it; and, generally, when they thought he was far away he was amongst them, and they wondered at his knowledge.

You will say, "This was all very well for him, but how did you get on?" I did the best thing I think a woman can do. I interested myself in all his pursuits, and he allowed me to be his companion, his private secretary, and his aide-de-camp; thus I saw and learnt much. I can only say that twenty-four hours was too short a day, and I wished they had been six hours longer.

The lamented Mr. Deutsch said to me before I left England, "*Poor Mrs. Burton, how I pity you! There is no society or gaiety in Damascus—only thirty Europeans, and scarcely any English.*" I suppose it never occurs to anybody that a woman who enjoys society can do without it, but indeed we can. Our lives were so wild, romantic, and solemn, that I could not even bear to sing; to dance would have seemed a profanation.

We rose at dawn—my husband walked every day to the Consulate at twelve, and remained there till four or five. We ate twice—at 11 a.m., and at dusk. At 11 a.m., anybody who liked of our friends or acquaintances dropped in and joined us, or sat and talked to us

while we ate. Immediately after the latter meal, my husband read himself to sleep.

My work consisted of looking after my house, servants, stables, and animals; of doing a little gardening, of helping my husband, reading, writing, and studying; trying to pick up a little Arabic, receiving visits and returning them, seeing and learning Damascus thoroughly, looking after the poor and sick of my village and its environs. There is also galloping over the mountains and plains, and shooting,* either on foot or on horseback. The only time I ever felt lonely was in the long winter nights, for I do not like going to bed when the chickens roost, and companions were impossible; it was too dangerous after dark (in summer one can occasionally smoke a Narghileh with the women at the water's side in a neighbour's garden). So I used to occupy myself with literature, and at first with music, which I grew to dislike. I often sat and listened to the stillness, and counted the only sounds—the last call to prayer on the minaret top, which was adjoining my study window, the howling of the wild dogs, the cries of the jackals in the burial-ground on the mountain, the bubbling of the fountains, the hooting of the owls in the garden, the sighing of the wind in the mountain gorges, the groaning of a huge water-wheel in a neighbour's orchard. These sounds were occasionally broken by a free fight in the road below, to steal a mare or to wreak an old vendetta. Twice I have been called down to the door to take in some poor wretch and bind up his sabre cuts. These hubbubs are varied in the day, time by the whacks of sticks and the cries of pain from various wretched animals—dogs, or what not, and the wrangling of women in the Hammám or in the gardens.

I have done with myself and my domestic concerns. I thought it would amuse you to hear how an Englishwoman would get to Damascus, instal herself, and live. I am now going to describe Syria generally and Damascus particularly, *en vie intime*. As a woman writing plain facts for women, I beg your indulgence for my thousand and one nothings, even if my sheafs and gleanings are a curious bundle.

* One may find red-legged partridges, woodcocks, quails, snipes, wild ducks, and hares, at an hour's distance round about Damascus, but the game is, of course, very wild.

CHAPTER V.

A GENERAL VIEW OF DAMASCUS.

“ Though old as history itself, thou art fresh as the breath of spring, blooming as thine own rosebud, as fragrant as thine own orange flower, O Damascus, Pearl of the East ! ”

READER, I am going to ask you to suppose that you have come to Damascus to pay me a visit, and that I am now your hostess and cicerone. * * * *

I have already described the first panorama of Damascus as viewed from the descent of Jebel Kaysún. Damascus is the largest town in Syria, and lies upon a plain, seventy-two miles inland and 2500 feet above sea-level. The city is shaped like a boy's kite, with a very long tail. The broad part is the old town, girt by the ancient walls. It contains only three big buildings, the Great Mosque, El Jámí'a el Amawi ; the Castle, which projects at her north-west corner ; and the barracks and palace, or Serai. One other building is remarkable at a distance, because it is the only coloured one—this is the new Greek church, built of red brick. The tail of the kite is the Maydán, the poorest and most fanatical part of Damascus. It is full of most picturesque ruined Mosques and Hammáms ; and it runs southwards for two miles, terminating in the Bawwabát Allah (the Gate of God), out of which winds the Hajj, *en route* for Mecca. The Maydán is larger than the city itself, extending westward one mile and southward two ; it is a broad street, with houses apparently in decay ; but as your guide-book truly tells you, marble courts, inlaid chambers, and arabesque ceilings often lie behind the mud. The whole of the city, as you look down upon it, presents the appearance of a compact mass of claret-cases, out of which rise innumerable domes and minarets. When you enter the streets it presents quite another aspect. It is divided into three quarters—the Jewish in the southern part, the Moslems in the northern and western, and the Christians in the eastern. The Moslem quarter is clean ; the Christian quarter is rather dirty ; and the Jewish so offensive, that I have frequently had to gallop through the narrow, passage-like streets, over broken pavement,

over heaps of dirt, holding my handkerchief to my mouth, and the Kawwáses running as if they were pursued by wild beasts. Everywhere throughout the city, but especially in this quarter, the streets, which are like a labyrinth, are choked with heaps of offal, and wild dogs, gorged with carrion, lying—some asleep, others dead and decomposed. The best streets are those occupied by the Serai, the other Government offices, and the British Consulate; the horse-market, where is also the hotel, and the line which leads off to the Maydán. The houses are so irregular as to beat description. They look inside into a half-court, half-garden, but outside all is barred and covered with lattice-work; on the same principle that the gates are closed at sunset, when the Jews are locked into their quarter, and the Christians into theirs. The bazars are a network—another labyrinth—and, like all the streets and quarters, they are connected by little dark, narrow passages, barely broad enough for two people to pass abreast. I can only compare them with a rabbit warren. Even now I could not find my way about alone, nor would I remain in a bazar alone at night, for fear of the dogs.

Some of the streets are dark, mysterious, and picturesque looking. Each has one or two fountains, some beautiful and some stagnant: with this generous supply of water there is no excuse for dirt. Another peculiarity is that every house has a mean entrance and approach. This is done purposely to deceive the Government, and not to betray what may be within, especially in time of looting and confiscation. You approach an entrance choked with rubbish, with the meanest doorway, and perhaps winding passage, or outer circle of courtyard, and you think with horror, "What people I must be going to visit!" You then enter a second court, and are charmed and dazzled. The house is thoroughly cleaned and perfumed. You are suddenly conducted through a spacious court paved with marble, with marble fountains, gold fish, and with a wealth of orange, lemon, and jessamine trees. The Líwán and the Ká'ah are all inlaid with gold and ebony, with sandal-wood and with mother-of-pearl, in old arabesque patterns, and stained glass windows.

All about the streets of the city you are charmed with picturesque Khans, with beautiful Mosques, with bits of old architecture and sculpturing peeping out of the bazars or the houses. Damascus in her best days must have been something glorious. She is now only a beautiful wreck of Oriental splendour.

The "Street called Straight" runs from Báb el Jábyah west to east, where it ends in Báb Sharki. It is an English mile long, but it

is so crooked and intersected with bazars, that I should defy anybody to guess that it was meant to be one continuous line, without a Kawwás to pilot them through. I must disagree, however, with Mark Twain, before whose "Pilgrim's Progress" I salaam with hilarious worship, that it is the *only* bit of irony in the Bible. I maintain, and I am afraid I shall give offence by so doing, that nobody understands the Bible except those who have lived in Syria, with the Scriptures in their hand to study on the spot. Nobody—putting the Divine nature aside—ever knew the Syrians so well as our Saviour: He was born, lived, and died amongst them, and nobody who has lived amongst them can be blind to the fact that there are several bits of irony in the Bible.

I cannot say enough on the subject of the bazars, and the picturesque figures to be met with in Damascus. The strings of laden camels, and the Delúl, or dromedary, with gaudy trappings; the Circassians and Anatolians, the wild Bedawin Shaykhs, the fat, oily, cunning, money-making Jew, the warlike-looking Druze, the rough Kurd, the sleek, fawning, frightened Christian, the grave, sinister Moslem, the wiry Persian, the soft Hindí, the waddling Turk, the quiet, deep-looking Afghan, the dark and trusty Algerine—every costume of Asia, every sect of religion, all talking different tongues, all bringing their wares to sell or coming to buy; every tongue, every race, jostling one another, and struggling through the strings of mules, camels, donkeys, and thoroughbred mares, with gaudy trappings, led by their Sais. The Kawwáses swaggering before and behind their Consul, calling out "Zahr'ak" and "Darb," or "make way"—two or three good-humoured Englishmen in shooting jackets trying to race their small donkeys through the mass, to the amusement and wonder of the grave, dignified Orientals.

Truly there is only one Damascus, and her bazars, I believe, are the most characteristic in the East. They consist of long ranges of open stalls with slight divisions, on each side of narrow, covered lanes, like long wooden tents with raftered ceilings. They are deliciously cool, especially when the mud flooring is well watered. The shop-owner—I cannot call him a shopman—is a robed and turbaned figure with a long beard, who squats in a corner, and might be waxwork, except that he twirls his beads and reads his Korán. Though his goods are piled up behind and each side of and all around him, as if he meant business, he is quite indifferent to customers, at least *externally*. I would willingly stay in these romantic and mysterious-looking places, and watch those quaint and picturesque scenes and

forms all the day long, if I had nothing else to do. The Súks (bazars) are all divided into different trades and merchandise. There is the saddlers' bazar (Súk es Surjíyyah), brilliant with holsters, bridles, saddle-cloths and trappings of every colour and blazing with gold; the shoemakers' (Súk es Sikefi), with those bright toe-pointed, lemon-coloured slippers; the seed bazar (Súk el Bizuríyyeh); the tailors' bazar (Súk el Khayyátin); the tobacco bazar (Súk el Tutun); and the silk and thread bazar. The gold and silver smiths' bazar (Súk el Syágheh) is the most curious place in the world, more like covered shambles than anything else; all are hammering upon their tiny anvils, working as hard as possible at what looks like barbarous rubbish after European jewellery—every now and then you may buy a good stone for little money. The marqueterie bazar is very pretty; there you buy clogs or pattens, tables and chests, all inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A bride is obliged to have her *trousseau* packed in one of these monster lockers, and a pair of clogs at least a foot high, all similarly inlaid, is part of the *trousseau*. She walks about the courtyard on these Oriental stilts very gracefully, and drops them before ascending the Ká'ah, when she appears in her yellow slippers. There are also the book bazar, the Greek bazar (Súk el Arwám), full of divan stuffs and embroidered jackets; the sweet bazar (Súk el Halawíyyát), of which some few are very tasty and pleasant; the mercers', the spice bazar, the box or trunk bazar, and last, but not least, the "Old Clo'," which is exceedingly artistic. There is a great difference between the true Eastern bazars, and those where they sell Manchester prints and the refuse of Europe.

At first every one used to take me to these stalls to show off what they thought splendid goods, and were much astonished at my saying that I would not give sixpence for all they contained. They are the sort of things you would see on a penny stall in any English fair. All were equally surprised at the admiration I showed for their own beautiful things, to which they were used, and which consequently they undervalued. As I wish now to describe Damascus, I will keep a day's shopping for a separate chapter.

On the north-west side is a suburb with gardens, which is more or less the quarter of the Turkish officers and their families. On the north-east side is a Moslem cemetery; on the south-east, beyond the walls, lie the Protestant, the Jewish, and the native Christian or Catholic cemeteries; and beyond these are gardens and olive groves. On the south-west corner are another Moslem graveyard and another suburb. The old walls surrounding Damascus, sometimes double like the

portals, are wonderfully interesting. They are built with those large stones which are the wonder of the present age. In some parts there are houses on the top, which makes one understand how Rahab dwelt on the town wall, and let down the spies by a cord through the window, and how St. Paul descended in a basket. Damascus has thirteen gates, all closed at sunset, and other inner doors, dividing the religious quarters; by these Christians, Moslems, and Jews are locked into their respective quarters. The city gates are the Báb Sharki (the eastern gate); the Báb es Saghír (little gate), to the south; the Báb el Jábyah, called so from a village; the Báb el Hadid (iron gate); the Báb Faraj (gate of joy); the Báb Faradis (gate of Paradise), so called from the gardens; the Báb es Saláam (gate of peace), to the north; the Báb Túma (Thomas's gate) is a north-eastern gate; and the Báb Kisán, so called after its founder. Near the latter St. Paul escaped; it was pierced in the old wall to the south-east, and has now been closed some 700 years. Then come the Báb es Salihíyyah, and the Bawwabát Allah, closing the Maydán, these two being outposts of the city; the Báb el Berid and the Báb Jayrún belonging to the Great Mosque; they are called so after the two sons of Ad.

We will begin our walk at the Báb es Saghír, the little or southern gate, a Roman portal patched by the Saracens. There is a double gate, one belonging to each wall, for both ancient *enceintes* remain in this part. Outside lies a Moslem cemetery, a curious spot filled with little oblong, roof-shaped tombs, of brick and mud and whitewash; fanciful wooden green-painted cupolas, with gilded crescents at their tops. At every headstone is an inscription, and a niche for a pot of water and a green branch of myrtle; these are renewed every Friday, when the Moslems come to pray, to cry, to gossip, and to intone the Korán. They certainly do not forget their dead. These mourners are chiefly women, each looking like a walking white sugar-loaf, in their white linen Izárs, with their faces shrouded with the Mandíl, or coloured kerchief. Here lie the warriors and statesmen of Moslem history. The chief are the great Moawiyeh, the founder of the Ommiade dynasty; three of Mohammed's wives, and the younger Fatima, his grandchild, daughter of Ali, by the elder Fatima; Ibn Asákir, the historian of Damascus, and Bilál el Habashi, Mohammed's brazen-lunged crier. We must mount a heap of rubbish in the centre of this cemetery, to see a splendid view of the city, the Salihíyyah, and the wild cleft of the Barada, with Hermon in the distance. We will then keep along the wall to the south-east till we reach Báb Kisán, the walled-up gate near which St. Paul left the city. "And

through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall, and escaped" (2 Cor. xxi. 33). The window was shown till lately. I have heard scoffers say that he chose a spot two yards from the sentry, but I conclude, if his escape was protected by our Lord, that this might have been permitted, to make it more manifest. In front, amongst the walnut trees, is a little cupola'd tomb containing the remains of one Jiryus, a porter who befriended St. Paul, and was on that account killed; he is now honoured as a saint and martyr. There is a rickety minaret, and a white-domed tomb, which contains the remains of Sidi Bilál. I shall lead you outside the walls till we reach Báb Túma, and then ride back to the Báb Sharki, as it is a most picturesque bit of Damascus. It is a Saracen gate, and has an inscription on the lintel concerning Sultan Kala'ún, dated A.H. 634. There is a queer old bridge near it, crossing the Barada. We will ride outside again to look at a white-domed building, where Shaykh Arslán is buried; here a Cufic inscription tells us that Khalid, "the Sword of God," during the six years' conquest of Syria, had his headquarters. We can now ride back to and through Báb Sharki, the eastern gate, around which is the Christian quarter and all the holy places. It is a portal with a central and two side arches. The central and the southern have been walled up 800 years: the northern arch is now the city gate, and the eastern entrance of Straight Street. There is, on the opposite side of the city, an ancient western gate exactly corresponding to it: we find this Báb el Jábyah near the Mosque es Sunánniyyeh. The central and northern arches have long been shut up, and the southern only is open: an inscription on the lintel shows it was repaired by Nur ed Dín; between the two the old Roman street ran straight as a knitting-needle from east to west.

We must now ascend the minaret, for it owns one of the best views of Damascus. There is also much to see about Báb Sharki. For instance, close to it lies a small underground chapel, in a cave, which is said to be the house of Ananias, and where St. Paul was hid. When any English Catholics come, I send for a priest, and petition that we may have mass and communion, a petition which is always granted. The site of the ancient Church of the Cross is supposed to have covered this ground, but it is now no more. You descend by steps to the cavern, which requires to be lighted for that purpose. The house of Na'aman the leper, close outside this gate, is now covered by a leper hospital—not a pleasant place to visit, even for charitable purposes. The house of Judas, where Paul lodged, is in a lane off Straight Street. One sees but a scrap peeping out from among bazar stalls, and near

it is an old tomb covered with rags, said to be that of Ananias. The holy places are thus but a stone's throw from the eastern gate. Two remarkable places seem to be but little known—old houses, which, like all other ancient places of Damascus, have a very underground look, as if “Shám” had been built over and over again, in a fresh layer with every new master: the deeper you go, the more solid becomes the masonry. These are the houses of SS. John and Thomas of Damascus. The former was the mediæval Arab theologian and poet, the only great name produced by the “Pearl of the East.” The latter, as Oakley and Gibbon tell us, was a Christian knight; he is always represented in black armour fighting against the Saracens, and after him Báb Túma is called.

The only other holy place I have not spoken of is the site of St. Paul's conversion. It is connected with three or four different localities. The only one that realizes the scene to my mind is that panorama of Damascus descending Jebel Kaysún, because it is the only approach that takes one's breath away. Yet Mohammed's apocryphal visit is placed at Bawwabát Allah, and St. Paul's on the road from Jerusalem.

The whole of the Christian churches are, I have said, gathered about Báb Sharki, which is still the Christian quarter, as I suppose it has ever been, and will ever be.

There is the Armenian church and convent (Catholic), very poor. The Greek Catholic church of Bishop Macarius is rich enough; it has a beautiful marble altar, and a school of 150 children.

The Syrian Catholic church and convent are poor, under Bishop Ya'akúb, and keep a school of 180 children. These two are on the right side of Straight Street. The Lazarist monastery, and the good Sisters of Charity attached to it, are both French Catholic, and instruct about 600 girls and 400 boys of all creeds and races. I went not long ago with the Wali to attend their annual examination. They acted plays, sang, and recited, in Arabic, Turkish, French, and other languages. They get the most Moslem pupils, because a convent is like a Harim. There is no danger of their seeing the other sex, or of their learning boarding-school manners and miscellaneous information, so they have no prejudice against sending their children there. The Pasha was very liberal, and gave the nuns a present of £25. Their hospital likewise treats all nations, and more Moslems than any other creed; 65,000 cases passed through their hands in 1869.

The monastery of Terra Santa (Spanish Franciscans) is poor. The Maronite Catholic, although not wealthy, has a new school of 20

children, and is under Padre Músa, acting for the Patriarch, who lives in the Lebanon.

Still in the Christian quarter, but nearer the middle of it, is the Greek Orthodox cathedral, a large, conspicuous red building, safe under the wing of Russian influence, and full of riches—marbles and paintings and silver plate; it is worth looking at, though modern. Attached to it is the Patriarchate, and school of 500 children. All this quarter was burnt and the Christians massacred in 1860, of which there are still black and charred reminders. There is nothing splendid to show you, but we will just peep into each of them, that you may feel satisfied you have left nothing undone. We will then take a cup of coffee with dear Mère Bigod, the Reverend Mother of the Sisters of Charity, also with my confessor, Fray Emmanuel Förner, superior of the Franciscan monks, a venerable man, who looks as if he had been carved out of an old oak-tree. We will also see the two bishops—Matrán Macarius, of the Greek Catholic Church, a holy, mild, benignant ecclesiastic, a true Eastern gentleman, with the sweetest manners and voice, and speaking the purest Arabic; thence we will visit Bishop Ya'akúb, of the Syrian Catholic Church, and with two bishops' blessings we should go home content.

I have asked you to imagine that you are paying me, your cicerone, a visit at Damascus. I also write for those who really know nothing about the city, for those who will not read heavy literature. I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of the Crusaders, but when we remember that Damascus was founded by Uz, son of Aram, son of Shem, son of Noah, and that it was already existing, perhaps flourishing, in the time of Abraham, who lived round about the city, and that Abraham was born in the year 2008 A.M., it does seem to make the Crusaders rather modern. Her history should be divided into six periods, for six times she has changed masters, six times she has been sacked, looted, and burnt, and six times she has risen Phoenix-like out of her own ashes. She is the only real Eternal City. We know she was independent for 1450 years, but how much longer before that we cannot trace. Then the Babylonian and Persian monarchs held her for 417 years, the Greeks for 248, the Romans for 699, the Saracens for 441 years, and the Turks, who possess her now, have ruled for 374 years.

Let me quote my American friend :—

“The early history of Damascus is shrouded in the mists of a hoary antiquity. Leave the matters written of in the first eleven chapters of the Old

Testament out, and no recorded event has occurred in the world but Damascus was in existence to receive the news of it. Go back as far as you will into the vague past, there was always a Damascus. In the writings of every century for nearly 400 years its name has been mentioned and its praises sung. To Damascus years are only moments, decades are only flitting trifles of time. She measures time not by days, months, and years, but by the empires she has seen rise and prosper and crumble to ruin. She is a type of immortality. She saw the foundations of Ba'albec, and Thebes, and Ephesus laid."

[He might have added Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra, and Jerusalem.]

"She saw these villages grow into mighty cities and amaze the world with their grandeur, and she has lived to see them desolate, deserted, and given over to the owls and bats. She saw the Israelitish Empire exalted, and she saw it annihilated. She saw Greece rise and flourish two thousand years, and die. In her old age she saw Rome built, she saw it overshadow the world with its power; she saw it perish. The few hundreds of years of Genoese and Venetian splendour and might were to grave old Damascus only a trifling scintillation hardly worth remembering. Damascus has seen all that ever occurred upon earth, and still she lives. She has looked upon the dry bones of a thousand empires, and will see the tombs of a thousand more before she dies. Though another claims the name, old Damascus is by right the Eternal City."

Mark Twain is the only tourist in Syria who has spoken the plain truth about the country, good when it deserves and bad when necessary. There is no glamour over those sharp Yankee eyes. Three books always rode in my saddle-pocket wherever I went—the Bible for the ancient history, for the truth of our Saviour's life and doings, and the manners and customs of the people; Tancréd for the sublime; and the "New Pilgrim's Progress" for the ridiculous.

Mr. Porter believes that the earliest wanderers after the dispersion of Babel would be brought to the banks of the Abana; that such a site once found would be occupied, and that once occupied it would never be deserted. He also says that "not only can no city lay claim to such high antiquity, but that few can vie with it in the importance of the events which have happened within its walls." Twice it has been the capital of great emperors. At one time its monarch ruled from the shores of the Atlantic to the Himálayas and the banks of the Indus. This was in the time of Moawiyah, the first Khalif of the Ommiades, who adorned the city gorgeously; he also appropriated the Great Mosque, which the Khalif el Walíd refitted at a vast expense. Next come the Crusades under Baldwin and Conrad and Louis VII., and then Nur ed Dín and Sáláh ed Dín (Saladin). Her riches must have been royally splendid until Tamer-

lane, whom the citizens still call El Wahsh, the wild beast, in 1401 ordered a hideous massacre, which was copied in 1860. Of that magnificence, you see, there are only a few decayed remains, which are more attractive than the new grandeur of any other city. But they make one sad—oh! so very sad. The writings of the fathers of the Eastern Church, antiquities, MSS., silk divans ornamented with gold and jewels, rich fabrics, libraries filled with rare literature, Arabesqued walls and ceilings, palaces with marble halls and inlaid fountains, all disappeared under the horse-hoofs of “El Wahsh.” It is said that only one Christian family escaped, and their descendants have handed down for five centuries the story of this reign of terror. In 1500, Sultan Selím took the city, and the Turks have held it ever since. In 1830, Ibrahim Pasha entered the gates in triumph, and they were then for the first time opened to Europeans and Christians; before his day it was as inaccessible as Mecca. The first British Consul, Mr. Farren, rode through it in full uniform, protected by Egyptian soldiers and a band of Janissaries, amid curses loud and deep, only suppressed through fear. He must have been a brave man. Its station among the capitals of the world has been so uniform, that the presence of the throne never seems to have advanced its internal welfare, nor did royal removals cause decay. It has existed and prospered alike under Persian despotism, Grecian anarchy, Roman patronage, and it exists and prospers still under Turkish oppression and misrule. Though it has never rivalled Nineveh, Babylon, nor Thebes, it has not resembled them in the greatness of their fall. In short, Damascus is an excellent monument of the Italian proverb, “*Chi va piano va sano, e chi va sano va lontano.*”

Now we have arrived at the castle near Báb el Hadíd (Gate of Iron). The ramparts, towering above everything, are 280 yards long, and 200 broad, and the old broken-down building occupies the whole of the north-west corner of the city. It is partly fronted by a moat, which can be filled from the river. The stones are very large, and probably purloined from the old walls; the walls are of great height, and the heavy, massive flanking towers are somewhat imposing—but it is nothing but a mere shell.

In the middle of the Seed bazar, where we now stand, there is a magnificent Moorish gateway, the spacious interior lighted by nine lofty domes, and supported by massive piers. This is the Khan As'ad Pasha. At the end of this Súk is one of the most splendid houses in Damascus, with seven courts and saloons, gorgeously decorated; it still belongs to his descendants. You want to know what a Khan

is. It is a large covered courtyard, with rooms, often double-storied, opening on to a balcony running all round, and looking into the hollow square. A poor Khan may be a mere shed, but this is the use of all, great and little: it is the native form of the hotel, where caravans and individuals put up, as in an inn. The baggage is stowed away, the animals are picketed in the court, the owners lie on their rugs, and if a higher class man comes, he may have a room. Some of the grand Khans, like this, for instance, when built in the cities, contain counting-houses, stores, and business-rooms. There were only Khans half a century ago, and Damascus is still full of them. You never see a native, unless he be thoroughly Europeanized, at Demetri's. They all go to their own Caravanserais. Close by this Khan is the school established by Nur ed Dín, and his tomb is in the tailors' bazar hard by. Not far from the Mosque runs a narrow street, containing two very fine buildings opposite each other. On our left is the mausoleum of Melek ed Zâhir Bibars, built by his son, Melek es Sa'id, in A.D. 1277. Opposite is a Mosque, school, and his own mausoleum, all erected by himself. The little Mosque is very beautiful, covered with mosaic, a gold ground, and green palm-trees. Such was the whole of the Great Mosque before it was despoiled.

Come and see the interior of the Moslem school. Here are rows of boys sitting cross-legged, learning to write. Notice the long brass inkstands in every girdle, and the reed pens in their right hands; how they take the paper in the left hand, crumple it, and write as fast from right to left as we do in our way. The master is explaining to me their studies—Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic, and the Korán, but not our fourth R—Revolution. He is now expounding the Book, and they are learning to write sentences correctly, to understand their import, and to learn them by heart. This is considered an ample education, and it is not every one who can do so much. The tomb of Melek es Sa'id's father adjoins the school, a very ancient and picturesque house, with a green, cemetery-like, melancholy court, containing a large fountain full of gold-fish. The tomb, in another adjoining court, is in a terrible state of decay. All these buildings belong to the Mosque. When furnished with slippers we enter and see the prettiest Mosque in the city, the Jâmi'a es Sunáníyyeh, so called after Senán Pasha. He built it in 1581, whilst he was Wali, and he has left his mark upon the city. Its minaret is covered with green glazed tiles, which flash gaily in the sun. The interior is full of antique columns of porphyry and marble, a really splendid sight, showing what the Turk could do three centuries ago. We now pass

the somewhat dilapidated mausoleum of Abu Obaydah ibn el Jarráh, who commanded the Moslems at the capture of the city. He died at fifty-eight years of age, in the pestilence following the Six Years' War, during which he was Commander-in-Chief. Hence the eighteenth year of the Hegira (A.D. 1640) is known in history as "the year of the mortality."

We now pass the armourers' and Narghíleh stalls, and here we see Bedawin buying up old guns which, barring accidents, can do little harm either to neighbours or travellers. Then we come to a square block, the Serai, or palace, adjoining which are the prison, the offices of the Commander-in-Chief, the new large barrácks built by Ibrahim Pasha, the courts of justice, the Diwan, or municipal chambers, the Government offices, and the British Consulate. All these will not much interest you or me.

That little street (it is only big enough to admit one horse at a time), opposite the British Consulate, will lead us to the horse-market, and it is very lively early on Friday morning. You will there see every kind of Kaddish (*i.e.*, underbred beasts), all sizes, shapes, colours, and prices; also mules, donkeys, and camels. As in the bazars, every costume appears, the wearers sitting on little stools, drinking coffee, buying and selling, haggling and discussing the merits of their property. I do not say that you cannot pick up for a trifle a useful beast that would carry baggage or serve as a mount for your cook, but certainly none show race or blood. I often come down to look on, put my horses up at the Khan opposite, and breakfast at the hotel, which you see is but a stone's throw distant.

The group of patient, small donkeys for hire lead a curious life. They live at Salihíyyah; in the morning, at daylight, you hear a tremendous whooping and rushing, and shortly past your windows fly about fifty of these four-legged slaves quite merrily, with their heels in the air. They have been browsing all night on Allah knows what. This is their stand—they are hired during the day for a very small sum. They never look tired, the boys never own the truth, but they must often be worked off their legs. They are unshod, so as not to slip on the stones. At dusk they come back as they went, but not so jauntily. I always quarrel with the donkey-lads. They point a stick and drive it in, so that every poor beast has two raws on each side of his crupper. As I always take the stick, break it, and throw it away, they all know me so well now that, as you may notice, all hide or drop their implements of torture when they see me coming.

We can now visit the Tekiyeh and its beautiful Mosque, which I mentioned on my entrance to Damascus. We cross the Barada by a wooden bridge, and ride up the bank of the river. This is the little Merj, and the Abana, or Barada (?) winds through it like a serpent. Can you see any reason why it should be celebrated—and will you not agree with me, that if it were not for the domes and needles of the Tekiyeh, and the picturesque Mosques and mausoleums peeping out of the green, that it would greatly resemble a marshy English common?

I will not take you now to the Maydán; we will go there in a day or two. I am trying, for to-day only, to show you Damascus on Murray's plan, and to make it as light as heavy work can be. But this will be your dullest ride; after which I mean to go upon my own plan, and I have saved all the best things for that purpose. You have already gone over some ground, though you think that I have shown you but little. But we must not tire ourselves, as we shall escort the "Hajj" to-morrow. One advantage is, that, no matter where you are, you are seeing Oriental life in its purest and most unadulterated form.

NOTE.—The Bible references wanted in Damascus are:—Genesis xv. 2; 2 Kings or 2 Samuel viii. 5, 6, ix. 9, 10; 3 Kings or 1 Kings xiii. 18, xx. 34; 4 Kings or 2 Kings ix. 7–16; 1 Paralipomenon or Chronicles xvi. 2, 3, xviii. 5, 6; Ezekiel xxvii. 16; Isaiah vii. 8; Amos i. 5; 4 Kings or 2 Kings v.; 2 Cor. xxi. 32, 33; Acts ix. and xxii.

CHAPTER VI.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HAJJ, AND WHAT WE SAW.

OF the great religious fêtes preparatory to, and the departure of, the Meccan caravan from Damascus through the Desert to Mecca.

The pilgrims have been collecting here from all parts of the East this month past, and have swelled to several thousands. They will go to Mecca and Medinah, and return in about four months. This is the great religious event of the year. The pilgrims, Persians, Kurds, Turkmans, and other travellers from Central Asia, began to enter Damascus in early Ramazan. They lodge in the city, and are mostly traders. All sell their horses here, and purchase camels for the Desert march; and therefore horses are cheap, and this is the time to buy useful beasts, as the market is overflowing with them. Their next move is to a village about two days' distance ride to the south, where a great bazar will be held. The caravan will then be joined by scattered pilgrims who have delayed at Damascus till the last moment, and thence they will march in a compact body, with escort and artillery, upon El Medinah, in seventy-four marches.

The ceremonies which I am about to describe are termed in Moslem theology Bida'a, or religious innovations, unknown to the Prophet's day, novelties to be tolerated, but, *per se*, unpraiseworthy. Huge tapers, for instance, are, strictly speaking, not admissible in the Mosque, which during night prayers should never be lighted with fire. The only artificial illumination should be just enough to show the floor. The Markab, or procession of the Shumú'a (waxen tapers) and the Zayt (oil) for the Mosques of Mecca and El Medinah, took place the first day. The former articles were carried, not from the Mosque, as strangers suppose, but from the place of manufacture in the Zukák el Muballat, which during the last three years has been that of Darwaysh Agha Tarazi Bashi (the head tailor). Tenders are made for so many Kantars (five hundred-weights) of pure wax, and the expense is defrayed by the Wakf el Haramayn (foundation money of the sacred places), instituted by the Sultan Selím, conqueror of Egypt, in A.D. 1517. The oil is made at the Ma'asarat el Suk, in

the village of Kafr Susi, and it must be Zayt baladi mazit (pure country oil). The Ratl (four and a half pounds) this year cost thirteen and a half piastres (2s. 2½d.). The procession of the Yaum el Sham'a, or the day of the candles, began with a military band of regulars (Nizam), and the total instruments numbered about forty—we counted ten brass, nine flutes, two drums, cymbals, and others; then came a green flag, fringed with dark red, and inscribed with religious sentiments in the same colour. This is intended for the escort, which of late years consisted of regulars only, the Sepahíyyeh and the Bashi Buzuks having become obsolete. Followed a troop of Muezzins, prayer-callers of the great Amawi Mosque, led by a Shaykh in a brown cloak with a black hood. These men, who are the most fanatical, smiled at my husband as he looked out of the Consulate windows, and some who were near enough to speak, said, "How is it you are not with us?" Both sides of the Tarík el Serayeh, or paved street leading to the Wali's Serai (the Governor-General's palace), formerly called Konak, were guarded by Zabtiyyeh, or policemen, with fixed bayonets, and dressed in brown cloaks and hoods. Each line was led by an officer with drawn sword. The Muezzins were followed by seven men bearing incense-burners (Mabkhar): of these, one was silver and the others silver-gilt.

Then came the tapers. The nine first were carried like hammocks by two men: about a foot in diameter, they were covered with shawls and variegated chintz. The rest were two bouquets of tapers, and borne before the bosom like a baby, and eighteen smaller candles, for which one porter apiece sufficed. The wicks were about equal to a one-inch rope. Behind them marched another guard of Zabtiyyehs, and lastly came a gathering of the people. The tapers were carried past the Serai of the Mushir to the Kilar Khaneh, or the commissariat department of the Hajj: then they are put into cases, and on the third day, Yaum el Mahmal, they will be sent on to Mazarib.

On the second day the sun shone bright, and the air was cold and clear. All was propitious for the Yaum el Sanjak, or the day of the procession of the Sanjak Sherif, the Holy Standard. The Mahmal and the Sanjak, Holy Banner, were carried from their usual place, the Kilar Khaneh, to the Mosque of the Sanjakdar, when the afternoon prayers were recited. After being displayed to the faithful in the audience hall of the military Serai, both were escorted back with the usual ceremonies. The Sanjak Sherif is the flag used by the Caliph Omar, of conquering fame, and it is deposited in a huge gold *étui* (cordiform), which is borne upon the banner-pole. The relic is

carefully preserved in the Kilar or the military Serai, and never appears save on this day. This is what they say at Damascus, but it appears to be confounded with the Sanjak Sherif of Constantinople, which is described as Ayesha's tent-curtain, and also as the turban of the Sahib (disciple) Sahhm. This holy banner, after belonging to the Omniade and Abbaside dynasties of Damascus and Baghdad, was carried to Cairo by the Fatimites, and was brought back to Damascus by Selím I., and thence conveyed to Constantinople by the well-known Grand-Vizier Senán Pasha, who left in this city many traces of his munificence. It annually performed the pilgrimage, and now it is one of the relics deposited under the charge of the Kiz Agahasi, Head Eunuch in the Upper Serai, Constantinople, in the chamber known as Khirkai Sherif Odasi, of the holy mantle. No Christians, and few Moslems, are allowed to see it. The other banners, viz., the Sanjak Sherif of Damascus and of Cairo, are mere emblems of military power—the cordiform gold *étui* contains papers on religious subjects. A gun sounded at 2.30 p.m., and the Sanjak issued from the fort upon Súk Surjíyyah, or sadlers' bazar, with military band and escort. The windows were occupied by women of all ranks and ages, and the streets whence the procession could be viewed were covered with motley sight-seers. After the band came ten flags of various colours, one white, two green, and the rest red; all of them were worked with gold, four were small banners, with staves stuck in the musket-barrels; the other six were of larger dimensions, gradually increasing in size as they were nearer the holy banner, and were borne in banner-holders at the soldiers' right side. The incense-burners and the Muezzins preceded the Sanjak, which was in charge of three men, one holding the staff, and the other two the stays of gold and green stuff. The *étui* of the holy banner is sent from Constantinople when the old flag is worn out, also on special occasions, as when a Sultan succeeds to the throne. It was worked over with the usual citations from the Korán, and sundry talismans of gilt metal were attached to the lower apex. The flag itself was in a stiff covering, and all the material was Kasab (brocade) of green and gold. It was duly lowered when being carried into the Masjid el Sanjakdar. When the holy banner accompanies the Sultan and the Grand-Vizier to the field, it has an especial guard of the stoutest and bravest slaves of the palace, and these bear the title of "Sanjakdars." As the holy banner entered the passage a gun fired, and the Wali and Mushir recited the afternoon prayers (el Asr). At 3 p.m. another gun directed the procession to be resumed, and it passed up the Súk Surjíyyah in the order before

mentioned, band, thurifer-bearers, Muezzins chanting hymns, and flags. Amongst them appeared a diminutive Dervish in a ragged and patched red coat and a worked fool's-cap with fur fringe, and carrying a symbol of his craft, which resembled a double-bladed battle-axe or a javelin, six feet long. The Sanjak was followed by a guard and a crowd of people, and for that night it was deposited in the Serai of the Mushir.

Accompanied by the Kawwâses, we attended the ceremony throughout, and the officer commanding the escort kindly placed us in a conspicuous position whence the procession could be viewed. The spectators did not show a trace of ill-feeling, but quite the reverse.

The third day was the grand day of the fêtes, and it opened with fine clear weather, ice appearing on the pavement. My husband and I and one friend drove in Abd el Kadir's carriage, then nearly the only one in the town, to the new Kishlet el Maydân (Maydân barracks), where we met the Wali, or Governor-General, and the Mushir, or Commander-in-Chief, of the Wilayet of Syria. These barracks are in the heart of the Maydân, or southern suburb of Damascus, which is peopled by the most fanatical of the middle and the lower classes, and where religious and political outbreaks generally begin; but we were received with all possible civility—the soldiers presented arms to us; not a taunting word was said, nor did any one spit—a few years ago we should have been stoned. The people smiled and seemed to take it as a compliment—the presence of strangers, who were anxious to witness their festivities. The streets were crowded all day with pilgrims and sight-seers: their behaviour was perfect. This procession is for the departure of the “Mahmal” which represents the State Litter, in which Ayesha, the Prophet's wife, rode from Damascus, and the joining of the Hajj, or pilgrimage caravan. All Damascus, men, women, and children, were in best attire. The Harîms of the wealthy driving, others riding horses, asses, and camels, and crowds on foot, repaired at 8 a.m. towards the suburb El Maydân. The narrow bazars were in places blockaded, and the housetops were variegated with many-coloured dresses—not a few were there. It was a true *carnivaletta delle donne*, and all seemed greatly to enjoy their holiday. Amongst the multitude the Persians and Turkmans were distinguished by their caps and huge cloaks of sheepskin; the dark Hindostan, the Afghans with large white turbans, and the Moghrabis and West Africans in the normal white burnous were plentiful. There were Samarkand and Bokhara Moslems, with

flat faces, flat noses, pigs' eyes, vacant stare, hair pale brown, or yellow, like Russians; hardly any, or very scanty beards, huge ragged turbans, no colour, wound round shaggy fur caps.

Turkish soldiers in Zouave uniforms, Persian pilgrims in felt and purple beards, dyed with Henna. They used to wear lambskin I was told, but it was out of fashion. They were fine stalwart fellows, and wore close-fitting long-skirted coats, of a shawl pattern, or coloured broad-cloth—mostly green, and richly braided. There were pale-faced Jews, with the peculiar expression, lips, and features of their race.

Dervishes go to knots of women, sing or recite for their benefit blessings on the Prophet, or verses in praise of charity. Dishevelled hair and flowing matted beard fall over shoulders and chest. Felt cap, or Taj, on head; leopard or deer or gazelle skin hang about their shoulders; huge wooden beads hang down from neck to girdle. He carries either a real calabash, or *coco de mer* Kajkul, or tin imitation of one. Women drop into it small coins or bits of bread. Dervishes wander about with tomtoms and fifes, to collect alms. There was one at the Serai, at the Mushir's feet. His face was very interesting. Damascus Moslems wear fur pelisses, and have a peculiar face, with a sinister expression, bleached skins, black hands, and look bilious.

The Druzes wear huge white peculiar turbans wound round the tarbush, which has no tassel (this is a sign of Government employment). Black or green cloaks—blue garments—here and there a fine mare. They despise all, but do not show it; are inwardly sneering, but outwardly exchange many a gossip.

I record these, my first impressions, as we passed through the Dervishiyyeh quarter, the Sunaniyyeh bazar, and Báb Musalla, to the Maydán.

There were guides and guards with matchlocks and swords. I saw swarthy skins, wild faces, fierce eyes; incongruous variety of costume—some flowing, some scanty, some new and bright, others old and grimy. Mules and camels were laden with merchandise for the annual fair at Mazarib. Children out for a holiday riding on the tops of bales. Some merchants on ambling ponies, asses, dromedaries, and on foot. Kala'ijis, stout young Damascenes, wore a dress which was a cross between town and Desert costume. They took short runs, jumps, and skips, playing antics; every two or three hundred yards they would stop, form a ring, and dance sword-dances; others made sham fights, and would skip about, brandish and twirl long guns, point muskets to earth, and fire and load, as they do in Dahome, said Captain Burton.

Detachments of foot-soldiers piled their muskets on both sides of the Maydán street (almost a mile), and all presented arms to us as we passed. Our rendezvous was at the Maydán barracks, built like those of the Christian quarter, Kishlat Báb el Sharki, since the massacre of 1860, in order to control the disorders of the population. We were received by the officer in command, and were shown into an upper room, which had been prepared for us. Nothing could exceed the civility of those on duty. The procession began at 9.30 a.m. with the appearance of three Tabl (kettle-drums) preceding twelve camels, that bore well-worn tents of green and yellow cotton, boxes of carpets for the Mosques of Mecca and Medinah, cash, and presents. These are the property of the Surrat Amini (Confidant of the Purse). Representing the Sultan, he is charged with remitting to the holy cities the legacies and annuities which belong to them (Murattibát). Each box is padlocked and tied up in calico, sealed with the Pasha's seal. Then came four kettle-drums, preceding thirty horsemen, who were escort to the baggage of the Amir el Hajj—the Pasha in charge of the caravan. The Wali is the Sultan Amir el Hajj, but the actual work is done by deputy, and the Pasha in charge of the caravan this year is Mohammed Bozo Pasha, a Damascus Kurd, who succeeded Mohammed Pasha, also a Kurd of Damascus, and is in charge of the Government presents to the holy cities. Irregular troops have been supplanted by regulars. There are four battalions (Ballat), each of 112 men. There is no Bashat el Askar now, as there used to be, and the troops are under the command of a simple Bimbashi. These horsemen will pass the night at the Masjid el Kadam. The footprint outside the Bawwabát Allah (the Gate of God), called in Turkish Misr Kapusi, the Egyptian gate of the southern suburb. The tradition of the footprint is that Mohammed, the apostle of God, halted here, but refused to enter the city, saying, "Man could only enter one paradise, and he preferred to wait for the eternal one." However, as I have said more than once, there is only one situation which would provoke that speech according to my idea, and that is from Jabel Kaysán. Here, however, is shown the footprint of his camel—which he must besides have sent in to the Great Mosque, as there is another footprint shown there, if this legend be true. The horsemen were followed by camels carrying the baggage of the Amir el Hajj. They were fancifully decorated, and had garters formed of mirrors set in tinsel. These were followed by the pilgrims' baggage and litters—Mukaffat or Maheri, in the Hejaz called Shugduf. The latter were two substantial cradles slung on each side of the camel, like donkeys' panniers, and covered with a

small green and blue awning, like a tent, upon which floated a red pennon. Among the camels were horsemen and a few women. The latter, in Izár and veil, looked like extinguishers, and rode spirited horses, of course, *en cavalier* (astride like a man), and caraoled over a pavement as slippery as glass.

There was a pause which enabled me to take notes. Tents of three poles, eight or ten feet long, like piled muskets, supporting ragged canvas extempore tents, under which sat a vendor on a carpet, surrounded by wooden boxes, trays of sweetmeats, parched grain, dates, etc. Here baskets of pickled turnips and beetroot, "Khami" eaten as kitchen with dry bread; there sherbet and water men, with their peculiar cry, tinkling their brass cups, sellers of liquorice-water (it grows everywhere here in the plains). The skin is slung on the back; he carries it under the right arm, brass spout in right hand, and clattering his bright brass saucers, chaunts, "O Bountiful one! cool and refreshing, purify thy blood." Sellers of bread, cakes, fruit, and other eatables, hawk about goods in crowds. Each has a peculiar street-cry, and all try to outvie each other as to who shall cry the loudest. Women of doubtful character, only seen on such days, veils drawn aside, go into shops and drink drams, and show painted cherry cheeks and eyes black-rimmed with Kohl, looking like washed sweeps or half-cleaned colliers.

Presently a band struck up; it was composed of fifes, horns, cymbals, cornets, and pagoda-like instruments in brass, hung around with bells. It was wild and wailing music, more conducive to melancholy than to fighting. A flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the cavalry escort, which preceded the carriage of their Excellencies the Wali and the Mushír. The soldiers ran to unpile and present arms. Their chief civil and military authorities came up to the room which they had prepared for us, and we were presented with coffee and cigarettes. The Wali was most kind, and explained everything to me. I learnt that the escort were Anazeh Bedawin, enrolled expressly for protecting the caravan; not regulars in point of discipline, and ignorant of regular drills, nor irregulars, because they wear a uniform, have their own horses, and are supplied by Government with short rifles, revolvers, and carbines. They ride in double file; the four foremost, Sultan's jesters, have tomtoms one each side of the saddle-bow, and strike them with short pieces of thick, strong leather, and are heard from afar. They hold their reins with their teeth whilst playing. The Bashi Buzuks are, however (of course), irregular. The great display of Staff Engineers, of Arab thorough-

breeds, of casty dromedaries, and of wild Bedawin matchlockmen was interesting in the extreme.

Now the formal procession began. Then came two lines of Zabtíyeh (policemen), led by Mustafa Bey, Mir Alai, or Colonel, a very fanatical man. They were followed by the mounted band of the 1st Cavalry Regiment and some 200 troopers—these were dressed in scarlet tunics and dark knickerbockers, with white cap covers: a new uniform and very effective. All had spring carbines, and they were bound to Mazarib. Then came the artillery, two brass guns on green carriages, with gunners on foot. They were proceeding to Mecca, whilst a saluting battery awaits the procession outside the gate. The next conspicuous object was the empty Takhtrawán, or the litter of the Amir el Hajj. It was a gilt thing, like the Lord Mayor's coach, with carved strong poles, half looking-glass, so that one could see all around, curtains and carpets, and a lamp attached in front. It was borne by two mules fore and aft, and four extra mules were led in front of it to change, with red caparisons, pointed peaked saddles of red cloth, and embroidered with yellow braid. The necessary expenses of a comparatively rich man's pilgrimage in a Takhtrawán from Damascus may average, I am told, 50,000 piastres, 500 napoleons (£400).

The hire of a camel, 1800 piastres (a piastre is 2*d.*); Takhtrawán, 18,000 piastres; and for a simple litter, 6400. The caravan carries with it sums which can be ill spared from Syria. Formerly Constantinople bore the onus, but now it is shifted to Damascus. The Treasurer of the Great Hajj claims 35,000 napoleons (7000 purses of 500 piastres each). About two months after the main body, starts the Jardeh, or reinforcement, a camel Káfilah numbering 700, including 200 soldiers, who follow with a supply of provisions, and who act as escort as far as Hedíyyah, three days north of El Medinah. This Jardeh also absorbs about 1500 purses. The total, therefore, would be about 42,500 napoleons, which in Syria would be equal to a quarter of a million in England.

Now followed officers of local, civil, and military staffs, glittering uniforms, and brilliant decorations, sables, flowing robes, bright coloured cloths lined with fur; field officers in full dress uniform, with rich housings of gold, epaulettes, and military orders. They were mounted upon the finest mares in Damascus, probably from Nejd, only seen on such days, and one flea-bitten grey made me almost unhappy for the day with envy. A blood horse seldom costs here less than 200 or 300 napoleons, but a mare has no price—she is too

precious. She might be £40,000 in shares, if one of the three real old races, and her pedigree beyond dispute. After the military came the Ulemá, riding, with broad gold bands and green scarves wrapped round their red fezzes, over coats of peach blossom, and several were decorated. The first was the Alim Mohammed Effendi Munayyer, and Mullah Effendi, Supreme Judge; he wore over a white turban a strip or band of plain gold lace. Secondly came the Naib (Assistant Kadi), Sa'id Effendi Istawani, and lastly the Muffetish (Inspector) and Kadi of the city, Mohammed Izzat Effendi, wearing all his orders. The students came with the Ulemá, wearing turbans and bands of various widths and colours, showing their respective offices or college degrees. The Mufti (legal adviser and expounder of the law) was not present. All were preternaturally grave, and desperately official.

The Ulemá immediately preceded the Mahmal or royal litter, which was full dressed in green and gold, with silver finials at each corner and at the summit. Massive gold fringes hung down to the camel's knees, with inscriptions embroidered in gold thread. It is vulgarly supposed to represent the tent of Ayesha, and afterwards of Zubaydah Khatun, wife of the Caliph Harún el Rashíd. The camel has been dressed at the military Serai, head-stall and trappings to match the Mahmal. She is laden, and consigned to the Pasha of the Hajj, who gives a written receipt for her, to be returned when he has led back the caravan. The camel goes to Mecca as often as she can, and is never put to servile work or drudgery. The Cairene Mahmal dates from the days of the Egyptian Sultan Salih Nejm ed Dín, whose slave wife, Shajarat el Durr, made herself Queen of Egypt, and performed her pilgrimage in a litter of this kind. The custom was continued after her death by the Mamlúk Sultan Záhir in A.H. 670 (A.D. 1272). Out of the Mahmal gazed a man of the people; he looked like a Majnún, or madman, and probably was one. They are much respected, as their souls are supposed to be already with God. The crowd kiss and cling to the Mahmal.

It was followed by the Sanjak, before alluded to, and in rear of this were two Shaykhs, Dervishes, or Santons, riding camels. They were naked to the waist, and very dirty; their bare heads were nearly bald, and they swayed from side to side like men possessed. And they have to do this all throughout the journey. They are supposed to be in an ecstasy of devotion, and to be dead to this world.

These Santons were followed by the Amir el Hajj, Mohammed Bozo Pasha (a son of Ahmed Agha, chief of the Bashi Buzuks), chosen this year for the tenth time. His *cortége* was brought up by

two lines of irregulars. Then the troop of kettle-drums preceded a troop of nearly 100 Agayl Arabs from the vicinity of Baghdad, Hamah, Sukneh, and other places. They ride Hijins, dromedaries of tolerable blood, having trappings with metal pommels, worked saddle-bags, and tassels, and the odour of the pitch with which they had been treated was very strong. Nothing could be more picturesque than these men in the ragged dress of the Desert. They guided their beasts with a little crook of almond wood called Mashab; some had Arab swords, and others long-barrelled guns, in fringed and tasselled bags of leather, termed in El Hejaz Gushat. They are brave, but they tell me they avail nothing against regular infantry. Behind this last item of the *cortége* came camels bearing hide-bound Sah-hárahs, or seamen's chests, which contain the pilgrims' luggage and merchandise.

Crowds were pressing to and from the city gates. The whole passed with silent tread on the hard paved macadam road. It seemed like a vision of the past floating before or defiling past us.

The Wali and the Mushir then descended to receive the Amir el Hajj outside the gates, who, with the Mahmal and Sanjak, was proceeding to the Masjid el Kadam, and we followed in Abd el Kadir's carriage. We drove through the Maydán suburb about a mile. It has a good pavement, and gutters on the sides, not in the centre. It was made by the present Wali. It is comparatively straight, and is from forty to one hundred feet wide. There is a raised causeway in the centre. All are in best clothes and gaudiest colours. Here great men ride in gilt saddles upon mares or white asses; some stand and lounge, smoke, and drink coffee. The women occupy cleared-out shops filled with raised benches, children on shelves, also the walls and roofs, to see over the heads of the crowd. The windows are all full. Every inch is occupied with women, perched up in white or blue Izár, carrying children.

We passed through the southern gate leading to Mecca, about which is the tradition of Mohammed. Going along, on each side we see shops and stalls, bales of goods, French liqueurs, Manchester cottons, Swiss handkerchiefs, Baghdad Abbas, Persian carpets, Tombak for smoking in Narghilehs. At the gate itself is the custom-house, officers, and guards.

The Mosque, where is the sacred camel, at the end of the Maydán, contains the tomb of Shaykh Sa'ad el Dín, Jebbawi, of the Jebbah village, founder of the Sa'adiyah Dervishes. The camel is led up to the window, and the Shaykh in charge of the Mosque has the special

privilege of giving it balls of kneaded dough, almonds, and sugar. Sometimes it eats all, and sometimes drops all, but the crowd eagerly scramble for the sacred crumbs. There is another Sa'ad in the gardens near the Maydán, and also a Shaykh Sa'ad, a black slave, in a plain of the same name, one hour from N'áwá, in the Haurán. After about a mile and a half we found a tent pitched upon a Musalla, or praying platform, at a spot called thê Báb el Kaabah (gate of the Kaabah). To the east is the now ruinous dome and Mosque El Isáli. On the west is the little village Kariyet el Kadam, containing the Masjid el Kadam (Mosque of the Footprint). Here, on the sill of the southern windows, a polished mark like a man's sole seven and a half inches long, and apparently lacking toes, raised on the white limestone by courtesy called marble, is shown as the footprint of the Prophet when he made the Miraj, or nocturnal journey to heaven. The footprint of the accompanying archangel used also to be shown in the adjoining window-sill, till it was removed to Constantinople by the mother of the late Sultan. Some Moslems say that this night journey was made from Jerusalem, but this is supposed to be the spot where the Prophet turned away from Damascus and made the famous speech about "Man being able only to enter one paradise." I maintain again that nobody entering by that way could suppose that Damascus was a paradise, nor indeed by any other, save the one by which I have advised all travellers to enter, riding from El Hamah across Jebel Kaysún. About the Mosque Isáli we noticed quite a gipsy village and encampment. Men with long pipes, Jardeh, and tambourines made an exhibition of a small but learned donkey, like our educated dogs and monkeys. His master asked him what he would do if he got no more food, and he fell down and pretended to die, and was dragged about by his tail, ears, and legs; in fact, pretended to be stone dead, etc.

At the tent we were very kindly received by the Wali, his Excellency Mohammed Izzat Pasha, the Mushir, or Field-Marshal commanding the 5th Corps d'Armée; and by Ibrahim Pasha, the Mutaserриф, or Governor of Damascus. We were now placed upon the divan by the side of the former, and witnessed the close of the ceremony.

The *mise-en-scène* was perfect. Snow covered the Hermon ridge and capped the higher peaks of Anti-Lebanon, sharply cutting the blue air and contrasting with the brilliant sun of the Ager Damascenus—the groves of patriarchal olives wore the perennial green, and the clear, bright atmosphere lent beauty to the ruined domes and minarets that distinguish the gate of the holy city. The road to the north was

lined with Nizam (regular cavalry), that kept off the crowd to preserve the passage clear for the *cortége*. A troop of Melawiyeh Dervishes of the twirling order, in sugar-loaf caps of drab felt, attended with their Shaykh to do honour to the occasion. As soon as the Mahmal appeared, it was stripped of its gold-embroidered canopy, and it displayed only a framework of wood, painted green, with glass about the lower part, the whole shaped like a modern Mahari, or litter. The dress-toilette was packed in boxes, and its place was supplied by a cotton cloth of bluish green with plain silver knobs. The Ulemá, preceded by incense-bearers, then came before the Mushir and recited a prayer for the Sultan and Moslems generally. A *levée* of officers proceeding to Mazarib, headed by Ahmed Bozo, Pasha commanding the caravan, was then held. The Nizam, amounting to one short Buluk (battalion), 350 sniders, and a squadron of 69 sabres, presently set out for the south, and the rest of the troops galloped past in a somewhat loose close order. The people began to disperse. The Sanjak was carried back into Damascus, and the Mahmal, after an hour's delay, started at the sound of a gun for the first station, the Khan Denur. The Meccan pilgrims usually loiter in the city as long as possible; many, however, march by instalments. First official troops and a few pilgrims, then those who flock to the ten days' fair at Mazarib, and lastly all remaining pilgrims and guards.

Our horses were then brought near the tent for us to mount, and my husband in semi-uniform proceeded to join the Hajj. We were both pleasantly affected by the courtesy of the pilgrims, and the cordiality of the chief officers, especially of the Kilar Amini, or "Lord of the Pilgrimage," entitled in the Hejaz (the Moslem Holy Land) the Amir el Hajj, Ahmed Bozo Pasha, the Kurd who has been chosen ten times for this delicate duty. The Surreh Amini, or treasurer, Mustafa Effendi, a man of high consideration in Brussa, invited us to become his guests, and the officer commanding the escort, Omar Beg, supplied us with a small party of troopers. This courtesy of demeanour has ever distinguished Damascenes despite their fanaticism, and they do what Christians would do well to imitate—they receive us with open arms, trusting that our hearts may be touched and turned by the spectacle towards the "saving faith" El Islám. I must say that the Hajj is by far the most interesting ceremony or spectacle I have ever witnessed, and by far the grandest in a wild picturesque point of view. It is a gorgeous pageant. The subject is most interesting, for those time-honoured observances are threatened with extinction from the effect of steam communication, and especially of the Lesseps Canal. It

is a sight interesting to students of ancient usages. It embraces people of all classes, nations, and tongues, and their characteristics are prominently developed on such occasions; and, moreover, these ceremonies are the remnants of local colouring that linger still in the ancient city of the Caliphs.

The marches to Mazarib are three—viz., Damascus to Khan Denur, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours by horse, and 5 by camel; to El Kutaybah, 5 by horse, and 12 by camel; to Mazarib, 5 by horse, and 12 by camel. Thus by camel it is 29 hours from Damascus, and by horse, say 13.

The Derb Sultani, or southern highway, which at other times of the year is utterly deserted, owing to want of water and Arab raids, now appears gay with litters, horsemen, camel riders, and a host of travellers proceeding on religious business or pleasure. This year, also, the attacks of the half-starved Bedawin, from the Jebel ed Durúz, who lately swept away 23,000 head of sheep and goats from near Jayrud, distant one long day's ride from Damascus, had caused parties of Sayyáreh (Bashi Buzuks) to be stationed all along the line. At Mazarib, sixty miles from Damascus, we found a most picturesque spot, perhaps the only one in the Auranitis, or Haurán plain, a quadrangular and bastioned castle built by Sultan Selim, A.D. 1518, the Ottoman conqueror of Syria; a perennial lakelet of almost tepid water, which surrounds a squalid settlement of Fellah Arabs, and a barrack which, though completed only three years ago, at an expense of 469,000 piastres, by Zia Pasha, is already going to ruin.

Since the removal in A.H. 1282 (A.D. 1866), of the Markaz, or seat of the Haurán Government, from Mazarib to Bosra (ancient Bostra), the occupation of these buildings, except at the Hajj seasons, is well-nigh gone. At periods, however, the two local Majlises, or assemblies, make rendezvous at Mazarib, and the Shaykhs of the Bedawin, together with the village chiefs, troop in from all directions. Amongst the former the chief is Shaykh Mohammed Dukhi (although a Bedawi, a black Talleyrand, and delightful to know), of the Wuld Ali tribe, a large and powerful clan of the great Anazeh family. He receives the annual sum of 200,000 piastres, nominally to supply 650 camels and men for carrying barley, but really for permit to pass, a blackmail which the citizens facetiously call the Gumruk, or octroi—Sultan's black mail, politely called voluntary contributions. This year he (M.D.) had been arrested for refusing to keep his contract, but we saw him released on the same day. The second was Faris el Mazyad, an honest man of the Hussayneh or Adwan tribe, who for 180,000 piastres brings 150 baggage camels. He also was seized for complicity in the Jayrud

raid, and he is still in confinement at the time I write. The less important are Shaykh Adeh Sulayman of the Sulut, Kaaybir ibn Munakid of the Sirhan, Sulayman ibn Mulhem of the Saidiyyeh, and Shaykhs Ali el Hunaz and Findi el Fáiz, of the Beni Sakka. These "princes of the Desert" are a ragged looking lot. When I was a child and used to read about all the kings and princes in the Bible, I used to suppose, like all children, that they sat upon golden thrones, with gold and ermine robes, and crowns of gold and diamonds upon their heads; and I thought what grand old days they must have been, and how could it be that kings and princes were so few and far between now-a-days, and grown so plain in their attire. But I think I know now that the Kings of the East were just like these wild men who surround us now, with their gaudy and barbarous garments, and eat with their fingers, and sit upon the ground, and whose grandest thrones are their well-bred mares. The Sayyáreh or irregulars, a total of 240 men, with their Yuzbashis (captains), are immediately under the order of the Kilar Amini, or Pasha-commanding, and do not appear till the next station. The same may be said of the Agayl Bedawin, 200 men under Shaykh Mohammed Ayyásh and his three brothers, who, in addition to rations, receive 86 piastres per head for the journey between Baghdad and Damascus, and 150 piastres between Damascus and Mecca. They form the rear-guard of the caravan, and they are supposed to pick up stragglers, the sick and the sleeping, and to restore dropped or forgotten goods. The former they may do; the valuables, however, are said rarely, if ever, to return to their owners' hands.

The camp was badly pitched east of the castle, upon a ploughed field, which the two days' rain had converted into a mass of slush. The best site is the stony ground between the new barracks and the lake. Ancient Mazarib was built by the Greeks, as finely cut basaltic stones lying *in situ* still show, upon the southern exposure of the little valley that drains to the lakelet. The Ottomans, however, for convenience of watering, and in order to command that necessary, placed their castle almost upon the muddy borders, and it is rendered uninhabitable by malaria. No Turk can keep in good health at Mazarib. To the north were the white bell-tents of the Nizam or regulars, under their Mir Alai (Brigadier-General) Omar Beg, a Hungarian officer who has seen much service in Turkey, and who has adopted the faith and mode of living of El Islám. Eastward rose the large green tents of the Persian pilgrims, who are generally known by their mighty Kalpaks, or fur caps, which they wear in the hottest

weather. They were escorted by Ahmed Bey, then Consul-General for Persia. South of these stood the fine pavilions of the Pasha-commanding, and the Treasurer; whilst farther to the south the Charsú, or bazar, formed a long, wide street, extending from east to west, with stalls in the centre for eatables. Here were exposed for sale large heterogeneous supplies, embracing even composition candles, gold watches, cooking pots, ardent spirits, and barter with the Bedawin. This formed the "Fair of Mazarib." This bazar is struck the day after the caravan marches southwards, and escorted by the regulars, who no longer accompany the Hajj, it returns to Damascus through the usual stations. It was guarded by the Nizam, who have during these few days uncommonly severe work, 80 out of 419 being always upon sentinel and patrol duty. At Mazarib we called upon all the authorities, including Mohammed Bey el Yusuf, the Governor of the Haurán, who was lodged in the castle with rheumatic fever, brought on by his exertions. Our reception was more than cordial. The Mahmal was before the Pasha's tent, also a light wooden cross to hang lamps upon, and cressets were also swung before it.

The first gun sounded at 10.30 a.m., when the tents were struck, and the greater part of the caravan began its march. The second fired at noon, and saw all *en route* for Ramthah, the fourth station on the Mecca road, and distant twenty-four marches from El Medinah. Thence the country is of limestone and chalky formation, a great relief to the eye after the gloomy basaltic plains, ruins, and villages of the ancient Bashan. This day there was no attempt at regular formation. The mob of footmen and horsemen, armed and unarmed; of pilgrims, soldiers, and merchants, and dervishes, jostling each other; and the riders of asses, dromedaries, and mules and camels laden with huge Sahhárahs, like seamen's chests, with treasure and ammunition, with grain and straw; litters of various shapes; the Takhtrawán flashing in the sun, with gilding and brass work, and mirrors and scarlet housings; and the Máharahs, some shaped like a small tent, others like two sedan chairs, each with its own barrel roof; whilst the jingling of brass bells in tiers of three and four clashed aloud above the hum of the mixed multitude—the blessings exchanged between the religious, and the fiery invectives of the Bedawin drivers—all combined to produce a scene unique in this world.

The marshalling of the caravan is made at the halt as well as on the march, and no one is allowed to change the place at first assigned to him, but they will be joined by stragglers from all parts of the Haurán and elsewhere.

This was the order of the present year, and I suppose the usual one :—

RAS EL HAJJ.

(Head of the Caravan.)

1. Chief Délil, or guide—Haji Mohammed.
2. Jubbeh Khánah, or artillery, two brass guns, and one chamber for salutes, with a dozen trunks containing cartridges.
3. The tents of the officials, pilgrims, soldiers, merchants, and camp-followers.
4. The Bazar.
5. The Sunni pilgrims.
6. The litter of the Pasha-commanding, who during the day rides his Rahwán, or ambling nag, with the Agayl Bedawin in the rear.
7. A troop of irregular cavalry.
8. The Mahmal.
9. The litter of the Treasurer, who has the twenty-four boxes of specie.
10. A second troop of cavalry.
11. The Shieh and Persian pilgrims.
12. The Dindar, or Agayl, dromedary riders, bringing up the rear.

The caravan is also flanked on both sides by a line of irregular horsemen in Indian file, and when camped these men do sentinel's work in small outlying tents. About fifty of these are called Kala'ijís, or castlemen, because they form, as it were, a wall around the camp.

At Mazarib there were two days of rain and discomfort. When they reach Ma'an, the eleventh station, they will hope for wet weather. Even at Ramthah, distant fifteen hours' ride to the south, there were mosquitoes and yellow locusts. It is a peculiar year, Friday and the Arafat day coincide, and there is a superstition that when this happens there will be misfortune, and that they will suffer from plagues or famine, enemies, hunger or thirst; and this year it will be thirst, and hygienic precautions ought to be taken.

At dawn on the 20th of January, we bade a formal adieu to the chief authorities in the caravan, in the usual phrases used on such occasions, and no little merriment was caused by the white-bearded guide mistaking my husband for the Pasha-commanding. And when the mistake was explained they only laughed and said, "Why don't you come along again with us to Mecca, as you did before?" He was looked upon by all as a friend to the Moslem, and consequently to the Sultan, and no opposition would have been made to him had he also made another pilgrimage to the jealously-guarded Haramayn, or the Holy Cities of the Moslems.

NOTE.—I sent this account to the Editor of the *Times* in January, 1870, but it was stopped on the road, and never reached Printing-House Square.

CHAPTER VII.

A DAY'S SHOPPING IN THE BAZARS.

AFTER a long residence in Damascus, I always say to my friends, "If you have two or three days to spare, follow the guide-books; but if you are pressed for time come with me, and you shall see what you will best like to remember, and you shall buy the things that are the most curious. We will make our purchases first, visiting on the way everything of interest. We will ride our white donkeys with their gaudy trappings, firstly, because the horses slip over the stones, and secondly, because, just as you are examining an Abba or an Izár, my horses will probably lash their heels into the middle of the stall, and playfully send everything flying; perhaps they may pick up a child in their mouths, and give it a shake for pure fun, or, as we move along in the crowd, devour an old man's tray of cabbages from the top of his head. It is a state of funny familiarity into which all my animals grow in a very short time—amusing, but sometimes tiresome. Whilst our donkeys are preparing, let us go and sit for a little while in a myrtle wood in Abu Díb's garden, next to my house, and which is just as open to me as if it were my own. It gives a delightful shade, and will be a refuge from the heat and sun until we are obliged to face them. The cool stream is very pleasant as it gurgles by.

Do you hear that strange noise like a rustling in the air, and the shouts of the people? and do you see how darkness comes on? Do not be frightened, it is a flight of locusts coming. In ten minutes they will be here. Down they fall like a hailstorm. It is very unpleasant to be covered with them; they will not bite us, but they will strip every garden in an hour. If you do not fear a few nestling in your hair and hat, and running about your throat, you may watch that tree covered with blossom; it is already alive with locusts, and you will see them strip branch after branch, as if somebody were using a knife. Poor people! no wonder they shout. These dreadful insects will destroy all their crops, produce a kind of famine by raising the price of provisions, and often in the hot season announce cholera.

Before we enter the bazars, look at that Afghan sitting under

yonder tree. If you like to invest in a little brass or silver seal, he will, for a few piastres, engrave your name upon it in Arabic. We will then enter the sadlery bazar, where you can buy magnificent trappings for a pony or donkey for the children at home. This is a pretty *Sûk*. There are saddle-cloths of every colour in cloth, embossed with gold, holsters, bridles of scarlet silk, with a silken cord—a single rein, which makes you look as if you were managing a fiery horse by a thread, and the bridle is effectively covered with dangling silver and ivory ornaments. There are mule and donkey trappings of every colour in the rainbow, mounted with little shells. As we leave this bazar I must call your attention to a venerable plane tree; its girth is forty feet.

We should do wisely to go into the shoemakers' bazar. You see how gaudy the stalls look. I want you to buy a pair of lemon-coloured slippers, pointed at the toe, and as soft as a kid glove. The stiff red slippers and shoes are not so nice, and the red boots with tops and tassels and hangings, are part of the Bedawi dress, and that of the Shaykhs generally. Why must you buy a pair of slippers? Because you must never forget at Damascus that you are only a "dog of a Christian," that your unclean boots must not tread upon sacred ground, and that if you wish to see anything you must be prepared at any moment to take off the impure Giaour things, put on these slippers, and enter reverently; all around you will do the same for that matter. Here we cover our heads and bare our feet to show respect; you Franks cover your feet and uncover your heads. Do not forget always to have your slippers in your pocket, as naturally as your handkerchief and your purse, until you return to the other side of Lebanon, or you will often be hindered by the want of them.

We will now inspect the *marqueterie* bazar, where we shall find several pretty things inlaid with choice woods, mother-of-pearl, or steel; the former are the best, if finely worked. These are the large chests which form part of the bride's *trousseau*. Those ready made are generally coarse, but you can order a beautifully fine and very large one for about five napoleons. There are tables, and the clogs used by the Harím in marble courts. You will likewise find *toilette* hand-glasses, but they are far better at Jerusalem or Bethlehem. Now we will go to the smithy-like gold and silver bazar, where they sit round in little pens, hammering at their anvils. Each seems to have a strong-box for his treasures. All this is the greatest possible rubbish for a European to wear, but you will pick up many barbarous and antique ornaments, real gold and real stones, though unattractive.

You may buy all sorts of spangling things as ornaments for your horse; you will find very beautiful Zarfs, or filigree coffee-cup-holders; you may order, on seeing the pattern, some very pretty Raki cups of silver, inlaid with gold, very minute, with a gold or silver fish trembling on a spring, as if swimming in the liqueur.

Whilst we are here, I will take you up a ladder on to the roof, not to lose time. The men will give me the key of the door for a little bakhshish. By this way we shall reach the southern side of the Great Mosque, and after scrambling over several roofs, and venturing a few awkward jumps, we shall arrive at the top of a richly ornamented triple gateway; it is outside the Mosque, and hardly peers above the mud and *débris* and bazar roofs, which cover up what is not already buried. Over the central arch is a cross, and Greek inscription: "Thy kingdom, O Christ! is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." It is a serious reflection that this bit of truth should have remained upon a Mosque, perhaps for 1762 years. It doubtless belonged to the stupendous Temple of the Sun, befitting the capital. After the birth of our Saviour it became a Christian cathedral, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, whose head is said to lie under a little railed-off cupola'd tomb, and is still venerated by the Moslems. The Christian cathedral was divided at the conquest between Christians and Moslems, but it has long since become wholly and exclusively Moslem. Yet this inscription testifying to the truth has lived down every change of masters.

We will now pass down a narrow lane joining two bazars. A wretched wooden stall with shelves, filled with dirty bottles, and odds and ends of old china, here attracts your eye, and squatting on the counter a shrivelled little old man sits under his turban, with his palsied chin shaking like the aspen leaves. You see how smilingly he salutes me: out of those unwashed bottles he is looking for his finest Atr (ottar) and his best sandal-wood oil. Being fond of ladies' society, he will saturate our handkerchiefs and clothes with his perfumes, and we shall be traceable for a week to come—it is not easy to divest yourself of ottar when it has once touched clothes. He has long ago given me all his confidence. He is not so poor as he looks. He has sold ottar and sandal-wood oil all his life, some 95 years; he has 15 wives and 102 children, and he would still like, he says, to marry again. I reprove him for having married eleven more than allowed by the Korán.

Now we will repair to another bazar, and likewise to a Khan. You must see both before choosing an Abba—a large, loose, square robe

worn by Shaykhs, of the richest silk, powdered with gold. The ground may be black, scarlet, sky-blue, rose-coloured, or what you please. It will make a fine smoking-dress for your husband, or a *sortie de bal* for yourself. The other articles are Damascus silks, and carpets—a Kufiyeh, which is a large coloured and tasselled handkerchief of pure silk, or more generally of mixed silk and cotton, also gold-powdered. The Bedawin wears it on his head, falling about the shoulders, and fastened by a fillet (Aghal) of camel's hair. How anybody can travel in any other head-dress I don't know. It keeps the sun off the head and the nape of the neck, which are the dangerous places—it takes the place of umbrella, hat, pagri, veil, and spectacles; in one word, you have not to make a “guy” of yourself, nor encumber yourself with what you would like to throw away on a restive horse. It keeps out wind, cold, and rain. I used to wonder how I should be able to bear Europe without one. The best are those from Mecca or Baghdad, sold at Damascus, and the usual Aghal is chocolate-dyed, with gold knobs and tassels.

You can also buy an Izár, to walk about the bazars *incognita* like a native. It covers all, except your face, from head to foot, like a shroud. It is pure silk, and you can choose your own colours; they are mostly brilliant, but I care only for black. Some are worked beautifully in gold. If you wish to pass for a Christian, you may expose your face, or wear an apology for a covering; but as Moslemahs we must buy Mandíls, white handkerchiefs, or coloured, with flowers and figures so thickly laid on that no one can recognize our features. If you have one of the black and gold or coloured Izárs, you will be a great personage. If you want to pass unobtrusively, you must wear a plain white linen sheet, with a thick Mandíl, and in that costume you might walk all day with your own father and not be known except by the voice.

We will now have our donkeys saddled with ordinary native saddles and trappings, and ride. You need not be ashamed of appearing *en cavalier*, for the Syrian women know no other way of riding. There are only three of us here who really do ride, and we attract immense attention by our funny seats. The people gape, and wonder how we manage “to hang on that peg,” and they are satisfied, until our horses have done something unusual, that we shall fall off. Think that nobody knows you are a European in this dress. I remind you of this, because I remember how ashamed and miserable I felt the first time I dressed and rode like a native, forgetting that I looked like the myriads of white, ghost-like looking women who passed us.

I will also recommend you to invest in an embroidered jacket (Damr), of gold-embroidered cloth, with long flying open sleeves, to be worn over a white muslin bodice; it will be very effective in red, blue, or black. You must not forget to buy a few pure silk towels; they are very pleasant—likewise an embroidered towel or two, worked with gold. The latter is slung over the shoulder of the servant who hands you the sherbet, and you wipe your mouth with it.

In a broad street outside the saddlers' bazar are all the brass carvers. You will see in most shops, plates, pans, chargers, and basins covered with arabesque ornaments, and carved with ancient inscriptions. Some are 700 or 800 years old, and bear the names of kings or famous personages. Figures, such as the lion and the sun, or the spies of the Promised Land bearing on a pole bunches of grapes—the grapes of Eshcol—bigger than themselves, are the commonest kind. We will try to pick up a handsomely carved brass basin and ewer of antique shape, which are here used for washing the fingers before and after meals. Incense-burners, carved trays for cigarette ashes, large carved coffee-trays, both of Arab and Persian work, the former with far broader and grander lines, the latter incomparably more delicate, seduce almost every traveller. I never see them out of Damascus, and some are real antiques. Is it not strange that we English are the only people who have no original idea of form? If I were to visit the commonest potteries above our house—mere holes in the mountain side—every lad would say, "May I make you a vase, lady?" He will then twirl a bit of soft, muddy clay upon a common wheel with his finger and thumb, and from his own device in five minutes he turns me out something exquisitely graceful.'

You want a divan. Now, as I know that the European houses will not admit of seats all round the room, I will recommend you to have two in each chamber. Order your carpenter to make two common deal settles, ten feet long, four broad, and one high. On them put comfortable mattresses, and six long narrow cushions or pillows upon each. At the Greek bazar (Súk el Arwám) we can buy divan covers, which you will take to England. The Damascenes of the higher classes use gay silks, stiff with cotton backs, for this purpose. I greatly prefer the peasants' woollen stuff with a black or dark-blue ground, and a thunder-and-lightning pattern, or the ordinary blue and white prayer-carpet. Here you can also purchase gaudy Persian rugs. No traveller should miss the Súk el Arwám: it is full of curiosities. You ask what is that Moslem eating for supper? That is Leben, and the other dish is a peculiar salad—two of the most delicious things that he

knows. Leben is soured goats' milk, an admirable drink when you halt after a long, scorching ride, dying of thirst, and almost afraid of water. You will call to the first goat-herd, "Have you Leben?" and he will hand you an earthenware basin, something like the saucer of a large flower-pot. I have drunk three bowls, almost without drawing breath, when entering the tent. This is how it is made: take the milk and boil it, let it become lukewarm, and then add a handful of sour yeast, or leaven. A little of the boiling milk must be mixed till it becomes a thin gruel, then strain it into the rest, and throw away the dregs. Cover up your bowl with flannel or blanket, in a warm place, and leave it to stand all night; next morning it will be cold, thick, and sour. To continue it, you must take a cupful of it, boil some milk, and when lukewarm mix the old Leben with a little milk, pour it in and stir it, and leave it to stand as usual; do this every day. In England I should use rennet instead of leaven. You may not succeed in getting Leben the first four or five times, but when you do you can always make the new with a cupful of the sour. The other dish, the salad, is made by chopping garlic, thyme, mint, water-cress, sage, or any other sweet herbs, putting in a piece of salt about the size of a nut, mixing it all, and then burying the whole in Leben, sprinkling the top with chopped herbs; then dip your bread in it, and eat.

What is that brown powder?

No; it is not snuff. That is Henna; it is mixed with lime-juice, spices, burnt nuts, and other things, and it stains the hands, feet, and finger-nails. Brides, and especially Moslem brides, are ornamented with moons and all sorts of devices in Henna. They will dye a pet lamb. My servants stain, for ornament, my white donkey and my white Persian cat, but it is mostly used for the human hair. Mix about two teaspoonfuls with half a small teacupful of water, boil it till it bubbles, and take it off once or twice as soon as ebullition begins; strain it through a coarse muslin, and drop it into the water with which you wash your hair; or you may comb it through your hair: it cleans and strengthens it, and makes it glossy and bright. There is black Henna from Baghdad, and red from Mecca. The former is the powdered leaf of indigo, called Warrakat el Nil.

That dish of what you think are lumps of mud or clay is incense. You see it is arranged in heaps and in various sections. There are many different qualities. That black-looking stuff is very dear—a sovereign would not buy you much. It has a delicious aroma, and realizes the idea of "all the perfumes of Araby the blest." That

small, gummy looking quality is cheap enough—you can buy a great deal for a few piastres. The best comes from Somali-land, and all the country round about Guardafui; it is imported by the Arabs to Jeddah, thence to Mecca, and the Hajj, or Meccan pilgrimage caravan, brings it here.

This reminds me that I have not yet taken you to the pipe and Narghileh bazar. The incense is somewhat connected with them. The usual use, however, is to take your brass incense-burner, put into it a little live braise, and drop a lump or two of this incense upon it. When you receive a visitor in Oriental fashion, a servant precedes her into the house, so that coming out of the fresh air she may find nothing but what is agreeable. But by no means the worst use is to take a small speck of the very best incense, and place it on your Narghileh, or Chibouque; it would not answer with a cigar, this sprinkling meat with sugar or eau de cologne. All my European visitors wonder why my Narghilehs are so much better than others, and I feel sure that the reason is a little trick of this kind. I am very fond of Oriental luxury. Most people leave it behind, but as far as Narghilehs, coffee, incense, and divan goes, I shall always take mine with me.

Now we come to the pipe and Narghileh bazar. Firstly, we will look for some amber mouthpieces. We shall see thousands of fantastic shapes and different sorts, and if we do not suit ourselves in the bazar, we shall at Shaykh Bandar's. This worthy will try to sell his worst at his best price, but let me choose for you. We will make one up. Firstly, I will take the stick of the mouthpiece, and will choose three or four fantastic-shaped lumps and knobs of the purest lemon-coloured gum, without streaks or flaws. I will then separate the first and second pieces by a gaudily enamelled Persian ring—if a Rothschild I should prefer a hoop of diamonds. The third and fourth pieces we will divide by a cylinder of black amber, two inches long, with inlaid gold figures. When we have fastened these all upon this little stick, you will have a mouthpiece twelve inches long, and fit for Harún el Rashíd, had he smoked. The next thing is to look for a good straight pipe-stick, about two yards long. Jessamine and myrtle are the best, cherry is the common use, and the green stick of the rose is not in the market. A good Moslem will not smoke the latter, because it is one of the trees of Paradise. Moreover, it is troublesome, and you must have fresh ones—the old are fit only for burning. You can have an assortment of earthenware bowls, adorned with gilt figures. I will also have some fancy things made for you in the potteries

above our house. My husband's held nearly an ounce of tobacco, to the wonder and astonishment of the natives, who suggested small flower-pots.

Now we reach the Narghileh stalls. Firstly we choose a Shishah, a prettily carved and fanciful looking water-bottle, of graceful shape, and a saucer or tray of the same material for it to stand on. In another stall we find the Ras, or head: you may be as fanciful or as simple as you please in your Narghilehs. You may have one for fifteen francs, or one for £50 sterling. The Ras—supposing it to be of brass and pink china—looks almost like a little Chinese pagoda, or a series of cups and balls, terminating in a metal cup, to hold the Tombak; it is hung also with bells and dangling things, in fact, with any *fantasia* you may choose. In another part of the bazar you choose the Narbîsh, or tube, made of kid-skin, and twined around with gilt-wire. One end of this snake fastens into the side of the Ras, and the other is a wooden mouthpiece, through which you draw as if you were discussing a sherry cobbler. I always use wooden mouthpieces, as they always retain a single drop of ottar, or any other perfume, and they are always clean; many, however, prefer metal. If you are going to travel, I recommend to you the short, common, strong, plain red Narbîsh. For the house and for guests, you must have the gaudiest, several yards in length: the longer the Narbîsh the higher your rank, and the greater compliment you pay your guest. I always order mine to be of dark chocolate colour and gold, and measuring from four to six yards. It is not safe to have less than twelve Narghilehs in your house. Preserve one for your own smoking, and a silver mouthpiece in your pocket for visiting. Keep a dozen for guests, and a servant on purpose to look after them, and to clean them every day. Constantly change your Narbîshes, and also have two or three in the kitchen, for your servants and your servants' friends, to save your own.

I must explain to you how to use these things, or you will buy them to no purpose. Firstly, you wash out your glass with a brush like that used to clean lamp chimneys, and fill your bottle three-quarters full of either plain water, or you may drop some perfume (rose-water, for instance) into the water. For *fantasia* a red berry or two, or a flower, may be placed to dance and bubble on the surface. Then you take a handful of Tombak (not tobacco), break it into small pieces, and wash it, squeezing it in a bag to lessen its strength. Some require it to be wetted seven times; if this be not properly done, the nicotine will affect the strongest head. Then ball it in the hand and

put it in the Ras; inhale for a moment through the hole into which you are going to put the Narbísh; if the water rise up too high pour a little out, if it only bubbles all is right, and you may put on the Ras. Then take a K'rás, or lump of prepared charcoal, with a hole in the middle; it is shaped like a little pincushion, almost the size of a halfpenny, and sold in strings about the market. Make it red-hot, and with the pincers set it on the top of the Tombak, screw on your Narbísh, and draw. You may also put flowers in the saucer, or stick them in the little dangling chains. It is very amusing to see people smoking a Narghíleh for the first time. Firstly, they blow down instead of up, and puff the K'rás and the Tombak over the carpet, and there is a scrambling of servants to pick it up. They are afraid to inhale too hard, for fear tobacco water should rise to their mouths, and they look very red and foolish because they can't make the water bubble. Then they use so much exertion that the smoke goes the "wrong way," they swell their cheeks, and they get purple and exhausted, till you are obliged to stop them, for fear of apoplexy. All the early struggles would cease if young smokers would only remember the sherry cobbler and the straw, and work away calmly without fear. Some gain a violent headache or dizziness by their exertions, and never touch a Narghíleh again.

There is also a Narghíleh pipe much used among the peasants—a cocoa-nut, which is often encased or ornamented with brass or silver, for a bowl, and two tubes protruding from it, forming a triangular-shaped pipe. It is picturesque and pleasant to smoke, but you must be sitting low and balance it on your knee. The best of these pipes are the Kalyúns sold in the Persian bazar. Tombak is a peculiar growth of tobacco that comes in large dried leaves, and is bought by the bag, as big as a coal sack. It reaches us with the Hajj, and we can get excellent qualities at Damascus at 25 piastres (50 pence) the oke ($2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.).*

To make your Chibouque pleasant, invest in some Jebayl tobacco. It is Syrian, and the best and most delicate. Always blow through your pipe-stick, in case anything might have got into it; the servant fills your bowl and puts, with the pincers, a bit of braise in the middle. A little carved Persian brass tray on the ground holds the bowl, and catches the fire if it falls.

I must tell you—and try not to conceive an insular prejudice against me for saying so—that you had better learn to smoke if you

* That from Shiraz is best, and now costs 15 francs an oke (1876).

can. You will find yourself rather an alien in the Haríms without it, and be a wet blanket to other women. They will always be flattered at your visit, and like to receive you as a visitor, but *en intime* never. They will respect your prejudice if you tell them that it is not the custom of your country, but they cannot feel that you wish to be as one of them, unless you adopt theirs. They would suffer greatly if they had to pass a whole day without Tombak or tobacco. Besides, to confess the truth, do you not think there is something vulgar in attaching any idea of respectability to not smoking? Of course, if the fumes really hurt you it is quite another thing, but as to holding smoking "fast," when it depends solely on country and climate, it is no more so than siesta or snowshoes. I am glad to see that some of the *haute volée* of England are throwing off that insular prejudice, and I hope soon that it need not be done *en cachette*. I cannot conceive why this idea should exist only in England, where I am told that the middle classes imagine that if a woman smokes she must have all the other vices. This is certainly not so. In Russia, Spain, South America, Austria, nay, in almost every country, the best of society smoke. In many lands where I have lived and travelled, all our festivities have ended in a supper and cigarettes. In Brazil we used to have them handed round between the courses. I confess I do not think that a big cigar looks pretty in a woman's mouth, nor would a short meerschaum, but what can be more graceful than a cigarette. Still more so the Narghileh, or even the Chibouque, which is, however, quite a man's pipe.

At the same time I sympathize with those who have small rooms, stuffy with curtains and carpets, where the smell of stale smoke would be intolerable. I speak to those who can have a proper smoking divan in the house.

Women who dislike, or affect to dislike, smoke, because they think it is the correct thing, can have no idea how they drive their husbands away from home. If a man may not smoke in his own house he will smoke in some other house, in preference to a lonely puff in the street and that is worth a thought.

Allow me to end this long tirade about smoking with the charming old French sonnet:—

"Doux charme de ma solitude,
Fumante pipe, ardente fourneau,
Qui purge d'humeur mon cerveau,
Et mon esprit d'inquiétude.

“Tabac dont mon âme est ravie,
Lorsque je te vois perdre en l'air,
Aussi promptement qu'un éclair,
Je vois l'image de ma vie.

“Je remets dans mon souvenir,
Ce qu'un jour je dois devenir,
N'étant qu'une cendre animée.

“Et tout d'un coup je m'aperçois,
Que courant après ta fumée,
Je me perds aussi bien que toi.”

I think you would regret missing the roof of the book bazar, which leads to the west gate of the Mosque. On its left is a curious flight of steps through private houses. Arriving at the head of these stairs you can see four massive columns in a line, and at each end a square pier of masonry with a semi-column on the inner side. The shafts alone are visible from the bazar, as the capitals rise over the domed roof. The people will not mind our scrambling over their roofs, as we are “*Harím*,” and then we can examine both capitals and superstructure. These pillars formerly formed part of the magnificent pagan temple, which must have extended some 600 yards square, for there are columns here and there *in situ*, all in four straight lines. They are unnoticed, because the bazars, houses, and mud walls cling to them like wasps' nests. They support a rich and beautiful arch, of which only a fragment remains above the roofs; but if you examine this remnant you will say that it is one of the finest of ancient art in Syria. This noble gateway must have been at least 80 feet long and 70 feet high.

Now we will come down, and in the first friend's house I pass we will borrow *Izárs* and veils, so as not to be known, and get a Moslem woman to accompany us, and to speak for us. I want to show you something to amuse you, and if they know what we are we shall see nothing. We will go to an old Shaykh who sells charms, spells, and potions. You see his reception place is full of women with their faces well veiled. I will not speak to any one but our Moslem friend, and that in a whisper. Not long ago a native said to me, “Would you like A. to hate B.?” speaking of a bad man who had a very evil influence over a good, honest man. Without thinking, I replied, “Yes; it would be the best thing that ever happened.” He only answered me by a gesture of the hand, which literally means, “leave it to me.” The next day he secured a bit of the bad man's hair, and sewed it into the coat of

the good man. Strange enough, as chance fell out, that day an event happened which opened the eyes of the latter to his friend's character, and they parted company; of course, nothing would persuade the native that it was not the effect of his charm. The ingredients they use are wonderful. The hair of a pig, the tooth of a monkey, the poison of a snake, and goodness only knows what else. That young-looking woman, and I know her by her voice, is asking for a drug to make her husband love her. That other, with the dark Mandil, wants something to make her spouse hate all his other wives. That client, who is aged enough to be our grandmother, pays the Shaykh to write her a paper that she may become the happy mother of a son. You cannot imagine the intrigues which are hatched here, and the extraordinary charms and spells that are manufactured and given, the honest faith which the people have in them, and how readily they pay. I must pretend to want a charm, or else we have no business here, and may be suspected of being spies. I will therefore ask for a paper, through the interpreter, to make my husband put away his fourth wife, of whom I will feign to be jealous. My case is to be dealt with by an old crone who is partially mad. She makes me put money in a basin of water, and predicts. She can only hear when spoken to in a whisper. This corresponds with fortune telling at home.

Let us retire now—a little of this goes a very long way, and I never come except to amuse English friends—to the sweetmeat bazar. Some of the “goodies” are not bad, and here we can hand over the Izárs and veils to our Moslem friend. We will finish our afternoon at Shaykh Bandar's, the venerable, white-bearded Abú Antiká (father of antiquities), as he is nicknamed. We must ride, for it is far away from the bazaars.

That hole in the wall is his door, opening upon a poor courtyard. He is a venerable, white-bearded, turbaned Turk, with an eye full of cunning, the manners of a gentleman: at least so you think. Wait a little, until I excite him by bargaining over his prices; you shall see him tear off his turban, rend his beard, and fling a few solid brass and head-breaking pots across the room. The blood will rush to his face, as if he were going to have a fit; he will disappear, and after a short absence he will come back and beg pardon most humbly. He is the only Oriental I ever saw so moved about money. It makes me suspect Jewish blood somewhere, or else it is a splendid piece of acting to frighten women—he never does it when the Kawwáses are there. I always tell him he will play this trick once too often, and some day

he will end in an apoplectic accident—an unpleasant bourne to all his pecuniary prospects. He smiles grimly when told where his faith consigns the usurer and the miser; it is a long way off; but when I add that another will have all his goods and money, the smile vanishes with an expression of ghastly dismay. One day, the first time, I was frightened and sorry, and followed him to see if anything did happen to him, and found behind all this apparent poverty that the old Harpagon had a magnificent courtyard, marble fountains and gold-fish, orange and lemon trees, a very fair Harím, and a house full of riches; splendid old china, too, of which I bought a quantity for my friends. We will go in there as soon as we have finished our greetings.

“Good evening, O Shaykh! Peace be with thee.”

“Good evening, O lady! and blessed with good luck. May Allah be praised for the sunshine of thy honourable visit!”

He unlocks a mysterious door, and introduces us into a small temple of treasures. Yes! you may well ask where you are to sit down. There are specimens of every curiosity and antiquity on the face of the Syrian earth, in incongruous piles and heaps on the floor, the divan, and the tables, hung to the ceiling and to the walls, and crowding all the shelves. The next difficulty after sitting is to find anything you want, or to distinguish one article from another. He will clear a space on the divan, where we may sit and rest. We shall have a cup of coffee in five minutes, and meanwhile we will chat with the old man and look about us. Presently he will offer us some sweetmeat, which he fancies, poor soul! is slightly intoxicating. It is not so in the least, but it is delicious, and he always imagines that people buy more after eating it. So I favour the delusion, and in order to extract it I bid low till he produces it, and rise a few piastres with every mouthful.

As you justly observe, divans and Narghilehs require Turkish coffee, and whilst the old man is looking for his sweetmeat I will explain to you how coffee is made. The little gold or silver thing (Zarf) which you hold in one hand guards a china egg-cup (Finján), and the latter contains the coffee. You can buy both here, but antiques chiefly. I have a very handsome silver-gilt set, studded with turquoise—coffee-pot, sugar-basin, and rose-water stoup to match—from this collection. The coffee is delicious, thick, and oily, with a sort of bubbly cream (Kaymak) at the top. Pick your beans, carefully clean, roast on an iron plate until *brown*—not black, as in England—grind them, have a small pot of boiling water, put in two tablespoon-

fuls of coffee, stir it, and hold it on the fire a second or two till it is ready to bubble over. Take it off, and repeat this, say, three times. Set your cups in a row—first put in your sugar, if you mean to have sweet coffee—fill up, disperse the bubbly cream equally into all the cups with a small teaspoon, and serve it hot. Your cup must not be bigger than a doll's, because you are obliged to take it perhaps fifteen times a day—you must drink coffee with every visitor—and it is as strong and refreshing as champagne. Many eat the dregs with a spoon! When I first came I brought English coffee-cups with me, which greatly amazed the servants. I had also a stable-mill to grind Indian corn, as that was what our horses lived upon in Brazil. The groom came to me one day, and asked if that was an English coffee-mill.

“No,” I said; “why do you ask?”

“Because I thought, O lady! that if those were the cups, this must be the coffee-grinder to fit them.”

As coffee was made an unkind use of in our nursery, I grew up to the age of twenty-two without tasting it, and did not even know what it was like, unadulterated. I was once twenty-four hours on a journey without even a crumb of bread or a drop of water, and at the end of that time a kind soul brought me a cup, with a little cognac in it. I thought it was the most delicious thing I had ever tasted: it broke the ice, and I have liked it ever since. I could not, however, drink English coffee which is bought ready ground, and mixed with all sorts of things, and kept perhaps a week in a paper; two teaspoonfuls to a pint of water finally boiled, instead of two table-spoonfuls to six doll's cups!

I see the sweetmeat coming, and I am going to bid low. When I have collected upon the floor a heap of things you want to buy, I will say, “How much for that heap, O Shaykh?” He will ask a fabulous price, and swear that under Allah's protection he is losing an enormous sum to gain my friendship, and the patronage of my friends. That suit of armour he recently refused to my cousin Lord B—— for £100 sterling; he repented when it was too late, and has never had a higher bid than £30. Don't fancy that those are Damascus blades, or that that one belonged to Harún el Rashíd; there is not a Damascus blade left in the city, at least for sale. They come from Sheffield, Doncaster, Berlin, and Munich, and are set up in antique handles and sheaths.

You see there is every kind of *bric-à-brac*. Persian enamel, coffee-cups, jewellery, bits of jade, Eastern inkstands, incense-burners,

rose-water stoups, brass trays, china, and what not. Those little bottles of silver, with crescents and chains, contain the Kehl for the toilette. It is finely powdered antimony, and is put into these little bottles. They take a long pin, bodkin, or stick of silver or ivory, wet it if much is to be put on, dip into this powder, close the eyelids upon it, and draw it through from end to end. For an instant the eye is filled with the powder, smarts and waters. They then wipe away the superfluous black under the lids. Men use it as well as women; the latter prefer a mixture of the mineral with lamp-black, oil, and spices, and men prefer simple powder, without any addition. It is a pity European oculists do not order it to their patients. The object is to strengthen and cool the organ, and to keep off ophthalmia. With the eye well Kohl'd, you can bear the reflection of heat from the Desert, and look at objects without being affected by that wavy, quivering glare so painful to the sight. Thus I would undertake to stare without blinking at an English sun, and perhaps for this reason I never had ophthalmia, and scarcely ever wore spectacles in our long Desert rides. In Europe it seems out of place, and would be considered as painting; here, also, the chief drawback is writing and studying so many hours under gas, in which case it is not so beneficial. The Harims apply it for ornament, but it is openly and coarsely put on. If they would learn to use it as English and French actresses apply their paint, it would be very effective; but they smear it like an unwashed sweep, and only partly wipe away the surplus.

Now I see you have chosen your things, a Persian brass tray, an incense-burner, a rose-water stoup, an inkstand for the belt, some ash-trays, a little amber and gold cigarette mouthpiece, a brass saucer for Chibouque bowl, a gold inlaid dagger, a silver-backed hand mirror for toilette, a brass carved drinking-cup, coffee-cups and holders, coffee-pot, brass jug and basin for washing the hands, and a silver-mounted Narghileh.

"Now, O Shaykh! what do you want for all this?"

"O lady! Allah knows that if his servant gives them to thee for 1000 francs it will be like a gift, and may they bring thee a blessing!"

"Thou art mad, O Shaykh! I will give thee one hundred francs."
(I know they are worth between three and four hundred.)

The blood is rising in his face, but he struggles to keep it down, and to cool his temper walks away for a little, as if it were not worth his while to do any business with *me*. Whilst he again fetches the sweetmeat, I will tell you a story about him. The Comte de B——, an Italian, who was travelling for pleasure and adventure, paid a visit

to Abú Antíká, and on seeing the treasures he went quite beside himself. He suddenly looked up from choosing items, and asked how much he would take for the whole roomful, offering at the same time 15,000 francs. The Shaykh was struck almost dumb with joy; but seeing the Italian so excited, he was "too clever by half," as they say, and thought that he could get more; so showing no emotion, he replied—

"Not so, Khawaja (mister); but I will take 20,000."

So they parted. The Italian came to the hotel, and raved up and down the room, saying to a friend, "Do you think the Shaykh will relent and take my offer?" and he was very nearly running back to offer the 20,000. "Yes," said his friend, who had lived at Damascus for some time; "he will come, but not till he has removed all the most valuable things into the Harím, which you will never miss nor remember." The Italian was cured, and thanked his friend. Abú Antíká went to his Harím, and raved as the Count had done, occasionally lifting up his turban to cool his head, and exclaiming—

"15,000 francs! why I could start doubly and trebly again with that. What a fool I have been! I wonder if I am too late, if that mad Frank will be gone. If Allah only protects me through this act of avarice, I will be an honest man for the future." Accordingly, Abú Antíká appeared and said, "Yá Dowlatak (your Highness), I have been considering the matter, and in my anxiety that your Highness should go away satisfied from Esh Shám, and pleased with your humble servant, I have resolved to forego the 5000 francs, and to content myself with the poor little sum of 15,000 francs, though the goods are worth double the money, and I must begin life all over again." The Count replied—

"I am very sorry, O Shaykh! that thou hast had this trouble. The sight of the things drove me mad, but the fever that I had to possess them when I offered thee the 15,000 francs has passed away, and I now see how rash I was to do so. I would rather have my money, were they worth double the sum." Abú Antíká has been mentally tearing—not his hair, because he is shaved, but his beard, ever since that affair; still it has not cured him.

Now you see he has returned quite coolly, and offers us more sweetmeat as a peace offering. We will now go up 50 francs at every mouthful, because it is near sunset; we have three-quarters of an hour's ride to Salihíyyah, and the gates will be shut. If you give me *carte blanche*, I will stop at 500 francs. I have made a mental calculation whilst I have been talking. They will be well paid for at 460

francs, and 500 will give him something over. He will have every reason to be satisfied, and so will you, for they are really worth the money, and in Europe they would fetch a much higher price—at the same time, none but English would give him that sum here, and their travelling Dragoman would cheat him of half of it. So now I have told him, and also that we wish him a cordial good day, and blessings upon his house. We will mount our donkeys, leaving a Kawwás to pick up the goods and load a boy with them; the Shaykh attends us to his gate, swearing that we have ruined his prospects for ever.

You ask me if it is always necessary to go out with so much state, with one or more Kawwáses, and I must answer this—it is necessary, unless you go out in native dress, veiled. I mean, of course, at this side of the Lebanon. I thought the honours of my position, never being allowed out without an escort, a very great bore at first. It used to distress me to be made so much fuss with, and to have the road cleared for me as if I were a sacred object. I used to beg of the Kawwáses not to show their zeal by doing more than was needful for the customs of the country and the honour of the Consulate; but after I saw one group get a pail of dirty water thrown over them with insolent gestures, after hearing of a minister's wife being kissed in the bazar, and a clergyman's wife being struck by a soldier because her dress touched him *en passant*, rendering him unclean, I learnt that my meekness was quite misplaced, and that it takes some time to know how to behave in a manner which will gain respect in the East, which is the very opposite of that in the West. What would be considered conciliating, high-minded, delicate, and well-bred in certain cases, would here be only mistaken for cowardice, meanness, and half-wittedness. The person who is most loved and respected *per se* in the East, man or woman, is who is most brave, most just, most strict with them, most generous with money, and whom they cannot deceive with little intrigues. To punish an Eastern you have but two holds over him: to hurt his person or his pocket; but he much prefers the former. Hence it is that frequently an official sent out from England, without any previous knowledge of the East, a gentlemanly, quiet man, who would have been a great success in Paris or Berlin, is despised beyond measure in the East.

I dare say you feel quite tired. We will go home, and you shall go to your room and wash your hands for dinner at once; I will go round to the stables and see that the animals are all right, and be with you in ten minutes.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAMILIAR CONVERSATION ABOUT SYRIA—CLIMATE—HEALTH—HORSES, AND
TREATMENT—FRIENDLY VISITS—ARAB CAFÉS—ARAB DANCING, MUSIC,
AND SINGING.

You ask me what sort of climate?

It is the fashion in England to rave about the charming climate of Damascus, but you must remember that to visit a place whilst you are in robust health is one thing, and to reside in it and encounter climate on tough kids and skinny chickens is another.

I would explain that we have in Damascus no beef, no fish, no veal, no pork, no meat of any kind except the coarsest mutton; and who would drink anything save native wine, whose only strength is a flavour of goatskin, must get out *vin ordinaire* from France at great expense, and tea from England. We are always between the snows of the Anti-Lebanon and the burning heats of the Desert, and they do not combine like a pair of negatives to make a pleasant affirmative. Each enforces itself with vigour at separate seasons. The rain and wind begin to be severe in November, and from December to March the cold is bitter. The blasts, rushing down the mountains and sweeping the plain, charge down upon us like an express train. I have often gone to look out of the window to see what was coming. It has struck our house like a huge wave, and made several of the windows, frames and all, fly down the gardens. I have also known March balmy, full of violets and spring flowers. April, May, and early June are perfection, and the Arab saying is, "The spring of Esh Shám, but the autumn of El Masr" (Egypt and Cairo).

At the end of June the heat sets in, and it is cruel to keep anything there that is not native, from July to late September. In the severe days of the Liberal Government my husband had orders to remain at his Consulate: the thermometer in the shade of my room, near a fountain, was 115° Fahrenheit; in the sun on the terrace it was 170° Fahrenheit. On the 24th July I took an umbrella, went out, put a pot of water there, and retired into the shade till it was ready to boil an egg. Utter prostration and listlessness affected us all: we

were only able to lie down, sleep, and drink sherbet. The sight of food was abominable. Three of my English dogs died—the Mount St. Bernard and two bull-terriers, poisoned by the heat and the Simum. The horses, in a very large, cool stable, perfectly shaded by the trees, and with all the windows and doors open, looked as they would not have done after a hard day's gallop. With all its beauty the climate is fatally hot, cold, and treacherous. Sudden deaths often occur, chiefly amongst the natives. You will hear frequently of persons you saw but yesterday—

“So and so died last night.”

“What did he die of?”

“I don't know. He coughed, and he died. He got a sneezing fit, and he died. He said he felt unwell, and presently he died.”

If they had remarked, “He took a cup of coffee, and he died;” or, “He smoked a Narghileh, and he died;” the answer would be “Oh!” as much as to say, “Now we understand.” Dysentery and fever are daily enemies; cholera is a rare visitor, but very bad when it comes. I have seen three isolated cases at different seasons and places. Yellow fever I have never heard of. Syrian fever is of an aguish or rheumatic kind; it begins with pain all over, particularly the head and back, freezing, burning, lethargy, liver disordered, and low spirits. Ophthalmia is very prevalent. Sometimes a whole village cannot show a dozen sets of sound eyes. It comes from uncleanness and flies, and it is so sympathetic that one catches it from doctoring the patients. Travellers often suffer from dysentery and fever, but if they would only travel with necessary drugs, and take a day's rest when attacked, they would neither die nor carry away with them the remnants of a complaint that lasts them for a year, or for life. I always carry a little leather medicine chest, about the size of a respectable brick; it contains antibilious pills, calomel, and all needful for bilious attacks, diarrhœa, and dysentery; burnt alum and Kohl, and several other things, for the eyes; quinine and Warburg's drops for fever; opium, and many other simple remedies. None of our camp were ever ill for more than a day, unless from wounds. My cotton wool, lint, spermaceti, and strapping, all travel in an old canister, and do not overload the baggage animals. I meet so many sick people as I go along that it is quite a blessing to have the means of relieving them.*

* [*Written in 1871 and corrected in 1874.*—A medical mission in Syria would be well placed at Damascus. At Beyrout there are five first-rate doctors, English, French, American, German, and Armenian. These monopolize Beyrout and the Lebanon. A poor person ill in Damascus could not afford to send to Beyrout for a doctor. The only medical man in Damascus in my time was the French sanitary



Where are the good horses? Ah! I do not wonder at your asking. It was my first question when I had been at Damascus a couple of days. Except those that have been taken from the Bedawin, or by compulsion by Turkish officials, or accepted from them as "Bartil," you will have a difficulty in seeing them. You will see, perhaps, a dozen or two of half-breds and three-quarter-breds. The rest are Kaddishes; but many of these are good, serviceable animals. The

officer, Dr. Nicora, who was clever when he was young, but was in 1869 already aged, and is now dead (1874). A good English doctor settling at Damascus would reign alone. He would certainly have all the European custom, and the Consular support—more than probably the Turkish authorities and best families; and a name is so soon made there, he would, in a year, have the whole population of Damascus and the environs as his *clientèle*. My impression is, that a doctor who could afford to take himself out and settle respectably, and support himself for the first year, would at the end of three years (if he learned Arabic and Turkish) find himself making £1000 a year. It would not be a self-paying profession until he made his name, and was known. The natives never like paying, and want to be doctored gratis, which was, perhaps, the reason of my popularity in medicine. They make every excuse, in fact, for not paying, and he would be under the disagreeable necessity of only delivering a prescription in exchange for the money, to those who could afford to pay. I have known a Greek Orthodox father, quite able to pay, take his son to a first-rate Beyrout doctor, and when the time for the fee came, beg to be excused because he was a Protestant, which was untrue, and was said to please the doctor, whose faith it happened to be; whereupon the doctor, who in all poor cases is most charitable, put the prescription in his pocket, and then only the man put the money on the table, though five minutes before he had sworn he had not a farthing in the world. However, a doctor going to Damascus should discriminate, act with extreme gentleness and sympathy to all classes, tiresome though they be, and he should make the rich pay and let the poor off. My "medical mission" should make Damascus its head-quarters, but have a roving commission with orders to visit the Anti-Lebanon, Hermon, Homs, Hamah, the Hanrán, Lejá, and all surrounding districts at the fever season, where he would find the Bedawin dying like sheep from fever, purely for want of knowledge of quinine and its uses. I doubt two getting on well together, unless they were such thorough friends that they could work together. The slightest disagreement would cause a failure, but in the former case one could remain in Damascus, and the other scour the highways and by-ways. Both would have to be careful to keep to their own side of the Lebanon, on account of the other doctors. The "medical mission" should have a good native assistant and servant in one—who has some knowledge of medicine, who speaks Arabic, Turkish, and either English, French, or German. I know of one. (He is now dead—1876.) They would have to be very decided and firm in cases of necessity, and not ask their patients what they would like. In the year 1869, our Damascus Sisters of Charity treated 65,000 cases. Moslems, Jews, and all other denominations flocked to them. When I lived there I practised my simple knowledge of domestic medicine (fixing them to a particular hour devoted to the decay and necessities of human nature) upon twenty patients a day in Damascus, on an average, and fifty a day in the Anti-Lebanon—but as they were poor, and I an amateur, it gave me no idea what would result to a doctor's pocket. At the same time, if ever a medical mission is started, I shall be quite competent to give it an account of the natives, their commonest ailments, their physical natures and temperaments, and what drugs would be mostly required, which must all be brought or sent out from England, packed in tins; and I can teach it, upon my experience, not to waste its time.

famous mares are kept in the Desert, and in seclusion from Turkish eyes. The three grand old races are—Saklawíyyeh, Saklawíyyeh Jedrán, and Khailat el Ajuzeh. The two subdivisions are Hadbán and Abbayyán; and the less valued strains are these six:—Manágheh, Ghilfih, Abu Arkúb, Binát el Nowák, Binnat, Harfushi (from the family of the same name). I have had the opportunity of seeing some of these at the tents of various Arab Shaykhs, and amongst Turkish officials, and on the going out of the Hajj.

For travelling purposes the Rahwán is the best animal. He is generally a twelve-hands Kurdish pony, and he ambles along like a carriage and pair. He is never tired, nor does he tire you. You have to learn to ride him. I found the pace a bore, and always returned to my own horses with pleasure; yet those are wiser than myself who travel thus, for they cover twice the usual distance without fatigue. Mares are too expensive, and the horse is the only other resource. On long journeys I use two horses, riding them on alternate days; the extra Rahwáns and donkeys run loose like dogs. Half-bred Syrian horses have certain disadvantages for marching. They must have full, or even extra rations, when hard worked. They come out in the morning too hot to hold, and look as if they wanted to kill and eat one. You cannot ride near anybody. About the middle of the day they settle steadily to work, and leave off play—by that time your back is well-nigh broken with their *fantasias* under a broiling sun. At night they rest till about twelve. When the camp is sound asleep, it is aroused by a noise as if Hades had broken loose, and you find that they have either bitten their ropes through, or, if the ground be sandy, uprooted their pegs, irons a foot and a half long, by pawing and pulling alternately. Then they scour the camp, screaming, lashing out, and fighting, nor can any man with safety separate them. And it is a sight to see them. Their ears lie back on their necks, their extended nostrils snort steam, as they rear on their hind-legs, with forelegs almost embracing each other, and their teeth fastened into each other's necks, and the "set to" either disables them or leaves ugly scars next day.

No one can afford blood mares of the three great races. Several men buy and have a share in one, like a railway company, and they divide the profits of her offspring. The Bedawin never ride their best mares on plundering expeditions. You might shake a handkerchief at them and make them run away; but if you see them coming on camels—be frightened. The mare comes before wife and child. She means money—and something of reputation. I do not say there are

no cases of attachment, but I will say that in five cases out of seven she merely represents capital. Omar Beg, a Hungarian Mir Alai (Brigadier-General), had a lovely mare. I believe he bought her after a free fight in the Desert, but she was so handsome that at a grand review—the only thing of the kind that ever took place here—we could not look at anything else. I heard afterwards that he had been ordered off from Damascus in a hurry, and had had to part with her for what she would fetch—£80. It made me quite envious of the happy purchaser. He had another, and she was killed by a provoking mischance. Wanting to do something to her hoof, they were obliged to throw her. Instead of putting straw, or a heap of soft mattresses under her, the barbarians let her fall on the hard stones, and she sustained such severe injuries that she died. I do not know how he bore it so quietly.

You have often heard of the extreme care and love with which an Arab tends his horse. If his own animal is in question he will do all he can for it, if it is another man's beast he will do "less than nothing," which proves to me that money, and not love of the animal, is the motive power. If it is his own he will water it, give it what he can scrape up to eat without taxing his pocket too violently, he will tether it in the best place, ride it sparingly, and, after a rough fashion, groom it. After working it all day he will leave the saddle on all night, with the false idea that it would gall the back to take it off and wash it; hence horrible results from sweat and loose matted hair. But as for grooming the hoofs, sponging out the eyes and nose after a hard day in the Desert—never! The most a horse gets is a wash in the river, when there is one. So they use up their animals terribly. I have heard a Kawwás proudly boast that he had killed nine horses: as if they had been shot from under him in battle, or as a Red Indian would show his scalps. If the horse is feeding at your expense, the owner will make him eat until he almost bursts. If the beast be lent or hired to him, he will let it die.

I had had some experience in Brazil, having been by necessity my own stud-groom, but I bought all my experience of Syrian travel on my first Desert trip. In the middle of the night I used to go round the camp and see that all was well. Once we had thirteen hours' hard ride, sending on water by camels. We were camped near a deserted Khan, far out in the Desert, which made a beautiful warm stable for the horses. It was clear moonlight, with a driving wind: all the men were asleep, the horses were comfortable, save two miserable starving screws, left after their hard work without a drop of water or a

grain of barley, saddled and bridled, and huddled together shivering in the cold. Their riders had dismounted and handed them to their hirer, and he had turned them loose as they were. They would have had to go on like that day after day, until they dropped dead. It was probably the intention, that the owner might say our party had ridden them to death, and then claim a double price for what was already near its end.

This, however, was their first experience of *me*, and up to that time, though everybody knew of this cruel neglect, it was nobody's business to tell me that such things could happen. In about five minutes the whole camp of servants was aroused, every man was questioned, and the culprits were found, the hirer of the two horses and their two riders. They spent the remainder of the night watering, feeding, and grooming those two screws in the warmest part of the Khan, as if they were blood mares, and I sat there to see that it was done. This never happened again, and we lost no more horses from neglect. My husband gave me complete command of the camp, so far as sick and wounded men or dumb animals were concerned.

I shall say more about the treatment of horses in another page, and much on the subject of cruelty to animals, here a prevalent and bestial habit, in the hope that some kind-hearted Europeans will, with the consent of the Turkish Government, form a Humane Society, which would go a great way towards civilizing the people.

Another instance of an Arab starving hired animals presently came before me.

Miss S—— and Miss F——, two English ladies, arrived at Damascus after a plucky little journey. They brought me letters from old friends in England, and we soon became on friendly terms. Their Dragoman, though well-conducted in all other respects, starved the beasts on bundles of herbs because they were not his own. These ladies complained to me that their animals became daily weaker and thinner, and wanted to know if it was all right, or what they ought to do. They told me they held greatly to keeping their Negro-Egyptian Dragoman, from Cairo, and they put the case into my hands in order not to make an appeal to the Consulate. We sauntered into the stable of the Khan, as if to look around, and I asked the man casually what the horses were feeding on. Supposing me to be like the generality of his travellers, he pulled out a handful of herbs, and said, "I give them every day so many bundles of this."

"And no barley?" I asked.

"Oh dear, no, Sitti!"—this with an air of compassionating my

ignorance—"barley is very bad for the horses on journeys—too heating."

"Oh, is it?" I replied. "Well, let us try. Go and fetch me a sack of barley."

"Oh dear, no, Sitti!—I am a poor man, and you would kill my horses."

I called a Kawwás. "Mohammed Agha, take this man with you, and bring him back carrying a sack of barley."

He was marched off immediately, and brought back with the sack. When the poor beasts heard the grain rattling, they tried to break their halters, but they were too weak. I measured out a Midd (four measures) to each. I then discharged the Sais, the ladies having given me *carte blanche*, and told the Kawwáses to find other horses, as these were dangerously weak: I believe that in crossing some of the rocky passes of the Anti-Lebanon they would have fallen and severely injured, perhaps killed, my two friends. My summary proceedings brought the man to a sense of his duty. He had to keep the horses at his own expense all the way back to Egypt, and now to pay for others from Damascus, and, in any case, to forward the Sais back to Cairo. So he civilly acknowledged his error, and said he would see for the future that they were regularly fed. But the "burnt child" did not trust. I told him that I had been some months in the country, and had lost my English unsuspectingness, and that I preferred having a Kawwás to see that they really ate the corn in the manger. I then gave my friends stable-lessons, and ever after they fed the horses themselves. The Dragoman was a good man in all other respects, but he could not resist the temptation of pocketing the price of the barley, at the risk of his employers' necks. When he went down to Beyrout he could not help complaining bitterly of my conduct to the Wardi brothers (Dragomans also), who happened to know me.

"Well, Ahmad," they said, "you must have done something awfully bad if *she* was unkind to you."

He only did that which to my eyes contains all the seven deadly sins—he was cruel to brutes.

Camels show blood as much as horses, and a well-bred Delúl is a different animal from the baggage-bearer. The former carries his small head daintily, and looks around him with a sort of pride and delicacy; if brought into the town he has an expression of disgust, as if the atmosphere offended him, whilst the Bedawi stuffs his nostrils with cotton.

It is strange how many in England confound the dromedary with

the camel, the difference being that of a race and a cart horse; and how few know that the two-humped is the Northern, whilst the single-humped is the Southern animal. In Arabia, if you speak of the two-humped, the chances are that your auditors open their eyes and perhaps their mouths with a "Mashallah," which means, "What a prodigious *crack*!"

I never saw at Damascus any well-bred mules, which in Brazil are very handsome. They are all baggage animals; they do their work well, are very hardly used, constantly ill-shod, and lame, and worked over frightfully sharp, rocky places. The donkeys, on the contrary, are thoroughbred and small. Snow-white is the colour most valued. One of our Consular Dragomans, M. Hanna Azar, clever in stable lore and in diplomacy, gave me all the advantage of his experience of horses. He also had a brother who was the best sportsman in the city. M. Azar had a very large white ass that could do anything; it was equal to a horse in endurance, and was worth £40. I had a beautiful animal, but much smaller; it was exceedingly intelligent, and became like a pet dog. "Kubbi" was sold to me by a Syrian Christian because it had taken to tumbling down; he did not tell me of that at the time, though he asked me £15, and I gave him a mare, which had belonged to the Italian Consul, which I had won in a lottery, and £3. When first I went out, the donkey flung itself down like a sack, without any warning. I found out by watching that it was not a trick, as I suspected at first, but that a chest disease had affected wind and forelegs. So M. Hanna Azar brought me a bottle of what the French call *Feu Anglais*, a strong liquid blister. We rubbed it into his chest for several minutes; soon the skin rose, the hair fell off, the part suppurated for three days, during which time we kept the patient in the stable, and fed it on green-meat only. On the fourth day we washed the chest with bran and water, when it immediately healed and dried. We tied an apron round the neck to keep off the flies, and allowed it to run about loose and do no work till it was well. All the "humours," as they are called, passed down its legs, which swelled prodigiously, and came out of the feet near the frog. When healed, the beast was perfectly cured of falling, and would have carried a man twenty-five miles a day. It never appeared to suffer anything during the two months' treatment, excepting the three days' blistering. It ran about the gardens from morning till night and slept in the stable; it ate and drank well, and played the customary tricks, now running away with a sack left on the ground by some peasant, with heels flung up in the air at the troops that

were chasing it; then walking into the kitchen and eating all the cakes off the dresser. If I went out for a ride of three or four hours, it would gallop loose by my side like a dog, of its own accord.

You ask me what more I have to show you in Damascus? You must be present at one of my Reception days, that you may form an idea of our society and customs. I will take you to pass an evening with a friendly Harím. The interiors of the houses will convey to you some idea of old Eastern splendour; you will then see the Jerid, or Arab horsemanship and athletic games, and the Great Mosque. We will then ascend the Minaret, near Báb el Sharki, and finally "assist" at the Dervishes' dance, on Thursday.

You have already studied the Holy Places and the City, its buildings, Tombs, Mosques, and Khans, and remnants of art; but no stranger, without the assistance of a well-received resident, can see what is private and sacred to Moslems.

The sun shows that it is 2 o'clock. I have talked too long, and we have no longer time for anything to-day. We will therefore walk down the mountain, take our donkeys on the way, and I will take you to visit sundry friends, Abd el Kadir especially. Coming back in the dark we will pass two picturesque *cafés*. We cannot go in, but from the outside you will see what would make a good painting. Never mind the gates being closed. They will always open them and let me through. I will then call upon my French friends, and see if they can give us supper, and perhaps an Arab dance. We will make the Kawwáses attend us, and put up our donkeys at the Khan.

There are a few things I cannot take you to see, as they are especial privileges granted to me for the sake of my husband, who is with the Moslems as if he were one of themselves. I dare say, however, the Harím will include you in my general invitation to the Mosque at prayer-time. We do not go down amongst the men, but have a tribune with a grating, the same as we have in Catholic convents. It is only a belief amongst the vulgar and ignorant that the Moslems allow women no souls.* The women go to Es Salát, and perform the

* My husband assures me that the dogma of women being without souls is Christian, not Moslem; that St. Thomas Aquinas, and others, adopted Aristotle's opinion, that, "*mulier est erratum naturæ et mas occasionatus, et per accidens generatur, atque idèd est monstrum.*" St. Ambrose, in his commentaries on St. Peter (1 Corinthians xi., where rules are given about our covering the head), says boldly, "*Fæminas ad imaginem Dei factas non esse.*" Bayle (Dict. *sub voce* Gediccus, Reverend Simon of Brandebourg) tells us how that respectable person published in 1595 a refutation of a book proving the thesis, "*mulieres non esse homines,*" and supposed to be a satire upon Socinius.

But when El Islâm threatened to become a power in Europe, where its learning

same Rek'át and make the same genuflexions as the men, only unseen. After prayers, towards dusk, we pass the evening on the housetop of a Shaykh's family. You are fortunate in being "Harim," for we can see so very much more of the *vie intime* than men do.

We are now already at the bottom of the mountain, which is a somewhat fatiguing descent, and terrible to the boots. We will call to our donkeys, which are still under the shadow of the rocks; we will mount, and ride through the unfenced burial-ground of the Salihíyyah. We shall have a delightful quarter of an hour through the shady gardens, enter Damascus, and reach the heart of the Moslem quarter. Here we stop at a door thronged by Algerines in their white burnouses. They salute us, and we ascend the stairs to a reception-room, Europeanized by Abd el Kadir. A moment, and he appears with outstretched hands to grasp mine, his face beaming with pleasure at our visit. I present you, and he says he is delighted to see an English face, that the English have always had a peculiar sympathy with him.

Abd el Kadir is a man of middle height and of muscular frame; a broad brow, with marked straight eyebrows, large dark-brown eyes, bright and piercing, but full of softness and intelligence; a complexion not a sickly olive, but a lively, warm brown, combine to make a handsome face. He has a Grecian nose, a delicately carved but firm mouth, a broad chin, and two rows of bright teeth; his hands and his whole personal appearance show blood, and his dignified bearing and cool self-possession are characteristics of his life. He dresses purely in white, and is enveloped in the usual snowy burnous. His arms, when he wears any, are splendid; and if you see him on horseback without knowing him to be Abd el Kadir, you would single him from a million, let the others be ever so brilliant, and ask who that distinguished-looking Chief might be. He has the seat of a gentleman and a soldier. His mind is as beautiful as his face; he is every inch a Sultan.

Colonel Churchill has written his biography so fully, that it would be a work of supererogation for me to say anything more than that he was the fourth son of the Algerine Marabút, Abd el Kádír Mahy ed Dín, and was born in 1807. Most readers will have read and remember the history of his hopeless struggles for the independence

and civilization contrasted too favourably with mediæval barbarism, the Christians thought fit to raise a cry, and the cry that Mohammedans denied souls to women was a good cry. It has lasted through many ages, and even now authors who should know better record with surprise their discovery that Moslem women actually have souls.

of Algeria, his capture, and imprisonment in France from 1847 to 1852—a treacherous act, and a tarnish to the French Government. He is now pensioned by his conquerors, and spends his days at Damascus, surrounded by a number of faithful Algerines.

We shall sit with him for about half an hour, and he will give us tea, with a peculiar herb. I always tell him I come to him with a headache to drink a cup of his *Shahi*, and he laughingly says he hopes I shall have a headache every day. He eagerly asks for news, and the last political events from Europe. The half-hour passes like five minutes, but we will take our leave, for he is not idle like other Easterns, but divides his time into prayer, study, business, and very little sleep. We will now pass over to his Harim, a house on the other side of the street, at the back of which are gardens and fountains.

After half an hour we will ride out of the Báb Faradís, and call upon another Arab friend. The house is made noticeable by its projecting balcony-like windows and coloured glass. We come to a large wooden gateway, and are received by twenty or thirty Bedawin of the tribe of Mezrab, lounging in the archway, and a large Kurdish dog, which knows his friends, and will let me pass. This tenement is in the form of a three-sided square. Downstairs a reception-room is hung with arms and trophies; on the right hand are the stables. The court presents a picturesque appearance, with the thoroughbreds tethered here and there to the trees, eating piles of cut grass. A fountain plays in the middle. On the other side is the reception-house for any of the tribe who happen to come into the town; also the bath-house, the conservatory, and the house and play-ground for the fowls, amongst which we find curious snow-white geese with curling feathers, turkeys, ducks, poultry, pigeons, guinea hens, and other pets. The whole is fronted and surrounded by a choice flower-garden. Upstairs is a suit of apartments which is elegance itself. Family and home treasures, and little reminiscences of European life, old china and paintings, are mingled with Oriental luxury, whose very atmosphere bespeaks refinement.

The master of the house—a Bedawi Shaykh, Shaykh Mujwel—is a small man, with a most pleasing face, piercing black eyes, gentlemanly manners, and a charming voice. He speaks the beautiful Bedawi Arabic. It is said that the wild men talk in short guttural jerks like the bark of a dog, but these soft, guttural utterances are very attractive to those who admire Eastern languages.

We have had a most charming visit, and have been received with

all the hospitality of the East, and the grace and refinement of Europe. Did you remark how his heart warmed and his eyes glistened when we talked of fighting, or arms, or horses? These are subjects upon which he never tires, and shows to advantage.

Now we will keep along the Barada, and we shall pass two *cafés*, which always interest me from outside when they are lit up; one is near the shoemakers' bazar. It has, you see, a terrace overhanging the river, and it commands a view of the Castle and City walls. There is another also, not far from the Báb es Salám. Both have these straggling, cranky platforms overhanging the waters, and are shaded by old bits of matting and withered boughs. In the daytime these places look horrible, but by night they become an Oriental picture. Do you see the hundreds of paper lamps, of all sorts, shapes, sizes, and colours, glimmering like glowworms and fire-flies in the trees around the fountain and along the terraces? Notice the reflection in the water beneath, and the dim haze from the smoke of the Narghilehs.

Let us draw near, and hear what they are talking about. That ring of young men lying on the ground, with their feet outwards and their heads towards the man who is standing in the centre, are listening to a popular story-teller. He is reciting the story of the "Glass" in the "Arabian Nights" (162nd). All these turbaned grey-beards, sitting cross-legged in rows, are reading the Korán. I know the old Shaykh who is expounding it to them; he is a noted Dervish. In the other corner is another story-teller in a circle of men lying on their faces, but in a half-raised posture. Do you see how eager and excited they look? He is reciting tales of love and war, the exploits of Antar and Ali, and all their favourite heroes, and the loves of Leila and Majnún. In that further corner a Kátib (scribe) is writing a letter for a youth. You would know him by his long inkstand, even if he were not writing. Would it not make a pretty picture?

Now we will tell the Kawwáses to take us to our French friends. They will give us some supper, and whilst we are supping we will make them send for the dancing and singing women. You must understand that Arab dancing is more curious than pretty, but it is strange to you and wild. You would be sorry to miss seeing it, but I must explain to you that there are some things we may see, and some that we may not see. However, my friends are very discreet and respectful, and they will arrange with these *Almahs* exactly what they are to dance and what they are to sing; that they are to be fully clad, and are not to exceed in Raki. They have brought five, all dressed in various coloured gauzes, and spangles, and gold coin orna-

ments, trowsers frilled and gathered round the ankle with a ring, and hair plaited in two long tresses to the knees. You see, in point of dress they are far more decent than our own ballet girls, and that even the Lord Chamberlain could not object to them. Their instruments are the tomtom, the tambourine, and a sort of zittern. They crack their fingers by putting their hands together, by pulling back the second and third finger of the left hand with the index finger of the right, and by letting them rebound, with a noise louder than any castanets. Their voices are melancholy, nasal, and boyish, and all their songs are in a minor key. They used to set my teeth on edge at first, but I have grown to love them now. I am very fond of music, but I have never been able to pick up an Arab air. It takes a year before one can perceive the difference between one air and another, or whether it is intended to be joyous or sorrowful; but after this initiation the music becomes most expressive. Even their military bands, like all their music, sound half a note below concert pitch.

You must watch them singing. They put on a miserable look, hang their heads sideways, turn up their eyes like dying ducks, and then out comes a wail, reminding us of an Æolian harp hung in a tree. All sit cross-legged in a row upon the divan, and they will sing and sway from side to side. That Almah, who was once the best dancer, and is now the size of six ordinary mortals, can no longer dance. We are going to have a *pas seul*. This girl will move about the room, with little wriggling steps, in time to the music, nearly double herself backwards, and throw herself in all sorts of contortions and attitudes, till I am convinced that all their bones are made of gristle. One thing which perhaps you will not understand is that her dancing means something, whereas ours is only intended for exercise, or to give people a chance of talking. She has told you by pantomime whole histories—of how she was at home with her mother, and how she went to market and to the bazar; how she did the washing and cooking; how her father (the Shaykh) wanted her to marry, and how she didn't want to marry, for that Ali was fighting far away in the Desert. She wonders if he thinks of her, and she looks at the moon, and knows he can see it too, and asks when he will come back. Now the music and the steps change. He is coming back, and they are dressing her to be his bride; she is walking in the bridal procession, veiling her face for shame. And so forth.

The performers are clamouring for Raki. I think they deserve a little, but we must not let them have too much. Now I will ask for my favourite sword-dance. That thin and graceful girl will take her

turn, and describe to you a fight by pantomime. You will be surprised at the way she can handle a scimitar, as if she had learned broadsword all her life. She whirls it round her head and throat, under her arms, over her back, like lightning, and within an inch of our faces, as if she were slashing at sixty unseen enemies, dancing all the time.

But it is getting late. We will pay the poor girls well, and a few minutes later we will say good-night to our friends, and ride home to Salihíyyah.

CHAPTER IX.

SOCIETY—RECEPTION DAY—CUSTOMS—TURKISH OFFICIALS.

TO-MORROW (Wednesday) is my reception day, and I will now “coach” you up to the programme. I must be ready soon after sunrise, and we shall have no time to talk; you also will assist me from sunrise to sunset. What society have we? I have told you there are altogether thirty Europeans (three English), not counting the Missions and Schools. Gaiety is a thing unknown. Life here is too solemn, too Oriental for that. I see nearly every day a few acquaintance at our 11 o’clock meal. After dark, only one friend has the courage to come. She helps me in the afternoon to receive, and dines with me afterwards, almost every Wednesday; that is my great intellectual treat. She has twice nearly had a little skirmish going home. The natives will come almost at daylight, and complain bitterly if they cannot see me by sunrise. One native lady told me indignantly that she had been to see me three times on my reception day, and had been refused. I was just about to call the Kawwás on guard, and to be very angry, when fortunately I thought of asking the simple question, “When did you come, and how could it happen that I never heard of it?” She answered almost passionately, “Why, I came at daylight, and at sunrise, and at Sá’atayn ba’ad sabáh (8 a.m.).” I said it was rather early, and, though an early riser, it was just possible that I had not made a suitable toilette to receive her.

The Church dignitaries will come about 1 p.m.; the Consular corps, Turkish authorities, Missions and Schools in the afternoon; all will hurry to reach Damascus by sunset, except my one faithful friend, and she, like myself, lives without the gates, and has no fear. If you ever find Abd el Kadir, Mrs. —, and Captain Burton together, you will have a rare treat of conversation and different experiences. At my receptions I dress as for visiting in London; on those days I belong to my friends, and on Saturday to my poor. The French doctor, poor Nicora (now dead), breakfasts with me, after which we attend to all the sick and sorry in the village, dress wounds, relieve the hungry and thirsty, clothe the naked and the little ones, hear

grievances, settle quarrels, and forward petitions. It is pure charity on his part, and friendship for us—may he have his reward! During the rest of the week I live in waterproofs and riding-habits. It is not an unpleasant trip to the orchards, and in summer, when we meet in my own garden under the lemon trees near the river, it is pleasanter still. This day the Dragomans are so good as to interpret for me. The Kawwáses, in full dress of scarlet and gold, keep guard by turns, and the servants are engaged incessantly in bringing up relays of Narghilehs, Chibouques, cigarettes, sweetmeats, sherbet, Turkish coffee, and tea. My friends sit on the divans cross-legged or not, according to their nation, and sip, and smoke, and chat. If there are Moslem women I have two separate receptions, and go from one to another—they will not unveil before strange men. Even Christian women hide their faces before a Moslem. “If he won’t show me his Harím (says the Nazarene) he shan’t see mine.” So one is obliged to concentrate all one’s thoughts not to do anything awkward. It would be considered very vulgar to hand a pipe or coffee as it is handed in England. In handing the pipe, the servant, or even friend, must double the Narbîsh, or tube, in a peculiar manner, and touching his heart, lips, and forehead with the right hand, he presents it also with the right.* In like manner he hands the coffee, and you receive both with a similar salutation. When your coffee is finished he salutes, and in taking the cup from you with both hands, he covers it with one hand, that you may not be disgusted with the sight of the dregs at the bottom, which some eat with a spoon.

In receiving natives, I advance to meet the women: we mutually raise our finger-tips to our hearts, lips, and foreheads; they then seize my hand, which I prevent their kissing, and kiss them on both cheeks. I remove their veils and Izárs; when they leave I re-clothe them, and accompany them to the door. With the other sex I do not shake hands: we salute at a distance; if my visitor is a well-bred man he will not expect me to rise, but will come and kiss my hand; and he must be pressed two or three times before he will sit down. It is good taste to withdraw the hand, and to a person of high rank to say deprecatingly, “Astaghfar’ ullah” (“I ask pardon of Allah, lest thou shouldst do this thing to me”). Nevertheless, all well-bred people must offer, and the servants are obliged to do it, and the omission means a slight. I should rise for the Wali, because he represents the Sultan, and he in his turn will pay me equal respect; we are very

* You must never give a Moslem anything with your left hand, nor touch anything, nor shake hands with the left,—it is considered very vulgar.

official even in our *vie intime*. When he leaves I should also accompany him to the door of the room, but never to the street-door.

There are many grades and ranks to be considered, and much etiquette to be observed; the more you observe them the greater respect they have for you. The Dragoman in attendance upon me will whisper to me until I know it—"one step," "two steps," "half across the room," "the door." I thus know exactly the visitor's rank, and by what term to address him. The lowest is Jináb-ak, the next is Hadrat-ak; for the higher is Sa'ádat-ak, and for highest, almost a royal salutation, Daulat-ak, or in the plural, Daulat-akum, which increases the value of the salutation. A European of consequence should never let the people call him, as all will do, Khawaja, which means shopkeeper, a schoolmaster, and so forth. I have heard my husband's valet addressed Khawaja Habíb. A man who has any position must insist upon being called Beg. Perhaps it is becoming in missionaries not to exact any other address, as they are holy men, and humility may prevent them from paying attention to worldly matters; for tourists also it matters little, but every European in an official position should observe these trifles. The principal Consuls are generally Consul Beg. Whenever men spoke to my husband it was always Yá Sa'ádat-ak, Consul Beg. If they were speaking in a cor-religionist style, or alluding to Mecca, they would call him familiarly "Haji Abdullah;" but in the Desert, among the Bedawin, he was always called Akhu Sebbah, "Brother of the Lion." It is *de rigueur* every time that coffee, tea, or sherbet comes in for every fresh relay of visitors, that I should take it with them, and drink first; not that they would suspect me, but it is a custom with natives, and amongst themselves the omission would be an awkwardness, and lay us open to suspicion if any accident did happen after they had left the house.

When I first arrived I used to get up, as a matter of course, make tea and coffee, and carry them round; the Dragomans used lazily to sit. I desired them to get up and help me; they were pleased to do so, and willingly handed it to any European man or woman, but not to their own ladies, who blushed, begged their pardon, and were quite confused. They looked appealingly at me, and stood up, praying not to be served. And when one, who was really in love with his wife, a beautiful creature, gave her the teacup, he did it as if it were rather a good joke, and with a slight sneer. She bent and kissed his hand, and humbly begged his pardon. I felt quite indignant with the men for behaving thus to their mothers, wives, and sisters; but one said to me in English, "Pray, Mrs. Burton, do not teach our women things

they don't know, and never saw." So I held my tongue, but afterwards I told him that with us it would be the height of bad taste not to wait upon any woman, above all a wife or sister, and especially a mother.

I enjoy my reception days, and I think my visitors do also. They never come as if it were simply a courteous duty. The ride, the fresh, cool gardens, the meeting of all sorts of people, and interchange of conversation, make the hours pass very agreeably. I endeavour to keep a *salon*, a Divan, where all creeds, races, and tongues may meet without ill-feeling—a neutral ground upon which all are friendly. I taboo all religious subjects, and politics in general, especially the Franco-Prussian war. I said at the beginning, "If you speak of the affair, you won't offend the French and Prussians half so much as you will offend me, your hostess." They never transgress. This was necessary; there was so much terrible feeling about the campaign, and it nearly caused duels. The French could not bear to go out; it hurt Abd el Kadir; it was thrown in the Maronites' faces; but *we* are friends with all. I maintain that in a fanatical place like Damascus we are neither English, French, nor Prussians, but simply Europeans, and that we are bound to hang together.

The Italian Consul, M. Castelli, gives us a pleasant little dinner from time to time, and has a charming wife. Poor Dr. Nicora, the Médecin Sanitaire de France à Damas, attached by his Government to the Sisters of Charity's establishment, invites us periodically to a merry little breakfast: and well he knows what a good breakfast is, always seasoned with fun and wit. The French are the salt of our little European meetings in Damascus. The Jews are very hospitable, and I hope soon to take you to a native *soirée*. But there is no society, as you understand the word in England. You will never be invited to a regular dinner-party, a ball, a concert, a theatre, or a picnic. We are innocent of "small and earlys," drums and kettle-drums. European music, singing, and dancing would be quite out of place. I told you that on first arriving I was not allowed to stir out after sunset for fear of the lawlessness of the suburb, and the dangers of the road to Damascus. During the first few months it was a very just precaution. Captain Burton begged of the Wali to organize a night patrol, which answered well. He used to go out himself (armed) sometimes, unknown to any one, to try if it was doing its duty, and if there was any violence going on. Since we have lived in Salihíyyah they have grown somehow to respect the presence of the English Consul; moreover, it would be an Arab breach of honour to hurt a neighbour. They

know that we are true friends to the people, and a daily interchange of kindnesses, like water dropping on a stone, softens, civilizes, and humanizes the people in a very short while.

I determined once, when my husband was gone into the country, to make an attempt at dining out. The Italian Consul gave one of his charming little dinners, but his wife said to me, "I suppose it would be but a French compliment to ask you, as you cannot be out after dark." So I started at 6 p.m. in the winter time, when it was quite dark. I girded on a revolver and a dagger and mounted my donkey, the Sais walking by my side, and a Kawwás before and behind. Nobody molested us. I returned at 1 o'clock in the morning, and to my surprise I found a large detachment of police to escort me home with lanterns. I gave the men some bakhshish, and thanked the Chief of Police, at the same time telling him that I should like in future to be able to dine out without so much ceremony. I showed him my arms, asking him to spread the report that I carried a revolver, and would use it if it were necessary. I have often been out since that first time, and returned at all hours without anything but a civil good-night. Our English and Americans, besides Captain Burton and myself and one lady, consist of four missionaries and their families—Messrs. Wright and Scott, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, the former with wife and children and young niece, and the latter (now dead) with a sister; the Rev. Mr. Crawford, of the American Presbyterian Mission, with wife and children. I know my old friends will not be angry with me if I cannot resist giving them an affectionate record, though I have no words adequate to praise their lives. All three are straightforward men, honestly and earnestly doing their duty, without cant or humbug, and good Christian work under difficulties. They know Arabic, and the minds and customs of the people; they are therefore competent to do *real* good. Mr. Wright keeps large schools of 344 boys, which prosper deservedly; and they have a church, where there are two excellent services and sermons on Sunday. There are also two lady superintendents of a large school, a branch of the British Syrian, known as the late Mrs. Thompson's, at Beyrout. There is another reverend gentleman, a Polish converted Jew, who is, however, considered English, and has a charming wife and three young daughters. I meet one of these reverend gentlemen told off to convert the Jews in every fresh place we live in; they are all made on the same pattern, as if to order; but the Jews know so very much more than they do, that it appears more likely the Jews will convert them. We have, besides, an English engineer and his

wife. He was born at Aleppo; she is a Venetian, and is the belle of our little circle. Our religious houses are the French Sisters of Charity, the French Lazarist monastery, and the Spanish Franciscan monks of Terra Santa. I mention them again, because they will appear some time to-morrow, and I shall see the "Sisters" in the same *salon* as those women who veil in presence of the other sex.

The Consular Corps, besides England, is represented by French, Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Italian, Greek, Spanish, Persian, and the United States man. The Persian is a Consul-General; he is a very great personage, and his Dragomans and Kawwâses are legion. The Wali and all the officials have an unbounded respect for him. He had a number of medals and orders struck off for him in Europe, in order to decorate Turkish authorities in the name of the Shah. He seems *très bon enfant* (he is ninety and looks about forty). The French Consulate is always happily officered. We have M. Roustan, with a clever and agreeable Chancellor, M. Le Raye (at Beyrout, for Consul-General, Baron Rousseau), and Dr. Nicora, so often mentioned. The Damascus superintendent of the French diligence, M. Giraud, is an *ex-militaire*. Prussia is represented by the Italian Consul, and the United States by the English Consular Dragoman, M. Nasif Meshaka, son of the venerable and talented Dr. Meshaka, who is universally respected in Syria, and whose clever writings, we hope, may not be lost to the world for want of translation from Arabic into English, French, and German.

Last, but not least, is a native Consul, who represents all the smaller Powers not yet named. *Mauvais plaisants* say that he wears a parti-coloured, or piebald uniform—every patch representing a different nation—and two swords, and that his family bow down to him as a very Shah of Consuls. It is asserted that on some recent official occasion, when the Consuls were announced, *Le Consul d'Angleterre, le Consul de France, le Consul de Russie*, that the puzzled servant gravely announced *le Consul de plusieurs "Potences."*

The difficulty of this European society is, that it will split and separate into cliques. The missionary and school people associate together: so do the three religious houses; the Consular Corps, and the French, who, as is natural, see little of any one but themselves. We try to visit all, and to ask all; we also endeavour to see as much of the various native elements as is possible, and to induce them likewise to mix with us.

The Turkish authorities are those of every province of the Empire, as established by the Constitution which followed the Crimean war.

They are perpetually changing, and this is perhaps the weakest part of the system. At the head of affairs is the Wali, or Governor-General, who holds the position of a Viceroy; he is also the Amir el Hajj, but the duty is done by proxy. M. Delenda, a Greek, is the Secretary, favourite, and right hand of the Wali. The Mushir, or Commander-in-Chief, is the second authority. The Kadi is the Chief Judge. The Mutaserrif is the Préfet, or local Governor, of Damascus, and acts for the Wali if absent. The Mufettish is Inspector of Finances. The Defterdar (Treasurer) is a keeper of registers and public documents. There is a Mir Alai of Zabtiyyeh (Chief of Police), and a second in command.

Each large town has a Kaim-makám (Governor), a Diwán, or Council, answerable to Damascus. Each village has a Shaykh, answerable to the Governor whose district he is in. The Governor, in his turn, is answerable to the Wali, who is responsible to the Porte.

CHAPTER X.

THE ENVIRONS OF DAMASCUS.

THE small rides and excursions around Damascus are innumerable, and very beautiful. At first they lead through gardens and orchards, with water bubbling by your side, and under the shade of the fig and vine, pomegranate and walnut branches; then you emerge on the soft, broad, yellow sand, and you may throw off your superfluous strength by galloping as hard as you will—there is no one to check your spirits, or find fault with you: the breath of the Desert is liberty. There are no brooks to tumble into, no fences to be shot over, nor tramways, as in Lancashire, to make you look out for a “shy.” I have often thought what a capital residence it would have been for the well-known gentleman who “loves and he rides away,” and how glad he would have been to return—sometimes. I could take you a different way every morning for a month or two. To-day we must ride the horses, as we are going out of the town. We will turn to the right hand, and keep the mountain, *Jebel Kaysún*, on our right, steer through the gardens, look down the gorge of the *Barada*, cross the river where it is possible, and proceed to *Mizzeh*, a village placed exactly on the border of the green and yellow. One side of it looks into the trees and verdure, and the other side on to the bare sand. We will canter about half an hour beyond it, and then dismount, and climb up a pile of rocks to watch the strings of camels and the horsemen making across the plain for *Kátana*, a village three hours away. All the roads are much of the same nature, only the objects differ. We will now make a round to *Jeramána*, a Druze village, which will put *Jebel Kaysún* on our left, and Damascus between the mountain and ourselves. As you are English you will meet with a most hospitable reception. They will come out in a body, kiss your hand, and lead you to the house of the *Shaykh*, who is attached to the British Consulate. You will there be seated upon the *divan*, and have coffee and sherbet and *Narghilehs* handed, and be strongly pressed to stay the night, at least. You had better refuse, because we are only an hour and a half from home, and we must ride much longer before

evening. We will pass round by Jobar, about the same distance from home. I am taking you in a semi-circle from Jebel Kaysún, keeping the whole time about an hour and a half from Damascus, which is our centre. Jobar is a Moslem village, with a synagogue, which is a pilgrimage for Damascus Jews; it is dedicated to Elijah, and built over a cave, where they believe the prophet used to hide in time of persecution. A railed-off space shows where he anointed Hazael. When the prophet was at Horeb, "the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus; and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria" (1 Kings xix. 15).

We will now turn our backs to the east, and keep Damascus on our left, and reach Barzeh, which completes our semicircle. Barzeh is a beautiful little village, almost under the mountain, nestling in verdure, partly hidden by a cliff at the mouth of a glen. A Moslem "Wely," called Makám Ibrahim (Place of Abraham), assembles thousands of pilgrims on its festival day, and a miracle is performed by the Shaykh riding over the prostrate bodies of the faithful without hurting them, as at Cairo. This well-known ceremony is called Da'aseh, written by Europeans "Doseh"—it merely means "the treading." Josephus, or rather Nicolaus of Damascus, says, "Abraham reigned at Damascus, being a foreigner, who came with an army out of the land above Babylon, called the land of the Chaldeans. But after a long time he got up and removed from that country, also with his people, and went into the land of Canaan, but now the land of Judæa. Now the name of Abraham is still famous in the country of Damascus, and there is shown a village named from him the habitation of Abraham." This tradition, it says, is traced through a long line of Arab authors to the present day. Barzeh is the village, and the Moslems, with whom Ibrahim is the second great prophet, venerate it in his honour. In a cleft behind the "Wely" he is said to have prayed after his return from the pursuit of the kings who pillaged the cities of the plain. The people of our day, as you will hear when we talk to them, still believe that Abraham lived there. There is a dispute whether Barzeh or Jobar is the true site of Hobah, "which is on the left hand (north) of Damascus," to which Abraham pursued the kings of the East (Gen. xiv. 14-16). Barzeh is the most likely in point of situation, and in point of name Jobar seems the likeliest corruption of Hobah. We have now only to keep the mountain to our right, and a pleasant three-quarters of an hour will carry us straight into Salihyah.

You now know Damascus tolerably well, and I am not obliged to

keep you inside it. All the other rides in the plain will take you one, two, or three days. These little outings of a few hours round about the capital will refresh you after your sight-seeing. Perhaps it would have been less tedious if diversified by alternate city and saddle.

The longer excursions are to the Convent of Saidnáya, considered by the Greeks to be Ptolemy's Danaba. The scenery is wild and beautiful. There is a miraculous picture of our Blessed Lady, where women flock to pray. The original is said to have been taken to Russia; however, the copy seems to do just as well. The devotees tell me that they come back with their petitions granted. We shall also visit the rock tombs and temples of Menin and Helbon, said to be the Chalybon of the Bible, once far-famed for its wine exported to Tyre. Ezekiel (xxvii. 18) says: "Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making, for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helbon, and white wool." Strabo wrote that "the luxurious kings of Persia drank Chalybonian wine of Syria." I hope they liked it better than I do. The Christians of Damascus still make the wine. I find it very bad, as indeed I do all their stuff, even the *vino d'oro* of the Lebanon, which I have only found good twice; once in a Maronite stronghold, and once at the Patriarch's. All the rest tastes as if it were medicated and liquoriced drink.

At the north-east extremity of the plain stands the village of Dumayr, which contains a well-preserved temple, built in A.D. 246. This is the first day's station for the Baghdad camel-post. About two miles eastward, and at the foot of the lowest range of Anti-Lebanon, called Jebel el Kaus, are the ruins of a little town and fortress, deserted for centuries. The Desert of Arabia stretches right away to the east and south-east. We will make all these little excursions, and being rides of two or three days' distance, with time to see and repose, they will get your hand in for larger expeditions, such as Palmyra, Ba'albak, Hebron, the Haurán, and the Lejá. Your back will get used to the saddle, and your head to the sun, which will be a comfort to you, as these expeditions will necessitate your riding, let us say, eight hours on a short day, and perhaps thirteen on a long day.

Some of my relations—Lord and Lady B——, Mr. S——, and Mr. G. L. F——, who are bound for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem—have arrived here, *en route* to see me. My friends the Jews, hearing this, have sent to invite us all to a *soirée* to-night. I will send my thanks, and accept. We shall dress in morning gowns (English toilette), and ride down on donkeys, accompanied by Kawwáses and torches.

The courtyards are full of gorgeous attendants. The orange, citron, and jessamine trees, the balconies and the trellis-work, are brilliantly illuminated. The women sit, as usual, in rows, cross legged, upon the divans all around; they are splendidly dressed in every coloured silk, the bosom much exposed, and all are covered with jewellery, but especially worn on the head. They wear everything they have, regardless of colour, or "sets" of ornaments, and they are very fond of sewing rows of earrings round their turbans—well they may, for the stones are gorgeous, though very badly set. This disregard of colour is not peculiar to Jewesses, but extends through every class of Syrian women. If they can find two colours that "swear," they are sure to put them on—a blue skirt and green jacket, with yellow head-dress; pink and red, blue and lilac, all is the same to them. They do not see it, and it has a garden-like effect, perhaps crowned with £20,000 worth of badly-set diamonds. Some of them are exceedingly pretty, but they have a habit which makes them all look alike; so much so, that, pretty or ugly, until you get used to their faces, and are intimate with them, you can hardly tell one from another. It is considered a "shame" for a married woman to show her hair: and at a tender age, just when we begin to be vain of ours, she is shaved, and obliged to wear a wig, which I am sure must be bought by the "gross," they are all so uniform and clumsily made. They all paint exactly the same patterns on their faces. They produce a thick, white, shining, and creamy complexion; their foreheads are quite glossy, their cheeks and lips are very red, their eyebrows and eyelashes pencilled very black, the former with lamp-black and gum, the latter with Kohl, or, better still, with a nut burnt in the candle. Occasionally little stars and crosses are disposed, like the patches of "Queen Anne's" day, about their faces.

The men dress in coloured cloth cloaks, mostly purple, and lined with fur; all wear the Tarbush. Those are Polish Jews (men) who train two large ringlets to hang down by the ear, like the old English corkscrew. The women sit upon one side, the men upon the other. Tables are placed in the middle, and covered with every kind of native refreshment, and the rooms are brilliantly lighted. Some of the ladies will dance for us, one at a time, but they are very shy, and there are also professionals to play and sing. I have with me a kind of head servant, a smart, accomplished rascal, with a great talent for the sword-dance, and at universal request I will make him perform. So far from being abashed, he is delighted, and puts himself into all his most graceful attitudes, and looks as if to say—"I am Zahrán!

Look at me ; I will astonish you, and cut you all out ! ” And so he did, and got great applause.

Have we not thoroughly enjoyed our *soirée* ? It is true that I am very bitter about the money-lenders, for the sake of the poor ; but the Jews here are a hospitable and warm-hearted race, when you do not touch their pockets ; and I am especially fond of the women.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HAMMÁM, OR TURKISH BATH—A FRIENDLY EVENING AT A HARÍM.

I DARE SAY you are tired. Yesterday we rode far. Would you like to pass a lazy day, and go to the Turkish bath? It will take away all the fatigue, and we can get through an easy afternoon afterwards. Would you like to see the Hammám? Old Haji Ahmad will prepare it for us; he will take care, under all circumstances, that the whole establishment is unquestionably clean, and we will take with us the widow of a deceased Kawwás of the Consulate, who considers herself under British protection. She has foolishly become fourth wife of a Kurd, by whom she has a son. I fancy she has a "hard time." She is, or rather has been, handsome and very *proncée* for a Moslem woman.

Firstly, we enter a large hall, lit by a domed skylight, with a huge marble tank in the centre, and four little fountains spurting in the corners. All around are raised divans, covered with cushions. Here we wrap ourselves in silk and woollen sheets, and towels round the head. We shall now pass through six marble rooms, all with domed skylights, marble floors, and a gutter cut in them to let the water off, and surrounded by large stone basins and troughs, each with its tap of hot and cold water. The first is the cold room, the next warm, the third warmer, and so on until you come to the *sudarium*, of about 120° Fahrenheit.

Here the operation commences. Firstly, they lather your head and hair thoroughly. Then you are washed over, first with flannel and soap, if you like; secondly, with a brush and soap; thirdly, with *Lif* and soap. *Lif* is the fibre of the palm frond soaked in water, sundried, and pulled out. It looks like a large sponge of white horsehair, and it rubs as hard as a clothes-brush. You are douched from head to foot, between each of these operations, with tubs of hot water, thrown at you and over you. You are then shampooed with fresh layers of soap, and douched again. By this time you are beginning to feel rather exhausted. They then cover your face and neck and arms with a sort of powder which looks like meal, and move you through the

other rooms, each warmer than the last, till you are turned into the hottest. If it is steam, 150° will content you; if in dry heat, you can with practice bear 300°. Your stay in the *calidarium* lasts about twenty minutes. They give you iced sherbet, and tie towels dipped in cold water round your head, which prevents your fainting, and makes you perspire more freely. The white powder passes away of itself. They scrub your feet with a hard, rough stone; indeed, it appears to me that one's first skin is wholly peeled off.

Now you move back again through all the rooms, but gradually, staying ten minutes in each. You are again douched with water and shampooed with towels as you pass from heat to cold. The most rigorous of all is when you arrive at the latter, when pails of cold water are thrown at your back and poured down the spine. In the last room the final shampooing is done with towels.

We now return to the hall where we first undressed, enveloped in silk and woollen cloths, and we recline on divans. It is all strewed with flowers, incense is burned about us, cups of very hot and rather bitter coffee are handed to us, and Narghilehs are placed in our mouths. A woman advances and kneads you like bread; you fall asleep during the process, which has almost the effect of mesmerism.

When you awake you will find music and dancing, the girls chasing one another, eating sweetmeats, cracking nuts, and enjoying all sorts of fun. Moslem women go through much more than the above performances, especially in the matter of being Henna'd, and having their eyebrows plucked. The best time for the bath is with a wedding party preparing a bride. One feels very light after these baths, and the skin is wonderfully white. Easterns are not content with less than peeling the outer skin off. You are quite right, it is not *all* prepossessing—far from it. Those old women squatting on the floor, with about five hairs, dyed a bright orange colour, are really disagreeable. They have harsh voices, and they make an irritating noise. How thankful they ought to be for the veiling institution. I only wished you to come to-day, on the principle of seeing everything once, to know what the Hammám really is. They now want to perform the last operation, which is to cut and pare the nails, oil them, and discover the half-moons; also to Henna your hands and feet with little crescents and stars. In an ante-room, outside the baths, sits an old man. He cannot come in, on account of the Haríms; his calling is to tattoo. On a bit of paper he draws what his patients like to have inscribed on the arm. He pinches up a bit of flesh, and pricks out the pattern with a bunch of needles in a little case, drawing blood; the

second time he uses another bunch of needles, dipped in gunpowder—it does not hurt much, only pricks and smarts for a little time. The operation concludes with giving him five francs. The marks will never come out, unless the flesh be scraped off, as a certain person's was in a *cause célèbre*. The whole takes about a quarter of an hour.

We have been here four hours. When I went home from the East, and felt the want of the Hammám, everybody said, "Go to Jermyn Street, and you won't miss Damascus." I went, and this is how the bath was conducted. Those who received me looked with some contempt at the new-comer, and said triumphantly, as if to put a school-boy on his mettle,—

"You'll have to go into 120° at once; do you think you can stand it?"

"I don't know, but I'll try?"

We undressed in a stuffy little room, and went into our 120° without any prelude. I took with me my Syrian girl, who was very much amused, and said it was the first time she had been warm since we had landed in England, and was very loth to come out again. There was only a single bath, and one other very hot room, where I found a stout large woman, with all the blood in her head. I thought she was going to have a fit, and hastened to tie a wet towel round her head. She was a little astonished at my doing so without having been properly introduced to her; nevertheless, she thanked me with a dignified gratitude. The attendants begged me not to interfere with the doctor's regulations, and she obediently removed the towel. I wonder that everybody who ventures on a Turkish bath in England does not suffer for it. A man rushes from the City, after a chop and a glass of ale; out of the raw, damp street, suddenly affronts 100° or 120°; he passes half an hour, or an hour if he can spare it, and his mind all the while full of anxiety and business. His clothes on, he bolts out of that hot room into the cold street, and he is off to work again. At night he is surprised that he has a headache, and feels depressed and weakly. The wonder is that he was not found dead in the bath. The ordinary Englishman is no more fitted for Eastern Kayf, than an Eastern for life in the East End of London; and Jermyn Street (I can only speak of the Harím side) is a parody of the real Eastern bath. It has all its disagreeables without its delights, extreme heat without graduation, stuffy rooms without any comforts or luxuries. Perhaps Jermyn Street is improved since 1872.

As you are unused to the Hammám, I do not think that it will be good to take a long ride, or to make any great exertion to-day.

We will go home, lunch, and spend the rest of the day with a Moslem Harim. I am not going to mention names.

We will dress like natives; we are about the same height and figure, and therefore you can use my clothes. You will wear a pair of lemon-coloured slippers, pointed at the toes; white linen trousers, like two large sacks, which are gathered at the waist and at the ankles; and a large garment, like a fine linen dressing-gown, prettily embroidered; it fastens round the throat, and is belted round the waist; it falls to the knees. As your hair is golden you must wear a pale-blue waistband, a blue neck ribbon, and a blue turban. I shall Kohl your eyebrows and eyelashes. Your hair shall hang loose down your back, and be tied in a knot of blue ribbon behind, like a colt's mane. You will be covered with jewellery of all colours, sizes, shapes, and sorts, regardless of "sets;" your turban will be literally crusted and caked with it. A small bouquet of two or three flowers will be fastened in your front hair, so as to hang down your forehead, reaching between your eyebrows—at first it will make you squint. I will also Kohl a few stars and crescents on your face. You shall have an oblong white lace veil, about three yards long and one broad, which you will throw round your head and about your shoulders, falling down your back in two long tails. We will then put on our Izárs and Mandíls, and walk to the neighbouring Harim.

The moment we arrive and are announced, the whole family will run to meet us, at the boundary gate, which separates them from the world. They will kiss us, and take our hands, and, with all the delight of children, lead us to the divan, and sit around us. One will fly for sherbet, another for sweets; this for coffee, that for Narghílehs. They are so pleased with a trifle; for example, to-day they are delighted because we are dressed like them, and they consider that we have adopted their fashions out of compliment to them. They find everything charming, and are saying how sweet we look in their clothes. If we were habited in our own clothes they would be equally happy, because they would examine every article, would want to know where it was bought, what it cost, how it was put on, and if they could find it in the "Súk." Their greatest happiness is to pull your hair down to see how it is done, and to play with your hat. If you come in riding habit, they think you are dressed like a man. A lady's cloth riding under-garments are an awful mystery to them, and they think how happy we are to dress like men, and follow our husbands like comrades, whilst nobody says anything against us on that account. They envy us our knowledge

and independence, and they deplore the way they are kept, and their not being able to know or do anything.

This feeling, of course, exists only among town Haríms, who receive enough visits to know there is another sort of woman's world than the one they enjoy. The countryfied and old-fashioned never heard of this; but Nature implants on the brow and eyes of the strictly kept wife who has two or three sister wives a melancholy, soured, discontented, hopeless expression, which may be of a trusting resignation, or may be of a vicious, spiteful tendency, as though she would revenge herself on account of her sex. It is only fair to state that those of this latter kind would only feel about us, and perhaps say to one another, "Here comes the bold, bad Frank woman, with her naked face, to try and take our husband from us. Allah be praised, we are the only honest women," etc.: and you must try to become sharp enough to feel when there is sincerity and when there is not. This is a work of time and practice.

Do you see that old woman? She is a sort of faithful dependant in this Harím. Do you hear what she is saying? You have by mistake put on your black-kid gloves, and she is asking why your face is so white and your hands are so dark. She probably thinks the human race in our part of the world has piebald specimens. Pull off your glove and throw it on the ground. There! she has run away shrieking. She is one of the old school, and is quite innocent of anything European. Your glove, being of a thin kid, stands out open like a hand upon the ground, and she confidently believes you have torn your skin off for the pleasure of astonishing her. She will not touch it for the world.

They say that we must stay all the evening with them, and are overjoyed at hearing that we accept. They will prepare music and dancing, and send round and gather their friends. Do you hear the tomtom in the garden? That means that the Sitt Leila invites all the Haríms on her visiting list to a "small and early." In about an hour a hundred women of their *intimes* will drop in, all dressed like ourselves, more or less magnificently. There will be a perpetual nibbling of fruit, sweets, and nuts, a similar sipping of coffee and sherbet, amidst the bubble of the fountains, and fifty or more Narghilehs. The singing, music, and dancing will be performed by the guests, who will throw in a good deal of talent. It will be quite modest, and not require checking like the professional performances.

Now you can take a look round, and make your remarks in English. I must not forget to tell you that whenever you speak of

any person or thing, whenever you admire anything, especially a child, be sure to preface your remark with "Mashallah!" or they will think that you have put the "evil-eye" upon it, and will persuade themselves that it will wither and die. I have seen women clear their children from me, as if I had the plague, until this was made known to me.

The girl whom you see yonder in yellow cotton is very clever. Her greatest wonderment is, that although I have nice gowns I never wear anything but riding habits and waterproofs, and above all, no jewellery; that I spend but little time on divans, but take hard exercise, and am always busy. At last, one day she could stand it no longer, and burst out, "Yá Sitti, anūnti (my happiness), Dakhlik (I take refuge with you), why not wear this lovely gown?" (an old faded, *decolletée* blue ball dress, trimmed with tulle and roses). "I will hate the black. When the Consul Beg will come and see his Harīm so darling, he will be so jealous and ashamed from himself. I beg of you, will you keep this till you are an old woman, instead of to be joyful in your happy time?" Think of me, readers, sitting on a mud floor, *decolletée* in blue tulle and roses, all alone in my *eyrie* in the Anti-Lebanon, doctoring the poor, and shooting wild game. A little petting goes a very long way to make a Syrian speedily very "uppish." I one day offered a little girl, not of the higher classes, who possessed nothing, some massive silver butterflies, mounted and trembling on silver hairpins—Indian work, which would have delighted any English girl. "Will you have them, my child?" I said. "They will look so pretty in your black hair." She looked very grave, and a little offended, and replied, "Thank you, Sitti, but I would rather not have them. I could not wear them in my village. They are not diamonds, and the people would not understand it." If you take a person up here, they expect you to do everything for them. A rich person could not afford to have more than one *protégé*, they exact so much, and a person with a moderate income should not attempt it. However, this digression has nothing to do with the Harīms, who want nothing but our company.

That old woman is a relation of her husband. They married very young, and he has the greatest respect for her; she accompanies him on all his expeditions, veiled, and with the baggage, of course, and she is the only woman who has this privilege. He asks her advice behind the scenes, for she has natural talent and good sense. She is the head wife, but, as you see, she is old; he constantly invests in a new wife, a Circassian slave, or what not, and the new-comer enjoys a short reign as the toy of a month, when another succeeds her. She is

jealous and miserable, spite her age, and he laughs, and cannot think how she can be so foolish as to care, or to suppose it could be otherwise. But though the skin is shrivelled and the eye is sunk, the woman's heart has never yet learned to be a philosopher in these matters, nor has it in any clime, or age, or race—and it never will! She alone is "Bint el Nás" (daughter of a good house), the others are all "Surrayeh" (bought ones).

Now notice that other, a thin, brown, plain little woman, who looks about five and twenty. There is nothing apparently very attractive, but she has an innate knowledge of the world, she rides, she makes the house comfortable, she receives well, she understands her husband's comforts, she is sympathetic—in a word, she really loves him. When he comes in, notice the gleam of intelligence that passes between them. She is the "favourite." He will not notice nor speak to her, but will come and sit by us, with a word perhaps to No. 1. These two are the principals; all the rest may be young and good looking, but they are as nothing. You ask if the women in the Haríms are generally pretty. No; in all the houses of Syria I have seen three or four women who would be singled out as beauties in Europe, and theirs was chiefly *la beauté du diable*, which withers at the first act of neglect or unkind treatment.

Now I will show you that they have the same feelings as ourselves. Go and sit by the old wife. Do you see how pleased and how affectionate she is? After a few minutes ask to have one of the others brought up, to sit at the other side of you. Do you see how her face clouds, and how jealous and vexed she looks? See, she moves away. She descries the "favourite's" slippers at the top of the stairs, and she has given them one vicious kick and sent them flying from the top to the bottom. Poor woman! that is only an emblem of her feelings. How well we understand it. She dares not do anything more than what is figurative.

You see around you about 150 women. Not a man is to be seen. They know the Harím have a party, and will avoid even coming near the gate. You notice that the master of the house vanished on the announcement of the first arrival. You perceive all are dressed more or less alike, only in various colours, and some better, others worse. A few are quite young girls of nine or ten; and some that you think quite childish are married women. That one whom you take to be a disappointed girl of thirty, wizened and soured, is only twelve, with bad health. We shall all sit on these divans, and in groups upon the cushioned floor, changing places occasionally till perhaps past mid-

night. Every now and then one girl or another will get up and sing or dance for us, and others will play for them. The performers require a little pressing, but after a few "Wallah! ma ba'arif's" (By Allah! I know not how), they begin. A clever girl will improvise as she goes on. At interludes we shall talk, and they will ask me every possible and impossible question about our *vie intime*. Of course the subject which they are most fond of discussing is our and their domestic life.

You asked me the other day why I called everybody Abú So-and-so, instead of calling them by their own names. When we have talked to these women for half an hour, you will learn the importance of their becoming mothers, and especially the mothers of sons. It is considered such a misfortune and disgrace not to have children, that the moment a wife presents her husband with a babe he changes his name for one of higher respect. Instead of the father remaining Sulaymán and the mother Nejme, their own names, they are addressed by all, even by their intimate friends, as Abú Selím (father of Selím) and Umm Selím (mother of Selím), the name of their first-born son, and they will retain those appellatives for life. If they are unfortunate enough to have no son, their friends will out of respect pretend to suppose they have one, and call them Abú and Umm Yusuf. If we did this in England, a man whom we have familiarly called Billy Such-and-such would become Father of Jack, or Harry. There are only about 300 Mohammedan names, so nearly everybody has a nickname; for instance, in Damascus alone there would be about 3000 Mohammeds; and it is therefore also more respectful to call a father and mother Abú Selím or Umm Yusuf, than Father of Moustachios or Mother of Scanty-beard.

The Arabs, especially Bedawin, are wonderfully happy in their grave humour, and are clever in saying apt things, whether in love and praise, or in hate or ridicule. When a European first arrives, they generally fasten upon him some nickname which fits him exactly, and lasts him for life. One of our Consuls was exceedingly small, fidgety, and pompous. When they saw him present his *exequatur* to the Wali, the whisper ran round, "Wallah! ejáa el Namús" (By Allah! behold, the mosquito cometh); you could almost fancy from that moment that you heard him buzz. A very high Turkish official always went by the name of El Bisset el Kebír (the big cat), and a great English official was always spoken of as El Zurktáh (the wasp). A Syrian girl in my service formerly accompanied me to England, and was sometimes noticed in English drawing-rooms, where she

generally saw beautiful and aristocratic women. One evening they sent for her to bring some coffee, and she saw amongst them a stout *parvenue*; the quick eye detected the difference at once, and creeping up behind my shoulder, she whispered in my ear, “Yâ Ummî! min el Kaddisheh” (O my mother! who is the under-bred [mare]?).

Leila is now trying to ask me some questions.

“How many sons hast thou?” (This is their Alpha and Omega.)

“Not one.”

“Then how many daughters hast thou?”

“Also not one.”

“Mashallah! Are they all dead?”

“I never had any.”

“How! Thou hast never had a child, O lady!”—with much pity and more astonishment.—“Let us hope that Allah may be merciful, and remove thy reproach. How many years art thou married?”

“So many—say ten.”

“Listen to us, thy friends, who wish thy happiness.”

I need not inflict their advice on my readers; suffice it to say that I have gone through hours of it, and have brought home a boxful of curiosities, all the best proofs of friendship and goodwill, from my Eastern friends.

“And does not the Sidi Beg, the ‘honour of the house,’ want to put thee away, and take a second wife? Dost thou not, Yâ Sitti, feel insecure of thy place, and jealous of his going out and coming in?”

Naturally my wondering and amused expression has gradually developed by this time into a good hearty laugh, in which they all join.

“Mashallah! See what a danger the Helweh (the sweet one) is running, and hear how she laughs.”

“Oh no, no; there is no danger! You are all mistaken. Now listen to what I want to explain to you. Our lives and your lives are quite different. You are set apart to dwell amongst one another, mostly indoors, in a settled place; your lives would indeed be a failure without children. You are three or four, and your Lord and Master honours most who has the most sons; and why? Because your ancestor, in the old law, exactly as to-day, could not ‘meet his enemies in the gate’ without being backed up by his stalwart sons and their sons, his brothers, and his uncles and their sons. In short, the family who could show the most fighting men were the most honoured, and carried the greatest weight in their town or tribe. So men chose wives who could bear them sons, and visited with their displeasure

those who could not. The men of our races marry one wife, and a family will commonly be from six or eight to ten children. I have seen a woman nursing her twenty-fourth child." (Loud murmurs of applause, and Mashallahs.) "Children are from Allah. If He sends them we bless Him, and if He does not we are contented, for we know that it is for some good purpose, some special mercy to ourselves. The English husband would not put his wife away for anything. I feel quite secure of my place. The Sidi Beg may marry another after my death, but not before. I never think about jealousy, and it is not in our customs that the 'honour of the house' should notice his slaves, or any one but his wife."

"But what would you do if your husband *did* bring home the second wife?"

"If I were brought up to it, if it were in my education and religion, if I knew nothing else, it would come to me like any other custom; but that not being the case, I fear that number two would be made very uncomfortable."

"Ah! how happy you are. You are all like men; you wear men's clothes (riding-habit), you bare your faces, you ride by your husband's side, and share all his dangers and councils with him like a brother; and we are kept here like donkeys, and not allowed to see anything or know anything. You are secure of your husband's affections, and are alone (only wife), whether you have children or not!"

"Some day, perhaps, you will all be like us. Your husband will begin to adopt European habits. Already the Stamboulis are beginning to change a little, but the move must not be made too fast."

"That is true! that is true! Inshallah! Inshallah!"

"Now I have answered all your questions, I want you to answer some of mine, if you can understand, as you seem to do, my broken Arabic."

"Go on! go on! When you speak Arabic, your words drop out of your mouth like sugar. We could bear it all night—for a week!"

Encouraged by this affectionate bit of flattery, which is not strictly true, but far more pleasant to hear than the northern guffaw at one's failures, I proceed.

"Well, then, your life is as curious to me as mine is to you. Tell me a little, I beg of you. How do you like veiling your faces?"

"We do not know what it is to unveil before a man. We should only do so if we meant to insult him, and no good woman would do this. We should feel ashamed, uncomfortable, and ill at ease."

As soon as a girl begins to ripen into womanhood, she is obliged

to hide her face; and you will see little things of eight or nine assuming the dignity of womanhood, and refusing to answer a man's "Good morning."

"I also want to know how, as you never go out, never see any man but your husband, the young girls contrive to be married?"

"Well, the mother and the aunts of the young man whom they want to marry go about visiting all the Haríms, and when they have fixed upon a girl likely to suit, and have made all necessary inquiries concerning her, they go home and describe to the son her appearance, what she can do in the house, what she is likely to have in worldly possessions."

[Her clothes in, perhaps, two marqueterie chests; perhaps a field or two. The husband, in middle-class life, gives the wedding *trousseau* and the best jewellery, and a settlement of a few thousand piastres (1000 piastres represent 10 napoleons.) Perhaps the father also contributes a similar sum. Eight thousand, in former class of life, for instance, would be a handsome settlement for a girl. But note that no marriage is strictly legal among the Moslems without a Mahr, or settlement, from the bridegroom to the bride. It may consist of only a few silver pieces, still it must be made. The dower is simply a sign of the parents' respectability, for here a father does not like that his daughter should be sung of as

"A tocherless lass with a long pedigree."]

"Then the young man's mother and father go to the girl's parents, and arrange the match amongst them. The wedding takes place, and the young man sees his bride for the first time when he lifts her veil after the ceremony."

"But suppose that on their first sighting each other they take a dislike to one another, one or both?"

"In that case it is very easy for the man, but very difficult for the woman. She must not show her feelings, but must remain quite passive, and neither seem pleased nor displeased, for fear of being accounted bold. Frightfully cruel and unjust things are sometimes done on various pretences; and though it is easy for the mothers and aunts of the bridegroom to deceive him, all sensible women would be prudent, for fear of such an unhappy ending to the wedding."

"Now I wish to inquire further still. How do you feel afterwards about the other wives?"

"If we please our bridegroom, and he pleases us, we are very happy for about a year. If a child, especially a son, is born, we feel

secure to a certain extent; if not we are very unsettled and anxious, but we are sure that, under any circumstances, before two or three years are passed there will be a second, perhaps a third; and as soon as we are old—and we are old much sooner than your races are—we are not much considered."

They pointed out to me a really old woman, who was the grandmother of the Harim, in a cotton frock without a single ornament, working like a menial. I thought she was the servant; she was waiting upon all the family, apparently very little more respected or thought of—and that I found the rule more or less in Harims. I grieved for this, and explained how we honour our old age. In the East the young seem, on the contrary, to have a horror of it. Yet it is only fair to own that I have seen the same thing in Southern Europe.

"Now tell me, Leila," I continued, "when you see your husband devoted to Nejmeb or to Shems, what do you do?"

The answer was true, tender, and womanly.

"Yá Sitti, what can I do? I go away and cry?"

It was then their turn to question.

"Tell us, in return, how you manage to keep your husbands, and to be on equal terms with them. Some say that you who have blue eyes have the 'evil eye,' and can make them do what you like."

"Do not believe that. We have no 'evil eye' amongst us; we do not know it. We all meet in society, men and women alike. In Firingistán girls are not veiled: they see young men in their fathers' houses. Men and women are all alike to us, except the one we mean to marry. Eventually a young man will say to himself, 'I have to choose one woman with whom to live all my life, to love and respect her, and to trust everything to her prudence. I feel that such-and-such is the only one with whom I would willingly pass all my days.' Then he goes to the girl, and he asks her to be his wife. If she says 'No,' there is an end of the matter, and nobody ever hears of it. If she says 'Yes,' they go to their fathers and mothers, and ask their blessing. The parents consent, and arrange the wedding. They are then betrothed, and have time before marriage to learn all each other's faults and good qualities, and to know exactly what they have taken upon themselves."

"Mashallah! and how does it go on afterwards?"

"The woman must take as much pains to look pretty and dress well as she did before; she must love her husband, be very respectful to him, make his house bright and comfortable—even if it be poor, she must try not to make it look so to his friends; she must be

constantly waiting upon him, and thinking what she can do to please him; she must also educate herself, that she may be able to be his companion, friend, adviser, and confidante, that he may miss nothing at home; and finding all that he can desire in his wife, he has nothing to seek elsewhere; she must be a careful nurse when he is ailing, that he may never be anxious about his health; she must not unjustly or uselessly squander his money; she must take an interest in all his pursuits, and study them; she must not confide her domestic affairs to all her friends; she must observe the same refinement and delicacy in all her words and actions that she observed before her marriage; she must hide his faults from every one, and always be at his side through every difficulty and trouble; she must never allow any one to speak disrespectfully of him before her, nor permit any one to tell her anything of him or his doings; she must never hurt his feelings with a rude remark or jest, never answer when he finds fault, nor reproach him when he is in the wrong; never be inquisitive about anything he does not volunteer to tell her; never worry him with trifles, but rather keep the pleasant news for him when he comes home, and be looking her brightest and her best. Above all, she must see that all his creature comforts are ready. The wife who follows this recipe, O Leila, is never put away; she has no need of the 'evil eye,' nor love potions, nor papers written by the Shaykh. Her husband could not do without her; he loves her, and knows her as himself. He will listen to no voice but hers, and he would find a second wife very much in the way."

"Mashallah! You speak like a book, and how much you know. Of course it is true, but what do we know of all this?"

The women will understand and talk well for hours on such subjects. And is it not natural? They are not educated, in our sense of the word; few can read and write. They have never travelled; they go out very little, except in this way, and see nothing but what we are seeing now. Their lives are therefore a round of household duties, after which they dress, receive their Harím friends thus, or they visit other Haríms, or they ride to the Súk and buy trifles. I know some men who are so strict that they will not allow their Haríms to pay a visit, or to shop for themselves, but order everything to be sent to the house. These, unfortunately, are thrown on their own society and their own resources, seeing only the master of the house, at times when, perhaps, he is out of humour. Even if he be in the best of tempers, each can claim only part of his attentions. Consider the amount of talent, education, philosophy, mental pre-

occupation with an object, that we should require to enable us to lead such a life of solitary confinement and monotony. Use enables them to bear it, but even so you see dulness written on the foreheads of strictly-kept Haríms. They vary as much as families in London. A first-class Constantinople Harím is one thing; at Damascus the same rank is another, whilst those of the middle and lower classes are again different in their degree. I am now quoting the average provincial. They are always delighted, therefore, to talk of the things they do know, or to hear and learn anything we can tell them. They never forget these conversations, and when they think they have mastered a good new idea they will try and put it in practice.

"Yá Sitti, I remembered what you told me a month ago, and I have tried it, and I am so glad, and so much obliged to you. Do come and talk again by the fountain."

This has frequently been my greeting, long after I have forgotten the visit. They show wonderfully good feeling, and they are mostly very refined. I shall never forget all the kindness and hospitality of a real, hearty, cordial nature I have received amongst them.

I only twice met with bad manners, and that was in a middle-class Harím; twice the conversation displeased me, but this also was amongst the lower class. Still it gave me an insight into reasons why Haríms should not be turned loose upon the world without long preparation. The upper classes, perhaps, might "emancipate," but if they did so the rest would follow suit. It would hardly answer for the older generation, but the younger might be brought up to freedom. Personally, I should be as sorry to see it as to pass in a railroad through the Holy Land. I am certain that at present no good Mussulman would survive it, and that scarcely any Moslemah head could endure it. Now I will go on talking.

"Tell me, Leila, about your law of divorce. I mean when your husband wants to put you away, or you him."

"We women of Syria never put our husbands away, but they divorce us on the smallest pretext, and no one takes any notice of it, or knows of it." *

* I report these conversations verbally, but they must be taken with many a grain of salt. My husband, who knows the Moslem East, if any man does, assures me that Leila was very far from the truth. It is easy to perceive that the mere fact of having to pay the prenuptial settlement (Mahr) must deter many from the step, and even a greater obstacle is the certainty of a feud with the repudiated wife's family. Easterns are very cautious, and for good reasons, about making enemies for life. In Persia, I am told, men by systematic ill-treatment sometimes drive their wives to demand a divorce, and so to forfeit their money claims. But at Damascus, as in Constantinople and Cairo, the Kadi's court is far too handy and

“Will any other man marry you in that case?”

“Yes, they will; but if a man has divorced his wife by a triple divorce, *i.e.*, saying, ‘I divorce you,’ three times, and afterwards he is sorry and wishes to take her back, and she be willing, she must, by our law, marry another man and be divorced from him before it can be accomplished. The Shiahhs have temporary marriages; we Sunnis think this an abomination. A Shiah says to a woman, “Will you be my wife for such a term of years, months, or days, for such a settlement?” She agrees, and they write a paper. If any circumstance makes them wish to separate, he says, “For such and such reasons I must leave you. I now make you a present of the remainder of your time, and the whole money agreed upon, with which you will keep yourself and the child.” And the woman, amongst the Shiahhs, goes forth honourably, and undisgraced. She is open to another marriage, permanent or not.

“Have you any kind of liberty?”

“Yes, if our husband is not too severe. When everything in the house is arranged, we dress in *Izár* and *Mandíl*; we go down to the *Súk* and buy, and we visit all the other *Haríms* of our acquaintance. We might even stay on a visit to them of a fortnight if we liked. We are only forbidden to see a man, or to unveil our faces, except in one another’s presence.”

“I cannot understand, living thus amongst one another, and going out muffled up as you do, how the breath of scandal can ever touch you.”

“Ah, *Yá Sitti*! it is all the same! Bury thyself, and the worm will bring bad report. When the rain patters on the house-top, do we expect her to come through and wet us? Yet with all care this will sometimes happen. Do we know when the serpent is in the rafters of the ceiling until she drops on the bed?”

I was once invited to contribute to a weekly journal, whose object, doubtless of doing good, was to collect information concerning every race, creed, tongue, mode of life, and condition of woman. This is an admirable safety-valve for all classes at home, where, if there is any grievance, you can hold a committee, and apply knife and fire to the root of the evil. But if you cannot do so, what is the use of talking it over? what is to be gained by lifting up the curtain of the domestic

too efficient for this manœuvre. In fact, I believe that as a rule the men suffer most from legal proceedings. It has been said in England that a woman rarely sues for divorce unless she has ulterior intentions, and the same probably applies here.

theatre? I am writing for my own sex, and especially for my own countrywomen, and yet I leave a thousand things unsaid which would be information, because it would please neither my Eastern friends nor my Western sisters to read a detail of habits so totally different from their own. I do not think that my reasoning will induce El Islâm to adopt monogamy, nor to educate one wife, nor to raise her to companionship with himself—yet this alone would root out many hidden evils. To a great extent the morality of society is marvellous; but it is enforced. It is also an inheritance of families, tribes, races. The large towns, of course, are almost the only tainted places. If intrigue is suspected, the police have the right to enter the house and drag the accused into the street; and although four eye-witnesses are necessary to condemn them, they both know that they will certainly die by the hands of their own relatives. In wilder places, if a girl is unfortunate, the parents, relatives, and all the village, dress her like a bride, and make a feast like a “wake” round the mouth of a deep hole; they throw her into it and return, singing and making merry. The parents have done a meritorious action—the honour of the family is cleared. The man also dies, and there is a Thár, or blood feud, *à perpétuité*. None of these savage acts have taken place in our time, but in the mountain opposite our summer quarter there is one of these deep caves; and we were assured by the villagers that two years before we came one of these horrid feasts took place there in the winter time. A father or brother will beat his daughter or sister for looking round at a man out of doors, even if accidentally or unintentionally. If a man pass a maiden and say “Good-morning,” she must not answer him, unless rudely, to ask how he dare speak to her. Then he says, “That is a good lass, that is the wife for me.” If, on the contrary, she return a civil good-morning, or stop and speak a few words to him, he forms a light opinion of her, and looks for marriage elsewhere. In the villages the youths test girls’ characters by these experiments. But I see Leila is trying to tell us something.

“Listen, Yá Sitti. Let me tell you a curious case of injustice to women—not amongst us, but amongst the Christians of Damascus. You know A—— B——?

“I visit him and his charming little wife. She was then a bride of fifteen days, young and pretty, gorgeously dressed, with about £20,000 of diamonds upon her head and neck, but so badly set that they look of little value, and she rolled from side to side, which I know is very ‘chic’ amongst you. I felt so indignant because she had to present a cup of coffee to her dirty, coarse-looking husband in a very humble attitude, kissing his hand.”

They laughed, and Leila continued : “ Well, Yá Sitti, many years ago he married a nice girl. He unfortunately forgot to invite to the wedding one of his friends who wanted the same maiden. The day after the wedding they met, and his Judas said to him, ‘ So thou didst not ask me to thy wedding. Thou knewest that I was beloved before thee.’ Stung to the quick, the man believed in the taunting lie, and without a question, considering his honour gone, he sent the innocent, unhappy bride back to her father, ruined and disgraced. She is there now, a prematurely-aged and broken-hearted woman. After a long time A—— B——, a Catholic (Latin), married again, another beautiful girl. The priests told him it was a grievous sin, his having put away the first wife without a true cause, and the Catholic Church has no divorce. So they placed him under a bann not to live with the second wife. He dared not break with them, but having no cause to send the second wife home, he kept her in the house for fifteen years like a sister. She could not understand the cause of her offence. She thought he did not love her, so she remained all that time serving him, and doing all she could to win his affections. She covered his house with beautiful tapestry. His splendid divans, cushions, curtains, were all her work. At the end of fifteen years some foolish woman-friend advised her to go to one of these Shaykhs, or magicians, who write papers and make love philtres. She went and said, ‘ Give me something that shall make my husband look upon me with favour.’ He entrusted her with some liquid in a cup, over which he blew, and said some words,—‘ When thy husband comes in to-day, give him this to drink in his sherbet or in his coffee, but be sure that he drinks it out of this very cup, or he will go mad.’ The wife objected. ‘ My husband has an especial cup of silver, and if I give him to drink out of a strange cup he will suspect me.’ ‘ No matter,’ said the Shaykh, ‘ thou must not change the cup.’ She went home, and she gave the drink to him, but put the drink into her husband’s silver cup, and he did go mad.”

This is a true story ; he was very ill for some time with a kind of derangement of the head.

“ When he recovered he turned upon her, saying, ‘ Thou gavest me a drink to make me mad. Thou art a witch, and I hate thee.’ She also was sent back to her father’s house, and is a prematurely-aged woman. Then he passed a long time very unhappily, but in 1869, although already a broken-down, aged man, he again sought a beautiful young wife. This time, to make the union secure, he changed his religion from Catholic to Greek Orthodox. You know the bride then, Yá Sitti ? ”

“Yes, and I think her beautiful; and after all you have told me, which I know to be true, I tremble for her.”

Since this conversation took place, happily for the third young wife, the man has died, so that she who was beauty, meekness, and prudence itself was saved from inevitable scandal. The long martyrdom of the other two is over, though I fear too late to make them happy.

Now they are preparing supper, and you see the huge, flat brass trays perched upon round, small mother-of-pearl stools, and covered and balanced with various dishes. A slave will now bring round a brass jug and platter, with rose water, and a bit of rose-coloured scented soap, and slung over her shoulder a silk and embroidered towel. We wash our fingers, but not like English-women, dipping them in the basin. We only use the water from the ewer, and the moment it has left our fingers it becomes ceremonially impure. All sit round these trays. We shall eat with our fingers, dipping into the dishes with bread, and for liquids they will hand to us mother-of-pearl or wooden spoons. There are plates full of rice, with bits of meat and fat; a kid roasted whole, stuffed with pistachio nuts; *Kibbeh*, or meat, chopped and mixed with Burghol, bruised and boiled wheat; *Mujadarát*, lentils (*Adas*), and rice, or burghol, mixed with a brown sauce, and very tasty; *Kussah*, or *Bádinján*, cucumber or vegetable marrow scraped out and stuffed in sausage form, with chopped meat, herbs, rice, pepper, and salt. The forced meat is called *Máhshi*. *Kubáb*, a dish known to Englishman as Cubobs, is roast meat, fat and lean, sliced, and impaled with onions on a stick, like our cat's-meat, and grilled at the fire with salt and pepper. There are bowls of *Leben*, every sort of fruit and vegetable in season, and piles of sweetmeats. The bread acts the part of plate; of these large, round, flat scones, some are thick, and others are thin as a wafer.

Some time after supper, we will wish good-night; the whole Harim accompanies us to the door, thanking us, and giving us all sorts of nice blessings, such as, “May Allah send you happy dreams,” “We shall hear your voice in our sleep,” “May your night be blessed.”

They will perhaps continue their festivities for another hour. But before we part I must have a word with you. They were very kind, but I am not in the least deceived by their many “Mashallahs.” They listened with exemplary patience to my preaching, they allowed me to have my say, and I know that they drew me out with great tact, and even tenderness. They permitted, and even assisted, me to

enthroned myself upon my high moral pedestal. But woman's nature is much the same all the world over. The moment the door closed upon us, and privacy was restored, our charming hostesses probably indulged in a long titter, and each said to her neighbour—

“Mashallah! my dear! it is very nice to be a man, but don't you think that as women we may perhaps be better as we are?”

That was the query of the young and pretty. Whilst the other category would exclaim—

“Astaghfar' allah! why this is neither man nor woman, nor anything else. Allah preserve us from this manner of pestilence! 'Amin.”

Also, we must qualify that idea that we have in Europe, viz., that there is *no* education in a Harím. Reading and writing are only means, not ends. The object of education is to make us wise, to teach us the right use of life. Our hostesses know everything that is going on around them. The husband, behind the scenes, will often hold a council with his wives. They consult together, and form good and sensible judgments, and advise their husbands even in political difficulties. Can we do more? Of course, you will understand that I am now speaking of the higher classes. When I compare their book-learning with that, for instance, received by girls at home fifteen or twenty years ago, I can remember that the lessons learnt by heart, and painfully engraved upon my memory, have required a toil of *unlearning* and *relearning* since I have mixed with the world. As regards mere accomplishments, some ride, dance, sing, and play, as well in *their* way as we do in ours; some read, some write, and almost all can recite poetry and tales by the hour. The manners of some are soft and charming. The best speak purely and grammatically; slang is as unknown to them as dropped “aitches.” Finally, in the depth and fervour of their religious belief, many of my friends are quite equal to us—in *their* way.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DARWAYSH DANCE—THE GREAT MOSQUE—THE HOUSES OF LISBONA AND ALI BEG—THE JERÍD—BURIAL-GROUNDS—POST-OFFICE—CHURCH AND MONEY MATTERS.

WE must dress in riding habit, and mount our horses, as, this being a feast day, I hear that the Jeríd, which is usually on Sunday, will take place during the afternoon of to-day (Thursday). We will begin by going to see the Dervishes (Darwayshes) dance in their Tekiyeh, or monastery, near the Mosque. We will then visit the interiors of the two handsomest houses in Damascus, and the Great Mosque, Jámi'a el Amawi. Thence we will ride down the Maydán to see the Jeríd, or horsemanship, beyond the town, and on returning, after a gallop through the gardens we will visit the burial-grounds - Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant.

The ceremony we are about to witness is the most imposing and interesting, and at the same time the most bizarre act of devotion I know. We enter a large hall with galleries above, and railed off spaces below, all crowded to suffocation. In the middle is a large clear "space; all the company sit cross-legged on the ground, in the railed-off places, the shoes having been left at the door. The music consists of tomtoms, tambourines, and cymbals, and the reed pipes (Nai), which give out that wailing air in the minor key, apparently half a tone below the true note.

You notice one prayer-carpet to which all present bow and pay respect. The middle is occupied by thirty-eight Dervishes, all dressed in white garments like a night-gown, girdled at the waist, with a stone-coloured felt conical cap, like a flower-pot, and bare feet. The chief has the addition of a green cloak. As he enters with dignity and stands upon the mat, the Dervishes perform a procession round him three times in a curious step. Every time they pass him in rotation, each kisses his breast, and the chief in return kisses the nape of his "Muríd," or disciple's, neck. Then suddenly the figurants twirl off with stiffly-extended arms like a windmill, and keep up this teetotum spinning movement for about ten minutes. The same is repeated

three times, with interludes of prayer. A few turn with hands crossed on the breast; others rest their heads gracefully upon one extended arm. They spin faster and faster, never bump one against another, though they appear to be wrapped in ecstatic devotion; they never seem out of breath, nor giddy, and can stop in an instant. The ceremony occupies about an hour, and begins after twelve o'clock. I leave you to imagine the state of the Mosque. A London "crush" in a small house is the perfection of ventilation by comparison.

Now we will thank them for having allowed us to be present. We will leave a trifle for the poor, and ride to the entrance of the Great Mosque, Jāmi'a el Amawi, near the shoemakers' bazar. Here we will dismount, take off our boots, and put on our lemon-coloured slippers. They will not scowl at us, because they see our slippers, and they also know that we shall be as respectful as if we were in our own church. They know the uniform of the English Kawwāses, they are aware that I am Haji Abdullah's Harīm, and last, but not least, they expect that a pound, or perhaps two, will be given when we go out. They will, on the contrary, perhaps crowd round us a little to show us everything, but that will not matter. The building is 163 yards in length, and 108 wide. In its days of Pagan magnificence it is said to have covered a space of 600 square yards, and the broken columns are distinctly traced *in situ* through the present network of bazars and streets. This superb edifice has alternately served the Pagans for Temple, the Christians for Cathedral, and the Moslems for Mosque; like Damascus, it has been independent—it has been taken by Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, and Turks. The ceiling is of painted beams and small coloured laths interlaced, to form Arabesques; below these again are painted rafters. The floor is of fine marble-like limestone, covered with mats and prayer-carpets. Once it was all tessellated stones, of which patches here and there remain. There are large chandeliers from one end to the other; the aisles are divided from the nave by two rows of tall columns with Corinthian capitals. In the middle is a domed transept, supported by four square piers, also with Corinthian capitals gilt for greater honour. The whole of the face opposite the court is composed of doors, and arches, and windows of delicately-carved wood; they give the idea of having been put there to replace some magnificent façade destroyed in war or rapine. At the further end is a *grille*, evidently intended for nuns to hear mass behind the High Altar, where the great Shaykhs now retire to pray. On the side opposite the carved wooden windows, Mihrābs, or niches, where the Imāms, or leaders of prayer, stand,

break the wall at every ten yards. They are beautifully tessellated, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl and stones of every colour ; some are supported by small Byzantine columns, and all are handsomely carpeted. On each side is a huge candle, like our Pascal, inscribed with Arabic characters. Large parchment scrolls containing part of the Korán are attached to them. Three brass lamps, two plain and one ornamented, hang in front of them like huge vases.

The most striking object is the Mausoleum. It is a kind of glass and gold cage, the size of a small cottage, with a gilt and barred door ; its green dome is surmounted by a crescent. It is surrounded by four candles, also like young trees, two green banners droop from each side of the entrance, and they are surmounted by a thin round piece of brass like small plates, with Koranic inscriptions. All around are small coloured lamps, which are lit for afternoon prayers, and for two hours extra on festivals. Inside stands a tomb, covered with green silk, on which are Koranic texts in gold ; an outer pall of black velvet, with a golden square in the middle, contains the following inscription :—

“ May God protect us and give us power through the intercession of his prophet Yahyá (John the Baptist).”

It is said that a little vault underneath contains a casket on which is written, “ This casket contains the head of John (the Baptist) son of Zachariah,” and that the head is still kept there to be honoured by the Moslems, and the few strangers admitted. I have a right to feel sceptical about the head, because I have already seen three. The real head would be buried with the body, in or about Machœira ; at least, so say Eastern scholars.

The tomb is hung over with lamps and ostrich eggs. These latter are the chief ornament of all holy places, and are supposed to bring good fortune ; doubtless the Mosque borrowed the practice from the Greek Christians. Opposite the tomb is a kind of marble temple, tent-shaped and railed in, for the Shaykhs.

The four piers which support the dome are covered with Koranic inscriptions and ancient Arabic carvings ; and the cupola has a gallery and balustrade like those of St. Paul's. Near the door leading to the court, a place like a summer-house with a divan is used by the Muezzins, when they call to prayer inside the Mosque ; from this *Dakkeh* also the Shaykhs announce their decrees to the people. Two small fountains of white marble, which are very attractive, stand at each side of this entrance to the court. They are for ablution before prayers.

They have red and yellow domes—the gold and green leaves, the inscriptions, and the marble fringes are inlaid alternately with white and black stone; they are adorned with large green and gold sun rays, and the remnants of the old decorations are truly magnificent. One might sit and weep at all this by-gone splendour, destroyed by the fury of war and civil dissensions. Large patches of wall show gold grounds, picked out with green and black, representing palm-trees, fruit, houses, and scrolls; many of the capitals are also covered with tessellated gold work. The bits of mosaic ceiling are like a beautiful carpet, or the border of a Cashmere shawl.

Three windows of delicately-carved wood, whose interstices are filled not with stained glass but crystal, have a very beautiful effect. There is a curiously coloured and variegated Mambar, or pulpit, carved and made of various coloured stones, in pepper-caster shape; a flight of stairs lead up to it.

Let us now pass into the large paved court adjoining the Mosque. In the middle is a *jet d'eau* under a marble dome. At the end of the court is a short, squat dome, supported on columns, which they tell us has been shut up for three hundred years; it is, I know, opened about once in five years, and contains only shreds of manuscripts, common as well as rare. They prime me as usual with highly imaginative stories about the sacred and mysterious books here deposited by some great prophet. I ask them if it is not a pity to hide such a treasure, which would instruct and interest the world; they reply that it is so, but that it would be sinful to disturb what the Man of Allah had commanded to be kept hid.

Another similar construction at the opposite end of the Sahn, or court, contains a bell-shaped affair; if you look in you will see a comfortable summer-house, with three sofas and two clocks. It is the usual Kubbet es Sa'at (dome of the clocks) common to all cathedral Mosques—my husband found it in the Mecca temple. The bars of the windows are covered with little rags. They tell us that those who suffer from headache tie a little rag on these irons, with great relief to the peccant part.

You see there are three minarets—El Arús (the bride) is the most ancient; that of Isa (Jesus), where Christians say that Jesus will descend to judge the world, is the tallest; and El Gharbíyyeh, or the western, is the most beautiful. We will ascend the Arús, and look out upon the scene. Instead of scolding us, as they would have done a few years ago, they give us seats, they hold our books, and call to prayer in our presence; they explain everything that needs explana-

tion. Is not the view beautiful? Outside this court was the tomb of some prophet; it must have been domed, but the top has fallen off, leaving what looks like a huge, fallen oven chimney.

We will now descend into the court, and go to the south-eastern end by Báb Jayrún. You remember my telling you that Ad, great-great-grandson of Noah, built two castles in honour of, and named them after, his two sons, Jayrún and Baríd; these are the two gates of the Temple, which in Roman days probably communicated with the forum. Near Jayrún a few rooms are barred off for sacred purposes. The first is like an ordinary saloon matted over, the second has a glass case, cage, or partition, with a gilded carpet, where a Shaykh may come to pray. The real shrine is in another little room, which we shall now visit. Our Kawwáses touch an urn, and then kiss their finger tips; in it, they believe, are buried Hasan and Husayn, two sons of Ali and Fatima, daughter of Mohammed, by his wife Khadijah; one was poisoned, and the other was killed. Hasan was poisoned by one of his wives, A.D. 669, a treachery instigated by Yezíd, son of Mu'awiyah, who claimed the Caliphate, and afterwards slew Husayn at the fatal field of Kerbela. The descendants of Hasan are Sayyids, a priestly race. The posterity of Husayn are Sherífs and fighting men. This room also contains a fine carpet, a box enclosing a copy of the Korán, many ostrich eggs, inscriptions, and a print, one of the Ka'aba at Mecca. Moslems are strictly forbidden by Allah's law to curse (la'an) any fellow creature; an exception is made in dishonour of Yezíd, but the Doctors add, "Ala'an Yezíd, wa lá tezíd" ("Curse Yezíd, but don't exceed"). Of course, this applies only to Sunnis; Shiahs abominate and anathematize the whole race of Caliphs, from Abú Bekr downwards, as unholy usurpers, tyrants, and murderers. Outside is a stone, where we are shown the impression of the feet of Mohammed's camel; they are just what would be left in soft mud. A marble column close to us bears a Greek inscription, and a yard or two from it are enormous brass gates, about a foot thick, sixty feet high, and very broad, belonging to the Báb Jayrún. They have chalices for their centre-pieces, indicating what they once were. On the gate is an Arabic inscription, covering a square brass plate, of far later date. This is much brighter than all the rest, for all who have fevers lick it, and are made whole. These gates open on to a fountain, and the gold and silver bazars. You remember our going up to the roof to see the Christian inscription; and also to the top of the book bazar, to prospect a remnant of the magnificent arch forming the ancient gateway.

Now we will ride to the Jewish quarter, and visit Khawaja Lisbona, one of the wealthiest of his wealthy faith; he has the most beautiful house, save one, in Damascus. We shall be received with the greatest hospitality—the whole family will be equally pleased to see us. You will again remark the mean doorways, the narrow, winding passage, perhaps a stable-yard, which precede riches and beauty. Lisbona affects less of this contrast, yet even in his establishment a mean entrance is a shabby outer court, and a second poor doorway masks the beauty which flashes upon the stranger. The house is in the form of a square, and appears to be all as richly ornamented. A beautiful paved court stands before us, with large marble fountains and their gold-fish, orange and lemon trees, jessamine and other perfumed shrubs, springing from a tessellated pavement, and kept moist by two or three little *jets d'eau*. Flowering creepers and shrubs are trained about the lattice-work, shedding shade and sweets. The apartments open into the court. The Ka'ah, or open alcove, with raised floor and open front, looks on the court; the stone pavement and raised *daïs* are covered with velvet and gold cushions on three sides. The walls are a mass of mosaics in gold, ebony, and mother-of-pearl, with tiny marble columns and many *alto-relievos*. The reception-room inside is similar, but richer; we shall all sit round a beautiful white marble fountain, whose bubbling is most refreshing in the parched weather.

Khawaja Ambar, another Jew, is also building a palace, but it is in more modern style, and therefore less pleasing to me. The fashionable luxury is rich, but too rich; Lisbona's is tasteful as well as old. However, no one can find fault with Khawaja Ambar's idea of comfort. He has attached to his house a private synagogue and Turkish bath, and he is buying up all the old tenements around him to spread his establishment over as much ground as he can; unhappily, he is also burning their carved wood and ancient ornaments, in which he sees no grace and beauty, and laughs at me for my heartache.

We will now inspect Ali Beg's house, which is, *par excellence*, the grandest in Damascus. There is no concealment in this case. It has a noble exterior, with a vaulted arch, and a winding entrance which seems to bid defiance to its enemies. I could fancy the tramp of Saláh ed Din's cavalry passing through it, or a noisy party returning from one of Harún el Rashid's nocturnal escapades. You can count seven courts. The outer *patis* contains the Salám-lik, or reception-room, of the master, approached by a winding passage, to avoid the possibility of strangers or servants seeing into that region of privacy;

the last, which is the grandest, belongs to the Harím. This is the most highly ornamented; it is, I would persuade myself, rather a pretty idea, like keeping a bird in a gilded cage, to sing when one wants to be amused. The plan is the same throughout all the houses, but, of course, there is an infinite variety of detail.

Now we are in the court, famous for its immensity; the house, in the form of an oblong square, stands around it, and contains, they say, 300 rooms. It belongs to two brothers; and it seems to me as if several different families, all related to the owners—perhaps their mother and sisters, their aunts, and their wives, their cousins, and all their children—live together. We will not ask to see all over the house, which might be considered uncereemonious, but we will visit the chief wife. The children, strange enough, have all yellow hair and blue eyes, like Englanders. They will allow us to walk about the court, and there is one beautiful room which we must not miss. Their father, or grandfather, was a rich man, who loved luxury and refinement, with regal ideas. His Líwán (reception-hall) is shaped, as usual, like three rooms thrown into one; the middle, somewhat lower, after the old fashion, than the other two, is paved with marble, and a fountain plays in the centre. All three are carpeted and furnished on three sides with low divans and cushions of embroidered satin, velvet, and gold. The walls are inlaid, wainscoted, carved, and gilt; the ceilings are formed of painted rafters, and laths in arabesque. This Líwán has not its equal in Damascus. The fountain is composed of grotesque figures, cut in black and coloured marble. The windows are delicately carved, and full of the choicest old stained glass, every one a design—a palm-leaf or a rose. Look at the medallions on the walls, of white marble with a rim of black stone, and an outer circle of gold. Admire the beautiful colours, how rich and how blending; the prodigies of carved work in ivory, ebony, mother-of-pearl, and choicest *pietra dura* and marqueterie. The residence is that of dreamland. Nothing can convey to the English mind a really good Damascus Líwán, or reception-room, and this one especially, except the Alhambra at the Sydenham Palace, and that seems modern and small and tawdry in comparison with the ancient Damascus palaces. The master of the one I am describing does not know it is beautiful; he cares nothing for it, and it is dropping to pieces with decay. The stones of the courtyard are rooted up, and grass grows between them. I asked him why he did not repair his palace, and he shrugged his shoulders, and replied with a question, "What matter?" I have seen the children

chipping off the gold and marble for amusement. It is said that they have lost their fortune, and that though they live here they cannot afford to keep this remnant of ancient glory from "rack and ruin." Yet even in decay it is a *beau idéal*, realizing all we have heard concerning the marble palaces of Damascus.

We will now ride out to the Jerid-ground, which is about three-quarters of an hour out of town. Our way lies down the Maydán, and out of the Bawwabát Allah. An open space near a water-mill on the banks of the Barada has been chosen for the "sport." The Gate of Allah is very gay to-day, on account of the feast; the men are going out dressed in their best, and crowds of women are already sitting by every stream: we hear the hum of their chatter from afar. As you can tell by their gaudy trappings, the horsemen are on the same errand as ourselves. They have, in point of fact, besides feasts, three Sundays a week: Friday for the Moslems, Saturday for the Jews, and Sunday for the Christians. To-day, however, the feast and the Jerid make every one gay and idle.

The best horsemen now form in two opposite lines. They have little sticks like javelins, but not pointed. One rides out to challenge the other side, feinting to throw his Jerid; the other accepts and rides after him, throwing it, if occasion offers, at the antagonist, who stoops to avoid the missile. They ride at full speed for a hundred yards, hang down by one stirrup at the side, looking behind to avoid the blow, and suddenly wheel round, guiding their horses by pressure of the knee. The action is exaggerated, yet I wish that we used more of it and less of the whip and spur in England. Some men lose their temper, and then there is real fighting. It is possible to wound the horse, and to kill the horseman, but this would be held unpardonable on the play-ground. Sometimes they are hard hit, but all have a good idea of fair play. If a man has an unfair advantage, or comes too close to his adversary, he will not throw. The horses understand their business as well as the men, and I believe they enjoy it; but it is hard work, and two or three hours send them away as hot and tired as if they had run a steeple-chase. I often bring my horses down here when I cannot exercise them enough; two of the best Jerid men give them half an hour, and I ride them quietly home. No Sais can be trusted to exercise them in the morning, like an English groom; they are sure to bring back the animals lame, back sore, or otherwise damaged. Two English cousins of mine, however, did not appear to be much struck with the beauty of the Jerid which I took them to see. I heard one say to another, "I say, George, shall we mount our

donkeys and shy our umbrellas at each other?" Yet they would have joined in a bout of Polo with a will. But then Polo is the fashion, the Jerid is not.

We will now ride home by another road, taking on our way the Burial-Grounds, which are about a quarter of a mile from Báb Sharki, or the eastern gate. We will say a prayer for, and water the flowers on the grave of, poor Countess Harley Teleki. It is a very desolate spot, and the dusk is coming on fast. But Serur Agha is coming to speak to us. He is second in command of the police. He tells me to ride home, as it is too late for us to be here. I have asked him for another half-hour, to be on the look-out for us, and to let us in at Báb Sharki. That mound of dirt raised like a platform is our Catholic cemetery; it consists of a pile of broken stones and open caves, at the side of the highway. The wild dogs crawl into these hollows at night, and mangle the bodies. After the gates are closed, and it is dusk, the bad characters of Damascus and its environs assemble here, and descend through the apertures to rifle the grave-clothes, or perchance a ring or a crucifix buried with the dead. My husband has promised, if I die here, to bury me on the roots of the mountain behind our house, like the Moslems and Kurds. Some years ago, a young man was buried as is usual; shortly after his supposed death, some people passing by at night heard cries arising from these caves, and ran to the town in terror. Easterns, who are superstitious in the dark, thought the cries came from Jinns, or Ghúls, and nobody dared to come till the next morning. The poor youth had rolled out of his coffin, and was lying on his face, dead.

The late French Consul-General, Baron Rousseau, a clever, gentlemanly man, fitted in every way for Syria, one of those whose death makes one ask, "Why does Providence take that good man from us, and leave so many to work evil?" raised a subscription to make us a decent cemetery, putting down his own share for 3000 francs. He even went round himself to ask for aid. All the Europeans, even the Protestants, contributed liberally; but the native Christians seemingly had no objection to feed the dogs, or become sport for vagabonds, so long as they kept their piastres in their pockets; thus the project fell to the ground. I have since tried to carry out what he commenced, and failed.

The Jews' Cemetery is yonder, like ours, on the side of the highway, and nothing but a big stone on each grave distinguishes the spot where a man lies buried from the rest of the plain. But they at least put their dead under ground, so that they cannot be profaned. The

best of the three is the Protestant English Cemetery, a square walled around. It is dreary and sad, but decent. I have borrowed the key. Notice how fast fever and dysentery fill these graves with English. Poor Mrs. Rogers, my predecessor, died of cholera, and there is her tomb. She is said to have remarked, "If cholera reaches Damascus, I shall be the first victim." And so it happened. At the further end lies poor Buckle. He came here to travel, and he died of fever, in May, 1862. How many dinner tables in London have I seen him enliven by his brilliant conversation. I remember one in particular, at Lord H——'s, in the season of 1861. We were twenty-five at dinner, and all, save myself, were distinguished for some exploit or literary work. Buckle was the life of the party, and he transfixed me by saying, "Paul! Paul of Tarsus! a ve-ry much ov-er-ra-ted man!" How little he thought that soon he would be buried in the city where St. Paul was converted. How little I thought that a few years later I should stand here by his grave.

That new marble grave next to Buckle's is that of the Countess Harley Teleki. She was a very handsome woman, apparently about thirty years of age, exceedingly clever, but eccentric. An only child, she proposed to her widowed mother to make an excursion up the Nile, and to Syria. They were accompanied by two collegians, a friend and a relative. Her fate had been a sad one, but of that I need not speak. On this journey she was attacked by the usual Syrian pest, and instead of delaying a day or two to take care of herself, she persisted in riding to the journey's end. Her state was suspected by their Dragoman, Paolo Sapienza, a Maltese—a most estimable man, who had studied medicine in his younger days.* His conduct throughout deserves the greatest praise. The friend who was travelling with them, Mr. H. L——, rode off at once, for three days, never stopping on the road until he arrived, to procure a litter and a medical man from Damascus. It was not easy to arrange these matters, and she arrived here with Sapienza just as they were setting out to meet her. Poor Madame Teleki was conveyed to the hotel, and our Doctor Nicora attended her. I instantly went down, and, apologizing for my intrusion, begged leave to nurse her, at least till the arrival of her mother, who was coming on slowly with the young relative. She willingly accepted my offer, but she only lived six days, and, to our great relief, her mother and the rest of the party arrived on the fourth day. I have no right to detail the last illness, or private affairs of friends or ac-

* I see by a late paper that he also has passed away to his reward. He was a good man.

quaintance, but it can do no harm to tell you that she made a most beautiful and holy end. Her last words were the noblest and most unselfish that could be uttered by a deserted wife, and she said, as her head sank on the pillow, "Don't disturb me! How I wish that you were all as happy as I am!" When her desk was opened, there was found in it a letter written to her mother before they started on their tour. It appeared that she had been reading Buckle's "Civilization," after his death, which had much excited her, and she said, "If I were to die in Damascus, I should like to be buried by Buckle." Strange presentiment! So we fulfilled her request—the vacant space seemed as if fate had kept it for her. We covered her coffin with the Union Jack, and, although of different persuasions, we all united in prayer over her remains. My husband, accompanied by the Missionaries, the Dragomans, Kawwáses, and all the English, with the two young men as chief mourners, formed a procession, and she was carried to the grave, whilst I remained to take care of the poor mother.

I begin to see some figures peering about, and one imitated the owl three times, and was answered from the Jewish burial-ground. Let us push as fast as we can to Báb Sharki. I dare say Serur Agha is fidgety about us, and the human jackals are probably only waiting to know if he has closed the gate. Once there we are safe; but keep in the walking tracks, and do not cross the sand. You cannot see the caves in the dark.

Here we are, exactly in twenty minutes, and the old officer of police, shaking his head, lets us in at the gate. He evidently thinks that we shall do this once too often. I am sure you are dreadfully tired. You have had hard work. But to-night you may sleep with the satisfactory thought that you have seen everything in or about Damascus, except the Sházelis. I must not forget that you are anxious about our post-office, our church, our money matters, and other things not generally known. On this side of the Lebanon, only a fortnight from home, we feel at least 10,000 miles from England, much farther than we did in Brazil, where, in the interior, or in out-of-the-way parts, we were six weeks' distance.

With regard to the church, I will take care that you are at the Irish Presbyterian at eleven o'clock, or at three in the afternoon, on Sunday—or both, if you will. You will hear an excellent sermon. Our letters are carried by a special messenger to Beyrout once a fortnight. He brings up the mail from England. As soon as he reaches the Consulate, the correspondence for Baghdad is sorted, sealed up in bags,

and despatched by our faithful Jewish post-master, Smúhá, with a camel-courier across the Desert; he reaches his destination in a fortnight, and he brings back the Baghdad mail in time to catch the Beyrout steamer. There are perpetual steamers from Beyrout to Alexandria, three days' sail, but hence you must, except for Constantinople, find another ship to every other part of the world. The lines that sail three times a month are the French Messageries, the Austrian Lloyd's, and the Egyptian steamers; these run regularly, not counting chance vessels. The Austrian Lloyd's arrive at Beyrout from Alexandria on alternate Mondays, and leave Beyrout for Alexandria every following Thursday night or Friday morning. The Russian steamers sail from Alexandria every second Saturday, and reach Beyrout the following Tuesday morning. They leave Beyrout again for Alexandria the following Saturday evening. Only one steamer goes straight to England, and that is the Pappayanni line, which plies between Beyrout and Liverpool, making a round of twenty-six days. I have heard that they are very comfortable, and I know that they are most civil, obliging, and trustworthy. There are no banks in Damascus; it is deemed unsafe. You must have a Bank Post-Bill made out in your name upon the Imperial Ottoman Bank in Beyrout. You can cash it here in napoleons through the Jewish money-lenders, Ishak Tobi, or Elias, at the small loss of 5 per cent. The money is the worst of all our troubles. There are not less than twenty-five different coins of all nations, some differing only a quarter of a piastre (one halfpenny) from one another, and looking exactly alike. To make a mistake with a native of the poorer classes of a quarter of a piastre in your own favour, would secure his or her everlasting dislike and suspicion, even if the wronged one had been with you and loved you for years, during which time you had heaped favours without end upon his or her head.

Here we are again at Salihíyyah. All the people are out on their housetops. Why are they howling, firing guns, and clapping fire-irons and 'sticks, cymbals and tomtoms, and beating tin pots with spoons? Does it not look like Bedlam broke loose? I am laughing at your astonishment, and at what you must think of us. No! it is not a "wake," nor a marriage, nor a religious ceremony, nor a mutiny, nor a massacre. If I make you guess till you guess rightly we shall stay out all night. There is an eclipse of the moon. They know enough of the elements and the solar system to know when there is anything amiss with nature, but not to know why. So when they

see only a wee bit of the moon at a time when they ought to see the whole of it, they think a big animal is eating it, and that that little morsel is hanging out of its mouth. Therefore, if they can make noise enough to frighten the wolf, bear, or panther away, it may in its fright drop the "Kamar," or moon. They have helped the moon and the sun many times in this way, and have always succeeded—at last.

CHAPTER XIII.

REVIVAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

You have asked me to take you to see some of the Sházelis, but before we go I should like you to read an account of their history and sorrows, which has been drawn up by two well-known writers in Syria. One is dead, and the other has made me a present of it, requesting me to embody the facts in my book, the only object being publicity, which, as a pamphlet, it cannot expect. I prefer to show it as it was written. I was in Syria, and living on the spot, during the whole of the events, and know all the people well, and having conversed with them freely on the subject I can vouch for the truth of every word. When you have read it, I am convinced you will agree with me that it is one of the most wonderful signs of the nineteenth century. You shall see all the actors concerned in it. You shall even see the chains mentioned in the story, and through an interpreter you can ask any questions you please. I should like you to cross-examine them, and then tell me what you think of the events they relate.

“Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.”—Job xix. 21.

CHRISTIANITY was born and grew in Syria. She gave the light of the Gospel to the world. The grace of God has returned to Syria.

The heading of these pages will not a little surprise many but not all of my readers, who may be divided into two classes—those who are familiar with prophecy, and those who are not. The former will expect, the others will not expect, to hear that Christianity has revived spontaneously, unaided by missionaries, catechists, or Consuls, in this fanatical Moslem land, especially in Damascus, the “Gate of the Holy City,” the ancient Capital of the Caliphs, where, even now, Christian representatives of great Powers are not allowed to fly their flags. But the movement has taken place: it grows every year; its consequences are difficult to see, impossible to calculate. The conversion of these Mohammedans has at last begun, without England sending out, as is her custom, shiploads of Bibles, or spending one fraction upon the cause; and in this great work so glorious to Christianity, England, if old traditions are about to be verified, is to have a large share. She must decide whether the Revival of Christianity, in the

land which gave it birth, shall spread its goodly growth far and wide, or whether it shall be cut down by the hand of the destroyer.

The first step in this movement, taken as far back as 1868, was heralded by signs, and tokens, and graces, which partake of the miracle and of the revelation. And here, at the beginning, I may remind my readers that the Lord has a mighty arm—“*brachium Domini non est abbreviatum*”—and that in this same city of Damascus, the terrible persecutor, Saul of Tarsus, became St. Paul, not by reading, nor by conversations with Christians, but by the direct interposition of Jesus Christ. The visions and revelations which I am about to record rest upon the same solid basis as Christianity itself—that is to say, upon the unanimous testimony borne to them by sincere and devout men, who have no purpose to serve, and who have risked their all in this world without any possible object but to testify to mankind the truths revealed to them. We need not delay to consider whether the graces and tokens which have been vouchsafed are natural, preternatural, or supernatural, objective or subjective. Suffice it for us that they have been submitted to crucial tests, and that even this philosophic and incredulous age cannot deny that they have taken place.

About four years ago a small body of Moslems who inhabit the Maydán, or southern suburb of Damascus, had been initiated into the Sházeli Order of Dervishes by one Abd el Karím Matar, of Darayyá, whose touching end will presently be recounted. This man, a mere peasant, left his wife, his family, and his relations in his native village, in order to become Shaykh of the Dervishes, and he hired a house in the Súk-khaneh Quarter of the Suburb. It is bisected by the long street through which the annual Hajj-caravan passes out *en route* to Mecca, and its inhabitants, with those of the Shaghur Quarter, are held to be the most bigoted and fanatical of their kind. Through the influence of the Sházelis, however, not a Christian life was lost in their street during the dreadful massacre of 1860; many, indeed, were hidden by the people in their houses, and were sent privily away without the walls after the three days of bloodshed had passed. Our Lord, who promises to remember even the cup of cold water given in His name, did not, as will presently appear, forget these acts of mercy to the terrified Christians.

I am going to assume that all my readers are not perfectly *au courant* of the many subdivisions of the influential and wide-spread religion—El Islám.

The order of the Sházeli Dervishes was founded by Abd el Husayn Sházeli, who died in Mecca in A.H. 656 (A.D. 1258). They are not, therefore, one of the twelve originally instituted, and for that reason they are rarely noticed by writers upon Eastern Spiritualism (for instance, “The Dervishes,” by John P. Brown. London: Trübner. 1868). They obtained fame, however, by introducing to the world coffee, so called from the Abyssinian province of Kafa. The use of coffee in Yemen, its origin and first introduction into that country, are due to the learned Ali Sházeli Abu Omar, one of the disciples of the learned doctor Nasr ud Din, who is regarded as one of the Chiefs, and whose worth attests the high degree of spirituality to which they had attained (“First Footsteps in East Africa,” p. 78. London: Longmans. 1856).

The Sházelis are Sufis or Mystics, esoterics from El Islám, who have attempted to spiritualize its material portions. This order, like all others, admits of two

main divisions, the Sharai or orthodox, and the Ghayr-Sharai, who have greatly departed from the doctrines of El Islám.

The vital tenets of the heterodox are—

1. God alone exists. He is in all things, and all things are in Him—evidently mere pantheism.

2. All things visible and invisible are an emanation from Him, and are not really distinct from Him—this is the Eastern origin of the classical European "*divinæ particula auræ*."

3. Heaven and hell, and all the dogmas of positive faiths, are allegories, whose esoteric meaning is known only to the Sufi.

4. Religions are a matter of indifference; that, however, is the best which serves as a means of reaching true knowledge, such as El Islám, whose philosophy is Tasawwuf (Sufi-ism).

5. There is no real distinction between good and evil, for all things are one, and God fixes the will of man, whose actions therefore are not free.

6. The soul existed before the body, and is confined in it as a bird in a cage. Death therefore is desirable to the Sufi, whose spirit returns to the Deity whence it emanated. Evidently the "Anupadishesha Nirvana" of the Hindu, absolute individual annihilation.

7. The principal duty of the Sufi is meditation on the unity, which advances him progressively to spiritual perfection, and which enables him to "die in God."

8. Without "Fayz Ullah" (Grace of God) this spiritual unity cannot be attained; but God favours those who fervently desire such unification.

The general belief in these tenets has given the Sházelis Order a doubtful name amongst the multitude, who consider it to profess, like the "Babis" of Persia, opinions of a subversive and anti-Islamitic nature. The orthodox portion, however, is not blamed, and at Damascus one of its members is a conscientiously religious Moslem, the Sayyid Abd el Kadir, of Algerian fame, whose name is still so well known in Europe, and who is beloved and respected by all. The Syrian Sházelis are distinguished by white robes and white skull-caps and turbans, of which they allow the inner flap to protrude a little from the folds behind the ears.

Abd el Karím Matar and his acolytes used to meet for private worship at his house in the Maydán suburb, and they spent nights and days in praying for enlightenment at the Throne of Grace. Their numbers varied from sixty to seventy, and even more. Presently, after persevering in this new path, some of them began to be agitated by doubts and disbelief; the religion did not satisfy them, they anxiously sought for a better. They became uncertain, disquieted, undetermined, yet unable, for fear of being betrayed, to declare even one to another the thought which tormented them. Two years had been spent in this anxious, unhappy state, each thinking himself the only one thus subject to the tortures of conscience.

At length they were assured by a vision that it was the religion of Christ which they were seeking. Yet such was their dread of treachery that none could trust his secret with his neighbour till they had sounded one another, and had found that the same idea was uppermost in every mind. Presently about forty

of them, headed by Abd el Karim Matar, met for their usual night prayers ; after prolonged devotional acts, all fell asleep, and Our Lord was pleased to appear to all of them separately. They awoke simultaneously, and one, taking courage, recounted his vision to the others, when each responded, "I also saw Him !" Christ had so consoled, comforted, and exhorted them to follow His faith, and they were so filled with a joy they had never known, that they were hardly dissuaded from running about the streets to proclaim that Christ is God ; but they were admonished that they would only be slaughtered, and rob the city of all hope of entering the same Fold.

They wanted a Guide, Director, and Friend who could assist their tottering steps in the new way which they were now treading, and they heartily prayed that God would be pleased mercifully to provide them with the object of their desire. One night, after again meeting, as before, for acts of devotion, sleep overcame them, and they saw themselves in a Christian church, where an old man with a long white beard, dressed in a coarse brown serge garment, and holding a lighted taper, glided before them, and smiling benignantly never ceased to cry, "Let those who want the Truth follow me."

On awaking, each told his dream to his brother Dervish, and they agreed to occupy themselves in seeking the person who had appeared to them. They searched in vain through the city and its environs for a period of three months, during which they continued to pray. One day, it so happened that one of the new converts, H—— K——, now at J——, entered by chance the Monastery of the R.R. Fathers of the Terra Santa, near Báb Túma, the north-eastern part of Damascus. This is an establishment of Spanish Franciscans, who enjoy French protection by virtue of a Papal Bull and of immemorial usage. What was his astonishment to see in the Superior, Fray Emanuel Förner, the personage who had appeared to him in his dream ! This saintly man, Latin Curé and Franciscan of the Terra Santa, approached and asked the Moslem what he was seeking. The neophyte replied by simply telling his tale and that of his comrades, and then ran speedily to inform the others, who flocked next day to the monastery. The poor Padre was greatly perplexed. He reflected that visions do not happen every day. He feared some political intrigue, of which Damascus is a focus ; he doubted the sincerity of his Moslem friends, and he dreaded to cause for the sake of "the forty" another massacre like that of 1860. On the other hand, he feared still more to lose forty sincere souls by refusing to them baptism. However, concealing his agitation, he received them with touching kindness, he gave them books which taught them all the Christian doctrine, and he instructed them how to meet in prayer for mutual comfort and support. Lastly, he distributed to each a crucifix, the symbol of their new faith. This event took place in the early spring of 1870. Fray Emanuel remained for about four months in this state of dilemma, praying to know the will of God, and he was duly admonished as to what he should do. Having performed his task on earth, he fell asleep quietly one day about three months afterwards. Some said the death was caused by climate ; and many of his most intimate friends, living a few hours from the convent, did not hear of it till late in November, 1870, so quiet was the event kept.

The converts, now numbering some 250, held regular prayer-meetings in one

another's houses, and these could not fail to attract the notice of the neighbouring Moslems. Later still a crucifix or two was seen, and suspicion ripened into certainty. The local authorities were at once informed of what had happened. The Ulemá (learned men), who in El Islám represent the Christian priesthood, were in consternation. They held several sessions at the house of Shaykh Dabyan, a noted fanatic living in the Maydán. At length a general meeting took place in the town-house of the Algerine Amir, Abd el Kadir, who has ever been held one of the "Defenders of the Faith" at Damascus.

The assembly consisted of the following Ulemá:—

1. Shaykh Riza Effendi el Ghazzi.
2. Abdullah el Halabi.
3. Shaykh el Tantawi.
4. Shaykh el Khani.
5. Shaykh Abdu Razzak (el Baytar), and his brother
6. Shaykh Mohammed el Baytar.
7. Shaykh Salim Samára.
8. Shaykh Abd el Ghani el Maydání.
9. Shaykh Ali ibn Saati.
10. Said Effendi Ustuwaneh (the Naib el Kazi or Assistant-judge in the Criminal Court of the Department at Damascus), and other intimates of the Amir.

Riza Effendi, now dead, was a determined persecutor of the Nazarene, and Abdullah el Halabi, also deceased, had pronounced in 1860 the *Fatwa* or religious decree for the massacre of the Christian community, and had been temporarily banished. These specimens will suffice. Still, let us be just to the president of this assembly. He was carrying out a religious duty in sitting in judgment upon renegades from his faith, and he was acting in accordance with his conscience.

The assembly, after a long discussion, pronounced the sentence of death upon the converts. The only exceptions were the Amir Abd el Kadir and the Shaykh Abd el Ghani el Maydání, who declared that "a live man is always better than a dead man." The Shaykhs Tantawi and El Khani declared that "to kill such perverts was an act more acceptable to Allah than the Friday prayer."

If there be one idea more strongly fixed than any other in Moslem brain, it is this—the renegade from El Islám shall surely die. His death must be compassed by all or any means, fair or foul: perjury and assassination are good deeds when devoted to such an end. The Firman of February 12th, 1856, guaranteed, it is true, life and liberty to *all* converts; it was, in fact, a perfect system of religious toleration on paper. But it was never intended to be carried out, and the local Turkish authorities throughout the empire have, doubtless acting under superior instruction, ignored it as much as possible.

The usual practice in the Turkish dominions when a convert is to be convicted, opens with a preliminary imprisonment, either on pretence of "counseling" him, or upon some false charge. The criminal tribunal then meets; witnesses are suborned; the defence is not listened to; a "*Mazbatah*," or sentence, is drawn out, and the victim is either drafted off into the Nizam (regular troops), or sent to the galleys, or transported to some distant spot.

The assembly, however, not daring to carry out the sentence of death, determined that the perverts must be exiled, and that their houses and their goods must be destroyed or confiscated. A secret Majlis was convened without the knowledge of the Christian members of the tribunal, and this illegal junto despatched, during the night, a squadron of cavalry and a regiment of infantry, supported by a strong force of police, to occupy the streets of the Maydán. Some fifty Sházelis were known to have met for prayer at the house of one Abú Abbas. At four o'clock Turkish time (10 p.m.), they rose to return home. Many of them passed amongst the soldiery without being alarmed, and whilst so doing fourteen were separately arrested and carried to the Karakuns (guard-houses) known as El Ká'ah, and the Sunnaniyyah. Here they were searched by the soldiery, and made to give up their crucifixes. They were then transferred, some to the so-called Great Prison in the Serai or Government House, others to the Karakun jail in the Government Square, and others to the debtors' jail, then at the Maristan, or mad-house, now transferred to Sidi Amud, near Báb el Barid.

I hasten to record the names of the fourteen chosen for the honour of martyrdom. All were sincere and inoffensive men, whose only crime was that of being Christians and martyrs; the rulers, however, had resolved upon crushing a movement which, unless arrested by violence, would spread far and wide throughout the land.

1. Abú Abbas (the man in whose house the prayer-meeting was held).
2. Sáid Ishani.
3. Abú Abduh Bustati.
4. Abd el Ghani Nassás, and his son
5. Mohammed Nassás.
6. Ghanaym Dabbás.
7. Salih el Zoh.
8. Abdullah Mubayyad.
9. Ramazan el Sakhár.
10. Salih Kachkul.
11. Mohammed Nammúreh.
12. Bekr Audaj.
13. Mohammed el Díf.
14. Marjan min el Kisweh.

After some days they were brought to the great secret Majlis (tribunal), at which presided in person his Excellency the Wali, or Governor-General of Syria. This officer was determined to crush conversion, because it would add to that European influence which he had ever laboured to oppose: he never concealed his conviction that treaties and Firmans upon such a subject as Moslem conversion are so much waste-paper, and he threatened all who changed their faith with death, either by law or otherwise—a threat which was rarely spoken in vain. And he used persecution with more readiness, as it tended to conciliate the pious of his own creed, who were greatly scandalized by his openly neglecting the duties of his religion, such as prayer and fasting, and by other practices which may not be mentioned.

The Governor-General opened the sessions by thus addressing the accused:—
Are you Sházeli?

Answer: We once were, we now are not.

Gov.-Gen.: Why do you meet in secret, and what is done at those meetings?

Answer: We read, we converse, we pray, and we pass our time like other Damascus people.

Gov.-Gen.: Why do you visit the Convent of the Faranj (Franks or Europeans)?

Abú Abbas: Is it not written in our law that when a Moslem passes before a Christian church or convent, and finds himself hurried by the hour for prayer, he is permitted to enter and even to pray there?

Gov.-Gen.: You are Giaours (infidels)!

Abú Abbas (addressing one of the Ulemá): What says our law of one who calls a faithful man Giaour?

Answer: That he is himself a Giaour.

The Governor-General was confounded by this decision, which is strictly correct. He remanded the fourteen to their respective prisons. Here they spent three months awaiting in vain the efforts of some intercessor. But they had been secretly tried, or their number might have attracted public attention; the affair was kept in darkness, and even two years afterwards not a few of the Europeans resident at Damascus had never heard of it. The report reached the Consular corps in a very modified form—persecution had been made to assume the semblance of political punishment. The Russian Consul, M. Macceef, succeeded in procuring their temporary release, but this active and intelligent official was unable to do more. The British Consul could hardly enter into a matter which was not brought officially before his notice. The Consul of France and the Spanish Vice-Consul took scant notice of the Sházeli movement, perhaps being unwilling to engage in open warfare with the Governor-General, possibly deeming the matter one of the usual tricks to escape recruitment or to obtain a foreign passport. The neophytes, however, found an advocate in Fray Emanuel Förner. This venerable man addressed (March 29, 1870) a touching appeal to the General of his Order, and his letter appeared in the *Correspondance de Rome* (June 11, 1870). The Franco-Prussian war, however, absorbed all thoughts in Europe, and the publication fell still-born from the Press.

Fray Emanuel relates in his letter that one day, when visiting the neophytes before their imprisonment—he modestly passes over the important part which he had taken in helping and protecting them—he asked them if they could answer for their constancy. The reply was: “We believe not simply through *your* teachings of the Word, and through our reading the religious books which you gave us, but because the Lord Jesus Christ has vouchsafed to visit us and to enlighten us Himself, whilst the Blessed Virgin has done likewise!” adding, “How could we without such a miracle have so easily become Christians!” The good priest would not express his doubts, for fear of “offending one of these little ones.” He felt an ardent desire to inquire into the visions and the revelations to which they alluded. But he did not neglect to take the necessary precautions. Assembling his brethren, and presiding himself, he began with the unfortunate Salih, and he examined and cross-questioned the converts separately. He found them unanimous in declaring that on the first night when they witnessed an apparition, they had prayed for many hours, and that

slumber had overcome them, when the Saviour Jesus Christ appeared to them one by one. Being dazzled by the light they were very much afraid; but one of them taking courage said, "Lord, may I speak?" He answered, "Speak." They asked, "Who art thou, Lord?" The apparition replied, "I am the Truth whom thou seekest. I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Awakening, agitated and frightened, they looked one at the other, and one took courage and spoke, the rest responding simply, "I also saw Him." Christ had once more so consoled, comforted, and exhorted them to follow His path, and they were filled with such ineffable joy, love, faith and gratitude, that, but for His admonishing them (as He used to admonish the disciples), they could hardly restrain themselves from rushing into the streets and from openly preaching the Gospel to the Moslem City. On another occasion the Blessed Virgin stood before them with the child Jesus in her arms, and, pointing to Him, said three times in a clear and distinct voice, "My son Jesus Christ, whom you see, is the Truth." There are many other wonderful revelations whose truth I can vouch for, but I feel a delicacy of thrusting them before people who have a difficulty in believing. Indeed, I have kept back half of what I know, and I am only giving the necessary matter.

Of the fourteen Christian converts remanded to prison two were suffered to escape. The relations of Mohammed Dīb and Marjan arranged matters with the authorities, and succeeded in proving an alibi. Abd el Karīm Matar, the Chief of the Sházelis, who had been placed in confinement under the suspicion of being a Christian, fell ill, and his relatives, by giving presents and by offering bail, carried him off to his native village, Darayyá. As he was now bed-ridden, the family gathered around him, crying "Istash'had!" That is to say, "Renew the faith" (by bearing witness to Allah and his prophet Mohammed). The invalid refused, turning his face towards the wall whilst his cruel relatives struck and maltreated him. The cry was incessantly repeated, and so was the refusal. At last such violence was used that the unfortunate Abd el Karīm expired, the Protomartyr of the Revival.

On the night of Ramazan, I.A.H. 1286 (December, A.D. 1869), the "twelve" (a curious coincidence that it was the number of the first Apostles in this very land) who remained in prison were secretly sent, ironed, *viâ* Beyrout, to the dungeons of Chanak Kalessi (the Dardanelles fortress). Thence they were shipped off in a craft so cranky and dangerous that they were wrecked twice, at Rhodes and at Malta. At last they were landed at Tripoli in Barbary, and they were finally exiled to the distant interior settlement of Murzuk. Their wives and children, then numbering sixty-two, and now fifty-three, were left at Damascus to starve in the streets, but for the assistance of their fellow-converts and of the Terra Santa Convent. It is a touching fact that if one of these poor converts has anything, he will quickly go and sell it, and use the profit in common, that all the brethren may have a little to eat. The Porte is inexorable; even H.I.M. of Austria was, it is reported, unable to procure the return of the exiles.

I call upon the world that worships Christ to look to this high-handed violation of treaty, this wicked banishment of innocent men. Catholic and Protestant are in this case both equally interested. The question at once concerns not only the twelve unfortunate exiles and their starving families—it involves the grand

principle of religious toleration, which interests even the atheist and the infidel, throughout the Turkish Empire, throughout the Eastern world. Upon the answer depends whether Christianity and civilization shall be allowed free growth and absolute development.

Amongst the Sházeli converts was a private soldier of the Nizam, or regulars, aged 23, and bearing the highest character. About five months after the movement commenced, the soldier, Ahmed el Sahnár, being in barracks, retired to a corner for prayer and meditation, when suddenly our Saviour stood before him, and said, "Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God? I am He." The youth at once replied, like the man blind from his birth, "Lord, I believe." Jesus said to him, "Thou shalt not always be a soldier; thou shalt return free to thy home;" upon which Ahmed inquired, "How can I set myself free?" Jesus again said, "I will deliver thee," and with these words the beatific vision disappeared.

The young soldier had fallen into a state of ecstasy. Presently he arose and passed through the barracks, exclaiming, "Jesus Christ is my God! Jesus Christ is my God!" His comrades were scandalized; a crowd rushed up; some covered his mouth with their hands, others filled it with dirt, and all dealt out freely blows and blasphemies. At last it was decided that Ahmed had become possessed of a devil, and, whilst he preserved perfect tranquillity, heavy chains were bound upon his neck, his arms, and his legs. At that moment Jesus Christ again appeared to him, and said, "Break that chain!" He said, "How can I break it, it being of iron?" and again the voice spoke louder, "Break that chain!" He tore it asunder as though it had been of wax. A heavier chain was brought, and the same miracle happened once more. This was reported to the officers, and by them to their Bey, or commandant; the latter sent for the private, and after heaping reproaches, abuse, and threats upon him, ordered him to be imprisoned without food or water, and to be carefully fettered. Still for a third and a fourth time the bonds fell off, and supernatural graces and strength were renewed to the prisoner, who made no attempt to move or to escape from his gaolers.

The soldiers fled in fear, and the commandant no longer dared to molest the convert. The case was represented to Constantinople, and orders were sent that Ahmed must appear at the capital. He was despatched accordingly under an escort, and with his wrists in a block of wood acting as handcuffs. Reaching Diurat, a village three hours from Damascus, he saw at night the door of his room fly open, and the Blessed Virgin entering, broke, with her own hands, the block of wood and his other bonds. By her orders he walked back alone to Damascus and reported himself to his regiment. It was determined this time to forward him with a party of soldiers, but without chains.

Arrived at Constantinople, the accused was brought before a court-martial; a medical man was consulted as to his sanity, and the prisoner was not a little surprised to find himself set at liberty, and free to go where he pleased. Thus the promise of Christ was fulfilled. The neophyte took the name of "Isa," which is Jesus, and returned to Damascus, where his history became generally known. The Turks pointed him out as the "soldier who broke four chains." Some term him the "Majnún," the madman, though there is nothing in him to

indicate the slightest insanity; most of the people hold him in the highest respect, calling him Shaykh Ahmed, and thus raising him to the rank of "Santon," or saintly man.

The terrible example of the Sházeli families has not arrested the movement;—the blood of the martyrs is still the seed of the Church. But the converts now conduct their proceedings with more secrecy. They abstain from public gatherings, although they occasionally visit Fray Dominic d'Avila, Padre Guárdiano, or Superior, of the Terra Santa. The society assumed a socialistic character, with private meetings for prayers, and with the other precautions of a secret order. The number of converts greatly increased. At the end of 1869, the males in the City of Damascus amounted to 500; in 1870 they had risen to 1400; and in 1871 they represented 4900, of whom some 700 have been secretly baptized. In 1872 the number was reported to be 25,000. Moreover, I have been assured by the converts, with whom I associate and converse freely and frequently, some of them being men highly connected and better educated than their persecutors, that a small tribe of freebooters living in and about the Druze mountain (Jebel D'rúz Haurán) having been troubled and threatened by the local Government, has split into two parties—Moslem and Christian, the latter known by crosses hoisted on their tent roofs. The converts described to me the Buká'a (Cœle-Syria) as a field in which the Gospel has lately borne fruit, and this was unexpectedly confirmed. The peasantry of B——, a little village on the eastern slope of the Lebanon, and near Shtora, the central station of the French road, lately became the property of a certain M. A—— B——. He owned two-thirds of the village, but by working the authorities he managed to get into his hands the whole of the houses and fields, the crops and cattle—in fact, all the village property. The wretches, after being nearly starved for months, lately came up to Damascus, and begged to be received as Christians. In early July it was whispered that the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, Mgr. Valerga, was expected to meet, at his summer residence in Beyrout, Mgr. Franchi, the Papal Envoy, that both these Prelates will visit Damascus, and that then these poor souls will ask for baptism.

Protestantism has also had its triumphs. About ten months ago a certain Hanifi Moslem, named Abd el Razzak, having some misgivings about his faith, left his native city—Baghdad—in order to visit the "Bab" or head of the Babi sect, who lives in the galleries of St. Jean d'Acre—what a place for such a purpose! The interview not being satisfactory, he travelled to Damascus, where he came under Protestant influence. Thence he was removed to Shtora on the French road, and finally to Súk el Gharb in the Maronite mountains. There he was enabled to study, and he was publicly baptized under the name of Abdallah. The Turkish authorities had no power over him; but the second case did not end so well.

A certain Haji Hassan, a coachman in the service of a Christian family at Beyrout, M. Joachim Najjar, began about 1869 to attend the Protestant service, and for two months before his incarceration he professed himself a Christian, although he had not been baptized. He is described by all who know him as a simple and sincere man, gifted with great strength of will. He was waylaid, beaten, and finally cast with exceeding harshness into prison at Beyrout, by the

Governor, Rauf Pasha, who replied to all representations that he was unable to release him; he acted, in fact, under superior authority. The convert was not allowed to see his family, and on Thursday, June 29th, he was sent in charge of a policeman to the capital: this, too, despite the remonstrances of the Consuls-General for the United States and Prussia.

The Superintendent of the British Syrian school, where the convert has a child, took the precaution of despatching to head-quarters one of the *employés*, the Rev. Mr. Waldmeier, so that energetic action began even before the arrival of Haji Hassan. The Wali commenced by treating with contempt her Majesty's Consul's strong appeals to his justice; he openly ignored the treaty, blaming him for not having quoted the actual article, and he declined to permit the interference of strangers in the case of a subject of H.I.M. the Sultan. He maintained that he had a right to send for the neophyte in order that the latter might be "counselled;" and for that purpose he placed him under arrest in the house of the most bigoted Moslem in Syria, the Chief of police, Mir Alai (Colonel) Mustafa Bey, since twice disgraced. He complained strongly of the conduct of Protestant missionaries in Syria, accusing them of secretly proselytizing, though he admitted in the same sentence that the convert Hassan had openly attended a Christian church for some time. On the next day he ungraciously refused Captain Burton's request that the Presbyterian missionaries (Rev. Messrs. Wright, Crawford, and Scott) might be allowed access to the neophyte. About mid-day on Friday, June 30th, Haji Hassan, who had been duly disciplined by the police, was sent for, and locking the door, was asked whether the convert was not in fear of being strangled—words which had a peculiar significancy. A price for apostasy, which rose to 30,000 piastres, was then offered. This was stoutly refused by the neophyte, who was returned to arrest. Presently it was known that H.B.M.'s Consul had telegraphed for permission to proceed to Constantinople to represent to his Ambassador the state of things in Syria within his district, and Haji Hassan was ordered to return under the charge of a policeman to Beyrout. The new Christian, however, was warned that he must quit that port, together with his family, within twenty days, under pain of being sent to Constantinople handcuffed, or as the native phrase is "in wood."

The case of Haji Hassan came to a lame and impotent conclusion. He had been delivered out of the Moslem stronghold, Damascus, to the safe side of the Lebanon. The Protestant Christians of Beyrout, with their Schools, Missions, and Consuls-General to back them up, should have kept him at Beyrout, and the Wali should have been compelled either to eat his own words or to carry out his threat. In the latter case the convert should have been accompanied to Constantinople by a delegate from the Missions, and the Sublime Porte should have been obliged to decide whether she would or would not abide by her treaties and Firmans. The plea that exile was necessary to defend the convert from his own co-religionists, that banishment was for his own benefit, is simply absurd. Either the Porte can or she cannot protect her Christian converts. In the latter case they must be protected for her. Never, probably, has there been so good an opportunity for testing Turkey's profession of liberalism, and the Turks are too feeble and too cunning to let another present itself.

In their first fright certain Beyrout European Christians withdrew their protection from Haji Hassan.

Haji Hassan was subsequently removed from Beyrout to Abeigh, an Anglo-American (U.S.) mission station in the Lebanon, probably by the exertions of Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," who distinguishes himself in Beyrout by daring to have an opinion and to express it, though unfortunately he stands alone and unsupported. On July 20th, Haji Hassan was to be shipped off by night to Alexandria, where he was expected to "find good employ." Suddenly his passport was refused by the local authorities, and he was hidden in the house of a Consular Dragoman. The Porte, it was said, had sent a secret despatch, ordering him to be transported to Crete, Cyprus, or one of the islands in the Archipelago, where his fate may easily be divined. At length a telegram arrived from Constantinople, and the result was that, after a fortnight's detention by sickness, Haji Hassan was sent off by the French mail of Friday, August 11th. Verily, the Beyroutines are a feeble folk. They allowed themselves to be shamefully defeated by the Wali when he was grossly in the wrong.

I saw at the mission in Damascus, and obtained leave to copy, the following testimonial addressed to Captain Burton, and that officer's reply :—

"To H.B.M.'s Consul at Damascus.

"Sir,—We beg to tender to you our heartiest thanks for your prompt decisive action in the case of Hassan, the converted Moslem, and also to congratulate you on the result of your determination and firmness.

"For some time past we had heard that a Moslem converted to Protestantism at Beyrout had become subject to considerable persecution. A convert more obscure than himself has been put out of the way and has not since been heard of; and Hassan had been subjected to a series of arrests and imprisonments, and had several times narrowly escaped assassination. The chief Consulates, however, had become publicly interested in him, so that his safety from legal execution seemed ensured; and as he was always accompanied by some one to protect him from assassins, he seemed for the time to be safe. But on the 29th of June we were surprised to find that he was being transported to Damascus, having been arrested and bound in chains. The English colony in Beyrout became alarmed, as they declared that none so transported to Damascus ever returned again. Two agents of the mission were despatched from Beyrout, one preceding the prisoner to give us information as to what had taken place, and the other accompanying the prisoner to watch what became of him. On receiving intelligence of the convert's transportation to this city, the missionaries of the three missions at Damascus resolved to lay the case before you, but on doing so found that you had, with your usual energy, already taken up the case, and categorically demanded the release of the prisoner. And though the authorities ignored the Firman granting civil and religious liberty to the people of this empire, and denied your right to interfere on behalf of the prisoner, the unflinching stand you took by the concessions of the Hatti-Sherif, secured the release of the prisoner: you have thus vindicated the cause of humanity, for on the day on which the prisoner escaped through your intervention, the Moslem authorities strangled in the Great Mosque of Damascus a Moslem convert to Christianity.

The man had made application to the Irish American Mission for protection, and declared that he lived in daily fear of strangulation. He was imprisoned in the Great Mosque, and strangled as they say by St. John the Baptist, and then carried away by one man and thrown into a hole like a dog.

"This accident proves that your uncompromising firmness with the authorities was an act of pure mercy, and that the worst apprehensions of the Beyrout missionaries were not unfounded. But more important still, you have asserted the binding character of the spiritual privileges of the Christian subjects of the Porte, contained in the Firman of 1856, and which, according to Fuad Pasha's letters to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, comprises 'absolutely all proselytes.'

"We are sure, Sir, that your conduct in this affair will receive the unqualified approbation of the best public opinion in Christendom, and we have no doubt it will receive, as it merits, the warm approval of your own Government.

"We who were near and anxious spectators of the proceedings in this affair cannot too warmly express our sense of the satisfaction with which we witnessed the fearless, firm, and efficient manner in which you conducted this important case until the convert was permitted to leave this city.

(Signed)

"E. B. FRANKEL, Missionary of the London Jews' Society.

"JAMES ORR SCOTT, M.A., Missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church.

"FANNY JAMES, Lady Superintendent of the British Syrian Schools, Damascus.

"WILLIAM WRIGHT, A.B., Missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church, Damascus.

"JOHN CRAWFORD, Missionary of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, at Damascus.

"ELLEN WILSON, Lady Superintendent of the British Syrian Schools, Zahleh.

"Damascus, 12th July, 1871."

Captain Burton's reply to the Rev. E. B. Frankel, Rev. J. Orr Scott, Miss James, Rev. W. Wright, Rev. John Crawford, Miss Wilson :—

"Beludan, July 19th, 1871.

"I have the pleasure to return my warmest thanks for your letter this day received, in which you have formed so flattering an estimate of my services as her Majesty's Consul for Damascus. Nor must I forget to express my gratitude to you for the cordial support and approval of my proceedings connected with your missions which you have always extended to me. This friendly feeling has greatly helped to lighten the difficulties of the task that lay before me in 1869. You all know, and none can better know, what was to be done when I assumed charge of this Consulate; you are acquainted with the several measures taken by me, honourably, I hope, to our national name, and you are familiar with the obstacles thrown in my way, and with the manner in which I met them. My task will encounter difficulties for some time. Still the prospect does not deter me. I shall continue to maintain the honest independence of H.M.'s Consulate, to defend our rights as foreigners in Syria, and to claim all our privileges to the letter of the law. Should I meet, and there is no fear of its being otherwise, the

approval of my Chiefs, who know that an official life of twenty-nine years in the four quarters of the world is a title to some confidence, I feel assured that we may look forward to happier times at Damascus, when peace and security shall take the place of anxiety and depression.

"Meanwhile, I recommend to your prudent consideration the present state of affairs in Syria. A movement which I cannot but characterize as a revival of Christianity, seems to have resulted from the peculiar action of the authorities, and from the spirit of inquiry awakened in the hearts of the people. It numbers its converts by thousands, including men of high rank, and it is progressing even amongst the soldiery.

"I need hardly observe that it is the duty of one and all of us to labour in the grand cause of religious toleration, and to be watchful lest local and personal interpretations are allowed to misrepresent the absolute rights of all converts to life and liberty. And I trust that you will find me, at the end as in the beginning, always ready to serve your interests, to protect your missions and schools, and to lend you my most energetic aid in the cause of right.

"I am, with truth and regard, yours faithfully,

(Signed) "RICHARD F. BURTON,

"H.B.M.'s Consul, Damascus."

When the depositions of Haji Hassan were taken at the Consulate, Damascus, he declared that a Moslem friend of his, named Hammud ibn Osman Bey, originally from Latakia (Laodicea), but domiciled at Beyrout, had suddenly disappeared, and had not been heard of for twelve days. Presently it became known that Hammud, about two years ago, when in the employ of Mr. Grierson, then Vice-Consul of Latakia, was drawn for the army, but had not been called upon to serve. He was in the habit of hearing the missionaries preach, and on more than one occasion he declared that he would profess Christianity—a course from which his friends dissuaded him.

Hammud determined, in the beginning of 1871, to visit Beyrout, and Mr. Grierson gave him letters of introduction to the missionaries and to the Superintendent of the British Syrian schools, requesting that he might be taken into the service of some European family. Here he again openly committed himself by declaring that he was a Christian. His former master, knowing that the eyes of the police were upon him, made immediate arrangements for his leaving by the steamer to Latakia, where he had been recruited, giving him at the same time a note for the colonel commanding the regiment. Hammud, however, on the evening before his journey, imprudently walked out in the direction of the barracks: he was seized and put in irons—probably to be "counselled."

Mr. Grierson, when informed of this arrest, at once addressed Toufan Bey. This officer is a Pole commanding one of the regiments of the "Cossacks of the Sultan," the other being quartered at Adrianople. Visiting the military Pasha of Beyrout, he begged that as Hammud's passage had been taken for Latakia, where his name had been drawn, the convert might be allowed to proceed there. The two officers sent for the man, and gave the required directions respecting him. But Hammud was already in Moslem hands; and the normal charge of desertion was of course trumped up against him. He was sent with a number of

other conscripts to the Capital with tied hands, and carrying the rations of his fellow-soldiers; and presently a report was spread that he had been put to death.

Haji Hassan, on returning to Beyrout, informed Mr. Johnson, Consul-General for the United States, that during his arrest at Damascus the soldiers had threatened to "serve him as they had served Hammudeh." He went at once to Rauf Pasha, who replied that the man had been arrested and sent to headquarters because he had been conscripted two years before at Latakia and had deserted. This was directly opposed to the statement made by Mr. Grierson, namely, that the man had never been called upon to serve. Mr. Johnson could do no more, as Hammud had made himself amenable to the law of the land, and he seems not to have taken any steps to decide whether it was a *bonâ fide* desertion. He inquired, however, what the punishment would be, and was told that it would depend upon circumstances.

Several people at Beyrout wrote to the Consul at Damascus, begging of him to institute a search for the missing man. Shortly afterwards letters were despatched from Beyrout, stating that Hammud had been found in the barracks alive and well, and contented with his condition as a soldier. What process he has been through to effect such a wonderful change we are not informed, nor where he has been hidden during its operation. The "counselling" has probably compelled the convert by brute force to conceal his convictions.

Another story in the mouths of men is that a young man, the son of a Kazi or judge, has lately suffered martyrdom at Damascus for the crime of becoming a Christian. This may possibly be a certain Said el Hamawi, who disappeared three or four years ago. Said was a man of education, and a Shaykh, who acted Kâtib (or scribe and chaplain) to one of the regiments. He was convicted of having professed Christianity, and was sent for confinement to the Capital. When let out of prison he repeated his offence, and he has never been heard of since.

On the morning of the Saturday (July 1) which witnessed the unjust sentence of exile pronounced upon Haji Hassan, a certain Arif Effendi ibn Abd el Ghani el Nablusi was found hanging in a retired room of the Great Amawi Mosque at Damascus, where he had been imprisoned. No inquest was held upon the body, which may or may not have shown signs of violence; it was hastily buried. Some three years before this time, Arif Effendi, a man of high family, and of excellent education, had become a Greek Christian at Athens, under the name of Eustathius. Presently he reappeared in Syria as a convert, a criminal whom every good—that is to say, bigoted—Moslem deems worthy of instant and violent death. He came to the Capital, and he introduced himself as a Christian to the Irish-American Presbyterian Missionaries; to Monseigneur Ya'akúb, the Syrian Catholic Bishop, and to others; nor did he conceal from them his personal fears. He expected momentary destruction and presently he found it, being accused, truthfully or not I am unable to say, of stealing fourteen silver lamp-chains and a silver padlock. The wildest rumours flew about the city. The few declared that the man had hanged himself. The Nablusi family asserted that, repenting his apostasy, he had allowed himself to be hanged, and the vulgar were taught to think that he was hanged by order of Sayyidna Yahya, our Lord John (the Baptist), patron of the Great Mosque. It was currently

reported that the renegade had been sent to the Algerine Amir, the Sayyid Abd el Kadir, who, finding him guilty of theft, had ordered him to receive forty stripes and to be arrested in the Mosque, at the same time positively refusing to sanction his execution as his accusers demanded. This proceeding, though irregular, is not contrary to Moslem law; the Ulemá claim and are allowed such jurisdiction in matters concerning the Mosque.

Her Majesty's Consul at Damascus, fearing foul play, applied on the 3rd July for information upon this subject to the Wali, who rudely refused to "justify himself." Eight days afterwards the Governor-General thought proper to lay the case before the tribunal. The result may easily be imagined. That honourable body cast the blame of illegal imprisonment upon the Amir Abd el Kadir, because he saved so many Christian lives in 1860. They delivered a verdict that the convert had been found hanged by his own hand; they, it is said, antedated a medical certificate that the body bore no marks of violence; and they asserted, contrary to fact and truth, that the deceased was decently washed and buried, whereas he was thrust into a hole like a dog.

And now I will answer the question prominent in every reader's mind: "These men are Turks, are we bound to protect them?"

I simply reply we are.

It is obviously our national duty to take serious action in arresting such displays of Moslem fanaticism as those that have lately taken place in Syria. Mr. Gladstone cannot forget his own words: "We would be sorry not to treat Turkey with the respect due to a power which is responsible for the government of an extended territory; but with reference to many of her provinces and their general concerns, circumstances place her in such a position that we are entitled, and indeed, in many cases, bound, to entertain questions affecting her internal relations to her people, such as it would be impertinent to entertain in respect to most foreign countries. . . . All that we can expect is, that when she has contracted legal or moral engagements she should fulfil them, and that when she is under no engagements she should lend a willing ear to counsels which may be in themselves judicious, and which aim solely at the promotion of her interests. . . . As regards the justice of the case, we must remember that as far as regards the stipulations of the Hatti-i-Humaïoun, we are not only entitled to advise Turkey in her own interest, in her regard to humanity, in her sense of justice, in her desire to be a civilized European Power, to fulfil those engagements, but we also are entitled to say to her that the fulfilment of those stipulations is a matter of moral faith, an obligation to which she is absolutely bound, and the disregard of which will entail upon her disgrace in the eyes of Europe. . . . We are entitled to require from Turkey the execution of her literal engagements."—(Debate on Crete and Servia. Mr. Gregory's motion for Correspondence and Consular Reports on the Cretan Insurrection, etc., as reported in the *Evening Mail* of February 15-18, 1867.)

These memorable words deserve quotation the more, as throughout the nearer East, especially among the Christian communities, England still suffers under the imputation of not allowing the interests of Christendom to weigh against her politics and her sympathy with the integrity of the Turkish Empire. Even if we care little for the propagation of Christianity, or for the regeneration of Asia, we are bound to see that treaties do not become waste-paper.

The only step to be taken in North Syria, and to be taken without delay, would be to procure the recall and the pardon of the twelve unfortunates who were banished in 1870 to Tripoli of Barbary, and to Murzuk in Inner Africa. This will be a delicate proceeding: imprudently carried out it will inevitably cost the lives of men whose only offence has been that of becoming Christians, and it will only serve to sink their families into still deeper misery. But there should be no difficulty of success. Our Consul-General at Tripoli could easily defend the lives if not the liberties of the neophytes. Her Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Constantinople should be directed firmly to demand that an officer of high rank be sent from head-quarters, and that he should be made duly responsible for landing the exiles in safety at Beyrout. Thence they should be transferred to Damascus; their pretended offences should be submitted to a regular tribunal, whose action would be watched by her Majesty's Consul, and when publicly proved to be innocent these men should be restored to the bosoms of their families, whilst the police should be especially charged with their safety.

Thus will the unhappy province—a land once flowing with milk and honey, now steeped to the lips in poverty and crime—recover from the misery and the semi-starvation under which it has groaned during many years. Thus also Christianity may again raise her head in her birth-place and in the land of her early increase. Thus shall England become to Syria, and through Syria to Western Asia, the blessing which Syria in the days of the early Church was to England, to Europe, and to the civilized world. Let her discharge her obligations before her God.

* * * * *

Surely it is time to press for the immediate return of the twelve unfortunates exiled to Murzuk, and to impress upon the Ottoman authorities—who, upon the death of the Grand-Vizier, Aali Pashi, appeared ready to reform a host of abuses—that the friendship of England can be secured only by scrupulous fidelity to treaties, especially to those which concern religious toleration.*

* * * * *

The Catholic is only bound by Faith to believe in the miracles wrought by Jesus Christ; yet at the same time other miracles are not condemned by the Church, if we devotionally subscribe to them. I have therefore stated the facts laid before me. You must admit that the story is very interesting, and you will ask my opinion of it. I think that if these things happened in the West I might be staggered, but then nothing is extraordinary which happens in Syria. I know that Mrs. Grundy does not approve of pilgrimages and miracles, but happily Damascus is too insecure a place to be visited by that lady. Long may it remain so! Till then we shall call a spade a spade.

* [1876.]—Surely it might be petitioned, as the opening act of the new Sultan's reign, under the liberality of the Softas—Young progressive Turkey; more especially as the man who exiled them, Rúshid Pasha, is no more.

Fray Emanuel Förner, before mentioned, was my Confessor; to me he confided his great troubles relative to these people, concerning whom I know a great deal more than do the authors of the above written story. He begged of me to induce my husband to help him by extending English protection to them. Captain Burton, however, felt that it was going beyond the boundary of his Consular prerogative to interfere in a matter which concerned the national religion—he therefore desired me to tell my Confessor that his position obliged him to abstain from interfering in so interesting a matter, although he could do so in cases where the Protestant Schools or Missions formally claimed protection against the violation of the treaties and concessions of the Hatti-Sherif. He added that the Spanish Consul was the right person for Fray Emanuel to apply to, and that it was his duty likewise to restrict me from taking any active part which might compromise the Consulate. With this we were obliged to be content, and to pray for the sufferers. Fray Emanuel died rather abruptly, and although I was living thirty miles off for the summer, I and many others never heard of his death till three months after it took place, when I went to seek him as usual in the confessional, and found his place filled up by another monk. In 1872, after we left, when it began to be officially asserted that 25,000 of these “secret Christians” were longing for baptism, the Patriarch Valerga, of Jerusalem, at European, and I believe at English, request, sent openly and clumsily to know the truth. Every man who had come forward to own himself a Christian would have been killed, so only 400 were found ready to brave martyrdom. I believe the twelve original men are still confined in Tripoli, but it is long since I heard of them. You say that if I believe in this I must also believe in the miracle of Paray le Monial. I see no reason to doubt what so many cleverer and holier people than myself have accepted; at the same time I understand the difficulty of the world at large doing so, as they are not born on consecrated ground, and their brains are formed for disbelief. It then requires the grace of faith to counteract the want of a something, which an Arab has, and which is natural to him, but which is only granted to a few in the West—to the few who are to be saved by the “election of grace,” although we do not inherit it as compatriots of our Lord. They are those of whom our Lord spoke when He said, “Other sheep I have which are not in this fold.” I believe that St. M. M. Alacoque saw our Lord in a vision, even as these men did; that the taking out of the heart was an emblem of the love that our Divine Lord bears to His creatures, and that it was the intention of our Saviour, who always

spoke in parables, that the Saint should communicate that to us for our comfort; also that we have received the message in a proper spirit, and replied to it by honouring it accordingly. And, I think something more—that it is excessively wicked of those who have chosen to confound religion with politics, and to make it appear unpatriotic and un-English to honour the message of our Divine Master, and it is doubly malignant to fasten such a stigma upon the old Catholic aristocracy of England. Show me loyalty like unto ours? Who fought, and bled, and died? Who sacrificed their lands, and wealth freely, as our ancestors did in all times, out of loyalty to their King? It is convenient now to pander to vulgar prejudice, to taunt us with a slight and a sneer on the smallest pretext, or without one, in the hopes of ousting us from the Court and from the World. But wait a little; the world's life is not yet over, and if the Throne, through weak policy, should ever totter, which may God avert from us, we shall joyfully go, as one man, woman, and child, with our hearts and our lives and all we possess in our hands, as we did before, to offer it upon the altar of our loyalty. It is no use to discuss the matter now, in times of peace; the hour, when it comes, will prove which is loyal and disloyal, which is patriotic and unpatriotic. We will show all these men, who to-day dare to talk of loyalty to *us*, whether “blue blood” and old Faith, or Cotton and Cant, love the Throne best. I ask nothing better than to prove it in the name of all the old Catholics of England; and Pius IX., our good Pope, would be the first to bless us for the deed. No Pope has any temporal power in England, nor could wish or expect it. The army would march to-morrow wherever the Queen ordered, and fight, without asking a question. A relative of mine who has the honour of being A.D.C. to our beloved Queen, and who is the rigidest of all rigid Catholics, said, when the question was first raised, “By ——! the man who tells me that I am not loyal, had better be a couple of stone heavier than I am!” We are still brought up with that old-fashioned loyalty, as if it were part of our religion, and we are ready to do as we did before when our Sovereign needs us. We should almost as soon think of going into our Church and tearing the Cross down off the Altar, as of showing any disrespect, presumption, disloyalty, or indifference to our Queen or her children, much less treachery. And in the name of all ancient Catholic England I throw my glove down to those who accuse us of it, be they who they may. I do not pretend to know anything about our converts, but we who have been Catholics from all time “render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.”

I once heard a story of a lieutenant in some regiment, who was honest, steady, and quiet, full of sterling qualities, but he was dull, reserved, religiously inclined, or less brilliant than his brother officers. They laughed at him, and associated but little with him. He was well-born, but poor, and without interest, so he remained without, in the cold shade, both as to promotion and the warmth and cheerfulness of friendship or society. But he never complained, he lived on, and did his best.

Then at last came the Crimean war. A battery was to be taken, and the guns were so well pointed at this particular regiment, which was the storming party, that they were forced to give way. But, in hopes of rallying his own company, this young fellow passed all his brother officers with a laugh. He flung his shako before him, and sword in hand rushed through a breach into the battery, followed by his handful. They never came out again. At the mess that night there was not a man but who wished he had better understood his brother officer. They now remembered a thousand good qualities and incidents that ought to have endeared him to them, and they vainly tried to recall any little kindness that they had shown him. All felt ashamed of the contempt with which they had treated one in every respect their superior. Of that stuff we are made, and when the occasion comes we will prove it.

It is difficult to guess why so brilliant, so clever a man as Mr. Gladstone, should have deemed it necessary to quit office with a parting sting to some millions of her Majesty's most devoted subjects who had never injured him. We regret it!

These pages were in the publishers' hands some time before I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. J. H. Newman's dignified and conclusive letter to the Duke of Norfolk. Needless to say that every word of that "strong sweet voice" comes home to our hearts; that we thank him for his noble defence of our much maligned faith, for his rebuke of our powerful and bitter religious adversary; and that our greatest gratification is to see the absolute agreement of our sentiments upon this and all other Church subjects.

CHAPTER XIV.

PALMYRA, OR TADMOR IN THE WILDERNESS.

My friend has now left me. She was recalled suddenly to England on account of the illness of one of her sons, and the following pages are taken from the journal which I kept for and forwarded to her periodically.

Captain Burton had wished for some time to visit Palmyra. The tribe El Mezrab, which usually escorts travellers, had been much worsted in some Desert fights with the Wuld Ali, and was at the moment too much weakened to be able to guarantee our safety. My husband, who never permits any obstacle to hinder his progress, determined to travel without the Bedawin, and gave me the option of going with him. I was too glad to do so. Everybody advised us "not." Every one came and wished us good-bye, wept, and thought the idea madness; indeed, so much was said that I set out with a suspicion that we were marching to our deaths. I now see that the trip was not dangerous, but that we were the first to try going alone. After we returned many followed our example, but you might go safely eleven times, and the twelfth time you might fare ill. When we first spoke of it, many of our threateners said that they wanted to come; but when the matter was decided, and the day and hour were fixed, one had business at Beyrout, another had planted a field, a third had married a wife, and so forth. Our faithful ones dwindled to two—the Russian Consul, M. Jonin, and a French traveller, the Count de Perrochel.

Two days before we started, Lady A—— and her husband came into Damascus almost destitute. Near the Dead Sea they had been attacked by a party of Bedawin, who had nearly killed their Dragoon; their escort had run at once, as escorts mostly do; the ruffians had made them dismount, had cut away their girths, stirrups, and bridles, and had robbed them of everything. Lady A—— saved a very valuable ring by putting it into her mouth. The bandits then made them sit down, and sat themselves in a row, pointing their muskets at them, while they consulted together. Doubtless they

agreed that they would eventually get the worst of it, for Mr. N. T. Moore, at Jerusalem, is an active and zealous Consul, so the travellers were allowed to go free after being properly plundered. The proceedings were more the action of the bad characters round the town, who call themselves Bedawin, than that of real Bedawin.

I took Lady A—— to see Abd el Kadir, who was delighted with the visit, as her father was chiefly instrumental in moving Napoleon III. to release him from the Château d'Amboise.

On the morning of our departure we had a very picturesque breakfast, surrounded by every kind of Eastern figure. The Mushir, or Commander-in-Chief, and a large cavalcade saw us out of the town, and we exchanged affectionate farewells. We made only a three hours' march, a good plan for the first day, to see if everything is in order. It cleared us out of the town and its environs, and placed us in camp early, on the borders of the Desert.

You would be charmed with a Syrian camp. The horses are picketed about, wild and martial men are lying here and there, and a glorious moonlight lights our tripod and kettle, and the jackals howl and chatter as they sniff savoury bones. Travellers talk of danger when surrounded by hungry jackals. I have always found that they flew away if a pocket-handkerchief were shaken at them, and that it was only by remaining breathless like a statue that one could persuade them to stay in sight. It is the prettiest thing to see them gambol in the moonlight, jumping over one another's backs; but it has a strange effect when a jackal, smelling the cookery, runs up to or around your tent whilst all are asleep; the shadow on the white canvas looks so large, like a figure exaggerated in a magic lantern. All travellers will remember at some time or another feeling a little doubtful of what it was, and seizing their gun. When first I heard a pack coming, I thought it was a *Ghazu* (raid) of Bedawin rushing down upon us, and that this was the war-cry. Their yell is unearthly as it sweeps down upon you, passes, and dies away in the distance. I love the sound, because it reminds me of camp life, by far the most delightful form of existence when the weather is not rainy and bitterly cold.

Our usual travelling day was as follows:—the people who had only to get out of bed and dress in five minutes rose at dawn; but all of us who had responsibility rose about two hours before, to feed the horses, to make tea, strike tents, pack, and load. The baggage animals, with provisions and water, are directed to a given place, or so many hours in a certain direction. One man of our party slings on the

saddle-bags containing something to eat and drink, and another hangs a water melon or two to his saddle. We ride on for four or five hours, and dismount at the most convenient place where there is water. We spread our little store; we eat, smoke, and sleep for one hour. During this halt the horses' girths are slackened, their bridles exchanged for halters; they drink if possible, and their nose-bags are filled with one measure of barley. We then ride on again till we reach our tents. If the men are active and good, we find tents pitched, the mattresses and blankets spread, the mules and donkeys free and rolling to refresh themselves, the gipsy pot over a good fire, and perhaps a glass of lemonade or a cup of coffee ready for us. If we have been twelve or thirteen hours in the saddle, we and the horses are equally tired, and it is a great disappointment to miss our camp, to have the ground for bed, the saddle for pillow, a water melon for supper; and it is even worse for our animals than for ourselves. In our camp it is my husband's business to take all the notes and sketches, observations and maps, and to gather all the information. I act as secretary and aide-de-camp, and my especial business is the care of the stable and any sick or wounded men.

On this trip, however, I never had to think of personal comforts—my favourite Dragoman, Mulhem Wardi, a Beyrout Maronite, was with us. In Syria we all have our pet Dragoman, as most people in England have a pet doctor or pet clergyman. We swear by him, and recommend him to all our friends. I may say of travelling Dragomans as is said of the London tailors, "Any of them can make a coat, the difficulty is only to find one who *will*." And the same man who is perfection to me may not suit you: therefore I am stone blind to his defects, if he has any, though wide awake to those of your Dragoman.

Mulhem makes camp life almost too luxurious. He is honest, hard-working, and unpretentious—a worthy, attached, and faithful man, with whom I could trust a sack of gold or my life. I found him most intelligent and thoroughly understanding comfort and luxury in travelling. He was never tired, never cross, yet I do not know when he could find time for rest; always singing over his work. Ask him for anything day or night, at any hour, and you have it as soon as mentioned. There are no starved horses or mules, no discontented, grumbling servants; he is always cheerful, never forward or presuming, and as brave as a lion. I have known him throw himself between a woman and a vicious horse, and receive the whole force of the kick intended for her on his chest. He is a man I should

always like to have in my service, and were I about to travel in the East, I should consider it worth my while to telegraph to him from London to Beyrout to meet me at Cairo or Alexandria, and to secure his services for my whole tour. His brother Antún also came with us. He is a "dandy" Dragoman, very much liked by the French *noblesse*; but give me good, honest, plain Mulhem. The two are fairly described by the adjectives "useful" and "ornamental."

It was bitterly cold at dawn, when the camp began stirring, the morning after our departure. We boiled water, made tea and coffee for the camp, and hurried our toilette; saw the animals fed and watered, the tents struck, the things packed away in proper sizes, and the baggage animals loaded and started, with orders to await us at Jayrúd. We always found it better to see our camp off, otherwise the men loitered, and did not reach the night halt in time. They go direct, whereas we go zigzag, and ride over three times as much ground as they do, to see everything *en route*; this gives them ample time to settle down before we arrive. Jayrúd is about fifteen hours from Damascus, if you work your horse humanely, and about twelve with half of it *ventre à terre*. We lost two horses this day. It was all a sandy plain, with a patch of houses or a village at long intervals. We passed Duma and Kutayfeh. A village on the outskirts of the Desert means twenty or thirty huts, built of stones and mud, each shaped liked a box, and exactly the same colour as the ground. The most remarkable feature was a mountain, whose outline showed a succession of low domes. A *Ghazu* of Bedawin attacked and killed, only yesterday, a poor solitary man, for the sake of robbing his donkey and his shirt; then they scraped a hole, put the corpse in it, and rode away. I was asked to stop and breakfast here, but the tale had taken away my appetite. So we breakfasted in a ruined Mosque outside Kutayfeh.

We then came to a vast plain of white sand and rock, which lasted till we reached Jayrúd. Here we were caught in a sand-storm, which those who have once been in will never forget. My husband and I were both well-mounted; he made me a sign in what direction to go, and we both galloped into, and against the storm, as if we were riding for a doctor. This continued for three hours, until we reached our night's halt. I had bought my horse a little while before, and it afterwards became a good friend; it proved itself so clever, and saved my life three times whilst I was in Syria. The wind and sand so blinded me, that I could not see that I was riding straight at a deep pit, and although Arab horses seldom or never leap, mine cleared

it with a tremendous bound. From that time, whenever I could not see I threw the reins on Selim's neck, for his eyes were evidently better than mine.

Jayrúd deserves notice. It is a large village, whose chief is an Agha (border chieftain), and whose family are all fighting-men. He has 150 free-lances, with which he was supposed to keep the Bedawin in check, and for some time he was employed by the Turkish Government. But he made such bad use of his power, and committed so many atrocities, that the Government withdrew their protection. The whole time, however, that my husband was in Syria, Da'ás Agha was a useful public servant, and almost redeemed his good name. But as soon as we were recalled from Damascus, and the pressure of my husband's presence was taken off, Da'ás broke out in worse form than ever. He and his brethren are fine, stalwart-looking men; they dress partly like Bedawin, and they look as wild and lawless as possible. It was their hospitality we received that night, and an offer of Da'ás himself and ten free-lances from among his brethren, to accompany us to Palmyra. We were always on excellent terms, and whenever the Agha came into Damascus he rode to our house. I was left in the country for some little time after Captain Burton returned to England, and the last thing Da'ás did was to catch two unhappy Bedawin, with whose tribe he had a "Thár" (blood feud), to tie their hands and feet, to collect wood and pile it around, put them in a hole in a salt-pit, and then set it on fire, whilst he sat at a little distance peppering them with his revolver. For this crime he was brought to Damascus in chains, and put into prison to be tried for his life. He sent to ask me to intercede for him; I did so, because I had eaten bread and salt under his roof, but with infinite unwillingness. He escaped, but I left without knowing how the matter was finally settled.

Jayrúd is a large, clean village, with a population of 1000, in the middle of a salt and sandy plain. The house was roomy, and the spacious halls were dignified by high and raftered ceilings. Da'ás had also a separate house, with luxurious rooms, for a nice and pretty wife and five children. One of them, looking like a naughty cherub of six years, came to stare at us eating our supper. The swallows at that time were very numerous; it was unusually cold, and they flew in and about the village, and clustered on the houses with perfect fearlessness of human beings—they almost let me take them in my hand. The boy had caught one, and as he watched us was swinging it round like a windmill by a string to its legs. I have thought

since what a true "chip of the old block" he was. Being the only woman present, I asked him before his father to make me a present of the bird. He was pleased, and readily gave it to me. I said to him, "If I let this go, will you promise me not to catch it again, and will you promise me not to catch another?" He looked as if he thought me a fool, and that it was a shocking waste of power to let the bird go. His father ordered him to promise, and when he did so, said to me, "When he has once given his word he won't break it; he knows what that means." He watched me untie the string from the bird's leg, and lay it down on a little projecting piece of wood, from which it could fly into open space. For a long time it lay as if it were dead with fright and pain. I did not move till it gradually revived and flew away. I tried to explain to him how cruel he had been, how Allah had made that bird, and how angry He must feel at seeing him ill use it thus. I thought the idea of Allah being angry rather amused him, so I asked him how he would like a big giant to swing him round by the leg with a rope? He understood that better, and listened with open mouth and beautiful large eyes, so that I thought I was making some impression. But five minutes afterwards I found him in "full cry," spearing the Pariah dogs through the village with his father's lance: it was no use trying to alter Nature. Crowds of villagers collected to see us, and the courtyard and the house were filled with, and surrounded by, all sorts of guests from different Bedawin tribes. Camels were lying about, baggage was piled here and there, and horses were picketed in all directions. It was a picture; and this motley crew looked up to Da'ás as to a master.

A sad affair happened that evening. I had unfortunately engaged Zahrán as head servant and interpreter. My husband told him off to wait upon me during the journey, and to ride after me if needful. Unfortunately, cleverness and goodness do not always go together. When we arrived at Jayrúd I dismounted, and taking my husband's horse and my own, walked them up and down to cool. As soon as Zahrán and another man came up I gave them the reins, saying, "After our hard ride in that sand-storm, take as much care of those horses as if they were children." He replied, "Be rested, Sitti;" but an unpleasant smile appeared upon his face. When my back was turned, he threw my reins to a bystander, and drawing a sword, which he had been entrusted to carry, he cut the throat of the good, useful little beast which had been hired for him. I saw many people running, but being very tired I did not turn round. The cruel act

was kept concealed for fear of distressing me, but somebody at supper let it out. I rose from my seat to dismiss the man at once, but my husband wisely stopped me, and desired me to put a good face on the matter until the end of the journey.

The explanation of the ruffian's conduct was this:—he had been negotiating for a thorough-bred horse, which he meant to pay for out of my pocket, but he had been outbid by Antún Wardi, my Dragoman's brother, and his rage had been uncontrollable, especially as he saw the coveted animal perpetually caracoling before him. He afterwards avowed that he wanted a good horse, so as to fly at the first appearance of danger, and he thought, with that Levantine and Italian gift of short-sighted, petty intrigue, like the unripe cunning of a badly brought up child, that if he killed his own good, useful, but unpretentious beast, he would ride my second horse. I saw the case at once, and mounted him upon the worst thing in the camp.

In the morning we saw large salt marshes and gypsum mines not far away. The salina is white and glistening, and the heat spreads over it a white mist, when it appears like the Mirage, bearing fantastic ships. I remember feeling very faint at Jayrúd from the alternate cold and heat, and the natives thought that the salt marshes produced this state of temperature and its unpleasant effects.

The hubbub in the courtyard awoke us early. Mules, donkeys, camels, horses, and mares, were objecting to their loads or saddles, and to one another's presence, and were expressing the same by screaming and kicking—the men running about screaming and swearing. We rode over the plain to the next village, Atneh—the last settlement, the last water, and the last human abode between Jayrúd and Karyatayn. Da'ás and his lances accompanied us. At Atneh, hearing of some underground buildings, we stopped to dig a deep hole, and found an old hypocaust. Then we rode considerably out of our way to see the salt marshes. We breakfasted in the Harím at Atneh, the women having all gone out. When they returned the men retired. It was the house of a bride, so her garments hung all around the walls, like a Jew's old clothes shop, to show what she had brought with her to her husband. On the same principle we display *trousseaux* and presents, and put a list of donors in the "Court Journal," *pour encourager les autres*. The village women were covered with coins and bits of stone, made into necklaces and charms against the "evil eye."

After this, we had a long Desert ride in wind and rain, sleet and hail, and the ground was full of large holes. The Arabs, in gaudy

jackets, white baggy trowsers, and gold Kufiyehs, were galloping about furiously, brandishing and throwing their lances, and playing the usual Jerid tricks. We encountered a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, and between times a fiery sun rained down its beams upon the parched plain. The ground—that of the Desert—is alternately flint, limestone, and soft, smooth gravel; not a tree or shrub, not a human being or animal, is to be seen. The vegetation is stunted and withered—the colours are yellow sand and blue sky,—blue and yellow for ever. At dusk we arrived to find our tents pitched. Our horses cared for, we dined, and that night, for the first time, we slept in our clothes, with revolvers and guns by our sides. The men took turns to keep watch, that we might not be surprised by a *Ghazu*, and the mules were unbelled, so as not to attract attention. A *Ghazu* of Bedawin means 600 or 700 of a tribe, the Wuld Ali, or Rualla, who go out for marauding purposes. They charge in a body, with their lances poised and quivering in the air, shouting their war-cry, and they only stop short at a foot from your horse. If you stand your ground without blinking, they will not touch you; on the contrary, they will worship your bravery, and only take their blackmail; but if you do not happen to know this, and show either fear or fight, they will touch you up with the spear, and cast you loose in the Desert, naked, and on foot. In many cases it would be much more merciful to kill outright.

We rose before the cold, dark, misty, and freezing dawn. We had some difficulty in starting our camp. The horses were shivering and shaking, the muleteers and camel-men objected, and I saw Mulhem laying about him desperately with a *Kurbaj* (hide thong). My husband and Count de Perrochel, being impatient, walked on, and very fast too. M. Jonin and I remained behind, to induce the camp to start by the moral pressure of our presence. I suppose this took a longer time than we calculated, for we rode through the same sort of country as yesterday for a length of time, without seeing anything of our pedestrians, whose horses we led. At last we saw on the horizon a small rise of stones, with a fire, and men at the top of it. We were frightened for our missing ones, as there is only one sort of people out in these parts; we galloped as hard as we could towards it, and we found it was themselves. We then had a long and lonely ride through the same desolate valley-plain, banked on both sides in the distance by naked, barren mountains, and we were thankful when the sun came out. We breakfasted at a ruined Khan (Caravanserai) in the midst of the desolation, one of the many built to accommodate and

shelter travellers, in the days when Tadmor was in her splendour. Though now in ruins, they are massive enough to withstand the elements for many centuries. Here we stayed for an hour, and those who had second horses changed saddles.

Then we rode on and on, it seemed for an age, with no variation ; not a bird, nor a tree, nor a sound, save our own tramp. At length, within an hour of Karyatayn, we had a little excitement. On a slightly rising ground, which was now a horizon about five miles distant, we beheld something which, by the aid of Casella's field-glasses, we discovered to be a large party of mounted Bedawin. We carried sharp dog whistles, which I bought from the old "Bishop of Bond Street," before sailing, and which in silent places are heard a long way off. We sounded them, and waved to our stragglers and waited until all were collected. I must here remark that from the hour of our leaving Damascus, stragglers joined us at every instant, from every garden, and in every village. They were natives who wanted protection from one settlement to another. Many of them would not otherwise have reached Karyatayn. Moreover, as the laws of hospitality oblige us to entertain both man and beast, our troop was a godsend to them. They do not mean fighting, and they are like camp followers to an army, serving only to swell the numbers. But they contributed, on this occasion, to our assuming an important appearance. Our Kawwâses and servants were six in all ; Da'ás led ten men ; and the muleteers, camel-men, cook, and camp-followers, numbered some eighty in all. As we all wore the Kuffiyeh, and Da'ás and his men dressed much like Bedawin, I have no doubt that we looked like a small *Ghazu*.

As soon as all our stragglers had reached us, we formed into line, and the opposite party did the same. We then galloped to meet them, and they did likewise ; in fact, they copied us in everything, without glasses. When within a quarter of a mile we pulled up, and they pulled up. We fully expected a charge and a skirmish, and they were more numerous than we ; so we halted and remained in line, consulting—it was also their manœuvre.

Three of us then rode out to meet them ; three horsemen of their line did likewise. They hailed us, and asked us who we were, and what we wanted. We told them that the English and Russian Consuls were passing to Palmyra, and asked in our turn the same questions. They replied that they were the Shaykh of Karyatayn and his fighting-men, and the Chief Priest under the Archbishop of Damascus, bearing invitations for us. They jumped down from their

horses, and kissed my hand. We were then joined by both sides; all the men embraced, and we were escorted in triumph to the village, the men riding Jerid, firing from horseback at full speed, hanging over by one stirrup, with the bridle in their mouths, quivering their long lances in the air, throwing them and catching them again at full gallop, yelling and shouting their war-cry. Their many-coloured dresses, their mares, and the wildness of the whole spectacle, were very refreshing. We learnt that Omar Beg, a Hungarian Brigadier-General in the Turkish service, was stationed here with 1600 troops, in hopes of reducing the wild tribes to submission. So we went to the house of the Shaykh, and despatched a note to him.

The Shaykh of Karyatayn's dwelling was a mud house, with a large reception-room, where we had a big fire, and dined and slept—that is, my husband, M. Jonin, and the Count de Perrochel. The rest were littered about in various corners of the house. Our animals stood in the stable, and the others were picketed about the court. There was a separate house for the Harim, which appeared numerous, and I slept there, with a room to myself.

Whilst we were enjoying our fire, and sitting round a rug, a fat young Turkish *sous-officier* entered with an insolent look. Thinking he had come with a message from Omar Beg, we all saluted in the usual manner. Without returning it, he walked up, stepped across us, flung himself on our rug, leaned on his elbow, and, with an impertinent leer, stared at us all around, till he came to my husband's eye—which partakes more of the tiger-cat's—then he started and turned pale. The Russian Consul and the French Count jumped to their feet. My husband, who saw that it was an intended insult, said, "Sit down, gentlemen; this is no work for you. Kawwâses!" The Kawwâses and the two Wardis ran to the call. "Remove that son of a dog." They seized him up, fat and big as he was, as if he had been a rabbit, and, although he kicked and screamed lustily, carried him out of the house. I saw them give him some vicious bumps against the wall as they went through the door, across the courtyard, and out into the village, where they dropped him into the first pool of mud which represented the village horse-pond.

By-and-by Omar Beg came down to dine with us. We all sat on the ground around the large brass platter (table size), and ate of several dishes, chiefly a kid stuffed with rice and pistachios.

Omar Beg was delighted to see Europeans, for it was lonely work camping out in this deserted village. He would not hear of our going to Palmyra without troops, and he told off eighty men and two

officers. We also had to take seventeen extra camels to carry water, and a camel with a Takhtrawán, in case any one should meet with an accident. It proved very lucky that we did so, for Habíb, Captain Burton's favourite servant, fell grievously ill with fever, and could not have returned in any other manner.

We then reported to Omar Beg the conduct of his *sous-officier*. He said that we had done very well, and that he was glad of the opportunity of making an example of him. It appeared that he had been secretary to some military authority, and that he spent all his leisure time in drinking, *malgré* the Koran, in oppressing the poor villagers, walking into their Haríms, insulting their women, appropriating their things, and beating his own wife. The peasant at all times prefers the robbery of the Bedawin to the oppression, the insults, and the cruelty of the Turkish soldier. This one appears to have out-Heroded Herod, and the peasants worshipped our party for having given him that mud-bath. Omar Beg immediately despatched two orderlies to arrest him. The offender sent word to his wife to get up out of her bed, where she was ill with fever, and she came at his order to save him from punishment. The poor woman told us and Omar Beg that he had been boasting that he knew European manners, and was going to astonish the Consuls with his knowledge. She added, in conclusion,—“He ordered me to get up and beg pardon for him. I do so from fear of a beating, but I think he would be much better if he had a few days' confinement.” By-and-by the culprit was marched in between two soldiers, livid with fear, and scarcely able to stand up for shame before his Brigadier, whom he beheld dining in intimate friendship with the people he had insulted. Omar Beg sentenced him to prison until further orders.

The action he committed would have been insolent in any part of the world, but in the East it was trebly so; and had he not been treated as he was treated, his next move would have been to assault us. If you wink at a slight here, you court the insult that is sure to follow. Syrians are, when they choose to be, the most courteous of people, but you must keep them in order, and if there is any defection it is your fault. The badly disposed in this part of the world would delight in offering an insult, understood by all native bystanders, but not understood, and therefore not resented, by a European. They look at one another with grave faces behind your back, and enjoy the joke extremely. It behoves you, therefore, quickly to learn what the common Eastern modes of insult are, and to resent one at once. In all probability the first will be the last time it will be risked. “Hu

bi'arif" ("He knows"), they will whisper to one another. A *gamin* who knew both English and Arabic was once escorting an English naval officer, when the latter espied an Eastern gentleman passing whom he had met before. Turning to the lad, he said, "I want to say something civil to that gentleman in Arabic. Teach me what to say." The lad quickly replied, "Say, 'Kayf hál-kum Effendum, Yala'an Abúk!' ('How do you do, sir? d—— your father!')." The Eastern, who saw the lad with his tongue in his cheek behind the naval officer, appreciated the joke, and noticed it as it deserved. Saluting very courteously, he answered, "Ana mabsút kattir khayr'ak, yá Sidi Beg; Yala'an Jiddak!" ("I am well, I thank your Excellency; but d—— your grandfather!").

The next was a pleasant, lazy day. There were some Baths to be seen, a ruined Convent, a Catholic Chapel, a Mosque, and the Village generally. We rested, read and wrote, looked to our horses' shoes, and to the backs of the hired ones, and made a few extra preparations for the march. I also had the pleasure of making, in that very queer and lonely spot, an acquaintance which ripened into a friendship—the wife of Omar Beg, the daughter of the German savant, Mr. Moidtmann, who is well known and appreciated at Stambul. I need not say much more in praise of Omar Beg himself than that he is a Hungarian gentleman, and all the world knows the brave and independent race. He married this charming German lady, and keeps her secluded in Harím, like a Moslem woman. She was living with her husband quite contentedly in this desolate place under a mud hut, and her only companions were a hyena and a lynx, which slept on her bed like two lap-dogs. The hyena received me at the gate, and, though not prepared for it, I innocently did the right thing, as she afterwards informed me. It came and sniffed at my hands, and then jumped up and put its fore-paws on my shoulders, and smelt my face. "Oh," I thought, "if it takes a bit out of my cheek, what *shall* I do?" But I stood as still as a statue, and tried not to breathe, looking it steadily in the eyes all the while. At last it made up its mind to befriend me, jumped down, and ran before me like a dog into the house, where I found the lynx on the divan. No. 2 pet sprang at me, mewed, and lashed his tail till Madame Omar came. She told me that when people began to scream or drive the hyena away it took a pleasure in worrying and frightening them. I went afterwards to the husband's reception-room. He had gone out for a short while. The hyena had got in, and I found my husband, the Russian Consul, and the French gentleman all sitting on the divan, with their legs well tucked-up

under them, clubbing their sticks, and looking absurdly uncomfortable at the *affreuse bête*, as the Count called it. I had a good laugh at them, as the hyena and I were already on friendly terms. Madame Omar also had a cottage piano, which she travelled about with on a camel. Not a single note was in tune, or retained any proper sound of a piano. She was a first-rate musician, but she had been there so long she had no idea when she played that nobody could possibly guess what air it was, until I told her. She said, with the utmost good nature and innocence, "Is it really so bad? I amuse myself with it for hours, and would rather have it than nothing, and after all it keeps one in practice."

The people of Karyatayn are very poor. They have the soldiery to oppress and rob them, and so much do they hate and fear them, that wherever the uniform is seen all scuttle out of the way as if from a serpent on the path. We could not even get a peasant to carry our note to Omar Beg, who is the kindest and most benevolent of men, and we had to send a Kawwás. When the military leave, the villagers' natural enemy will resume their place, the tribe of the Sebá'ah, who from time to time sweep down upon them, and carry off their sheep, goats, and grain. The doors are mere holes in the wall, so that only one man may pass at a time, and that in a bent position, when the owner can shoot them down as fast as they come in. Some of the old Shaykhs begged to be allowed to examine my revolver; they could not make out "how such a small gun could make such a noise and hit so far:" and also they thought, as many do in wild countries, that when once it is fired it goes on till it is told to stop. At night, when I went to the Harím, about fifty women paid me a visit. I gave a pair of ear-rings to the head wife of the Shaykh, which act of generosity caused fearful jealousy and quarrelling. Long after I was dying to go to bed they sat talking in my room, till at last the husband or brother, with an instinct of delicacy, came of his own accord to tell them to take leave, and upon their refusing he drove them all out like a flock of sheep. I fortunately had a fastening to my door, so that when they were once gone I was able to shut them out. My sleep was, however, very disturbed, for they kept on trying the doors and shutters till very late. They have an insatiable desire for information concerning European and Christian women, and during my toilet I could see fifty pairs of eyes at fifty chinks in the windows and doors. Dressing *en Amazone* seemed to afford them infinite glee, and when I arrived at the cloth nether garments of my riding-habit, they produced shouts of laughter equal to those which greet the

drollest farce in London. Count de Perrochel and I being Catholics, went to Church. The Chapel was a very poor little place, and Mass was celebrated according to the Syriac rite. We then assembled in the Square of the village, and found our horses being led up and down by the soldiers; our camels with water in goat-skins, our baggage beasts, mules, and donkeys; the hired Takhtrawán and our Jayrúd free-lances drawn up on one side. Omar Beg accompanied us out with a troop of cavalry, and started us with forty dromedaries, each carrying two soldiers, the two officers being on horseback. The cavalcade looked very bizarre as we wound out of Karyatayn, and when Omar Beg took his leave of us, we were about 160 strong.

We had a long day of Desert marching, with distant naked mountains to our left, and we passed through a wild defile, climbed up a mountain, and rested on the top. There was a ruined village with a dry well at the foot of the mountain, and we went up to get the exact plan. It was very hot, and this diversion from our route was an expenditure of strength, both for man and beast. We then returned to the plains, and in the afternoon we saw a mirage—castles, and green fields, but, as my husband knew what it was, we did not ride to see them. I often think that the reason one views such strange things in the Desert is, that the brain becomes fanciful, and the sight weak with heat and fatigue. We were slow in finding our tents, and rather tired, but still able to gallop in. Again we did not undress, and slept with our weapons by our sides.

The next morning we set out at 6.30. The ground soon changed its character, and consisted for the first four hours of sharp little flints and big slabs of rock, alternately. To-day again we left the plain, and after four hours rode towards a mountain in the distance, and defiled by a picturesque and somewhat dangerous ledge amongst craggy peaks for upwards of an hour. We had heard for the first time that the Bedawin knew of a water hereabouts, and we determined to find it. This discovery destroyed the worst difficulty of travellers in visiting Palmyra. The well is called there Ayn el Wu'úl (spring of the oryx antelopes).

When we reached this well, which was full of the purest water, we rested our horses, and we wished to see a *Ghazu*, because we were in such a splendid position for repelling it. Whilst talking thus some guns echoed like thunder through the rocky peaks, and we all thought our prayer was granted; but it must have been some Bedawi signal out of sight—very likely it meant, "The travellers have found our well; they are strong, well armed and well mounted." We descended

once more into the arid plain, and the day was dreary, the heat intense. At last we dimly sighted the Khan that was to be our night halt. It seemed quite close to us, but the farther we rode the farther it seemed to retire. This is a very common thing in the Desert, on account of the clearness of the atmosphere, and it always distresses beginners. I heard of a lady and gentleman who sat down and cried under similar circumstances. We seemed to be about twenty minutes from our Khan, and yet it took us four hours of good riding. It was a fine old pile, that solitary, deserted building, and it looked splendid in the sunset; our camp by moonlight will ever live in my memory. The black tents, the animals picketed, the camels, the Turkish soldiery, the wild men, and the muleteers singing and dancing barbarous native dances.

You have all heard that camels can go for a long time without water. The camel which carried our empty Takhtawán looked very thirsty. I called the driver during the evening, and asked him when he last gave his camel to drink. He replied last Thursday, this being Monday. I was exceedingly angry with him for having left Karyatayn, where there is plenty, to make a Desert journey, where there is none, without having allowed his camel to drink its fill. I immediately sent for a large tub, and ordered the men to empty one of our goat-skins into it. To my great surprise the camel would not drink, nor then, nor until we arrived at Palmyra, on the sixth day after it last tasted water.

The next day, our eighth from leaving home, saw us out of camp at 6.30, and riding over the hot, stony Desert for five hours. Suddenly we descried a small lake, but about 150 Bedawin were there before us. Our soldiers were all very well to protect the baggage on the march, but as they were on camels and on foot, and we upon horses and well mounted, we were always an hour or two away from them. The moment the *Ghazu*, as we supposed it to be, was sighted, the Count, the two Wardis, the Russian Kawwáses, Habíb, and Da'ás, with his best men, rode off to reconnoitre, begging my husband, M. Jonin, and myself to advance in a straight line, or to wait for them, but not to ride up to them unless they fired a shot. We whistled and waved in our stragglers, but it was little use; those who followed us simply for their own protection, and whom "noblesse" did not "oblige," began to make their horses prance about and wheel round in curves, every curve widening, which here is always preparatory to running away. About half a dozen, amongst whom were Ali our Kawwás, and our servants, remained steady.

Zahrán executed a curve or two, but my husband called out, "The first man who bolts I will shoot him in the back." This brought them all in, and steadied them at once. We looked to our arms, and spying a little eminence at a short distance, we rode up to it, and planted on a spear a certain red flag with the Union Jack in the corner; in the Desert it can be seen for miles.

Then we took off the saddle-bags, and I spread the breakfast. Our party soon returned, they had found only 150 of the Sebá'ah watering their animals, and they could not attack us till they had time to collect 600 or 700 strong. Meanwhile, to divert attention, I asked my husband's leave to make a display of *Tír*. We put an orange on a lance point, seventy yards off; they gave me the first shot; by good luck I hit it, and by better luck still they did not ask me for a second shot, so that I came off with a great reputation, hardly deserved. Everybody fired in turn, but except Da'ás and an officer, for our soldiers came up whilst this was going on, no gun carried far enough. We were now together, baggage and all, and mustered 160 souls—strong enough to fight any *Ghazu*. My husband spoke a few words to the men who were not soldiers. We changed our horses and mounted the fresh ones. He and the officer in command then formed the men into single line. They cheered and sang war songs all the remainder of the day, and I am sure we must have looked awfully imposing.

The first sight of Palmyra is like a regiment of cavalry drawn out in single line. There was the same deceiving effect as to distance. Then gradually the ruins began to stand out one by one in the sunlight, and a more imposing sight I never looked upon. So gigantic, so extensive, so bare, so desolate, rising out of and half-buried in a sea of sand. There is something that almost takes one's breath away about this splendid City of the Dead, when you are alone and gazing in silence upon her solitary grandeur. You feel as if you were wandering in some forgotten world, and respect and wonder bid you hush like a child amidst the tombs of a long-closed and forgotten churchyard. This was the Tadmor built by Solomon as a safe halt for the treasures of India and Persia passing through the Desert (2 Paralipomenon, or Chronicles, viii. 4.). "And he built Tadmor in the wilderness, and all the store cities, which he built in Hamath." Read also 3 Kings or 1 Kings ix. 18.

The Shaykh and his people came out to meet us. They saw the *Ghazu* pass down to the water as we did, and were half afraid we were the other part of it. Our horses' hoofs soon clattered over the blocks



OUR DESERT CAMP.

of stone that formed the pavement, and up a flight of broad steps under massive archways, to the door of the Shaykh's house. The village resembles a group of wasps' nests on a large scale, clinging to the inside walls of a gigantic ruined temple. The people are hideous, poor, dirty, ragged, and diseased. Everybody has ophthalmia, and you feel to catch it by looking at them; there is not a sound eye in the place, and I longed to find a convict oculist who would take a free pardon to settle there. They look as if born for misery. What have the descendants of Zenobia done to come to this?

In the Shaykh's house we had coffee and pipes. We were compelled to dine there, he would take no denial, and we did not wish to hurt his feelings. We ought to have camped on a threshing-floor near the spring, with three palm trees, but our muleteers placed us close to the east of the Grand Colonnade, for the sake of being near to the wells. Our camp consisted of our five tents, and ten for the eighty soldiers. The animals were picketed as much as possible in shelter, for we suffered from ice and snow, sirocco, burning heat, and furious sou'westers.

I cannot describe the beauty of our camp. We had two sulphureous wells, one to bathe in and the other to drink out of, and a larger water, which more resembled a pond, at the back of the tents, served for the animals. Some steps led down to our bathing well, where there was a place to sit in exactly like a full length bath, with the lukewarm water perpetually rushing through it. The only drawback was that there were sometimes snakes in it, but they were quite harmless. Everybody felt a little tired, and we went to bed early. It was the first night we really undressed, and bathed, and slept, and it was such a refreshment that I did not wake for twelve hours. We accounted ourselves safe here, though if a *Ghazu* had chosen to come down upon us amidst the ruins, it could have attacked us just as well as in the open Desert. But Bedawin cannot fight where they cannot ride, and we should have had the advantage of them, as it would have been impossible to charge and wheel in circles amid the fallen columns and *débris*. The villagers would not have helped us; they would have had to consider their own interest, for they are exposed to their raids all the year round.

My journal of the following morning contains a very short notice: "We were considerably refreshed, attended to our horses and several camp wants. We lounged about till breakfast, and wrote our journals. It was scorchingly hot weather. We are here for five days, so did not begin serious work until noon."

I would give one bit of advice to tourists in Syria, and that is, never to think of bringing out English tents, but always to use those of the natives, which are provided for them. English tents may be delightful for Aldershot, but are useless in these latitudes. They tear, they blow down, they let in wind and rain. They don't keep out the sun. They are heavy, and ill-adapted for mule-back over mountains and rocky countries. My husband always uses a Bedawi tent, so did Mr. Drake and Mr. Palmer.

You will say that we performed this eight days' journey to Palmyra in a very lazy, easy manner; so we did, but I do not feel sorry for it. If I were to tell you that I had ridden sixty hours on a camel without stopping, and had only drunk one cup of coffee the whole way, you might have admired my powers of endurance; but so many have done this and described it, that I am glad to have gone to Palmyra in a different manner, and to be able to amuse you by the petty details of the route.

I am very much amused, and very much pleased, to learn that all along the road I have been generally mistaken for a boy. I had no idea of any disguise, but as soon as I found it out I encouraged the idea, and I shall do so in future whenever we are off the usual beaten tracks. After all, wild people in wild places would feel but little respect or consideration for a Christian woman with a bare face, whatever they may put on of outward show. It is all well in localities where they daily see European women, but otherwise, according to their notions, we ought to be covered up and stowed far away from the men, with the baggage and beasts. This is why they possibly thought I must be a youth. As such I shall meet with respect only second to the Consul himself. As such I shall be admitted everywhere, and shall add to my qualifications for travelling. This is how I dress for our mode of wayfare. I wear an English riding-habit of dark blue cloth—there are but three riding-habits in Syria, and mine is the only "latest fashion." I wear a pair of top-boots, and for the convenience of jumping on and off my horse I tuck in the long ends of the habit, and let them hang over like native big, baggy trowsers. Round my waist I wear a leather belt, with a revolver and bowie. My hair is tucked up tightly to the top of my head, which is covered by the red Tarbush, and over that the Bedawi Kufiyeh, the silk and golden handkerchief, which covers the head and falls about the chest and shoulders to the waist, hiding the figure completely, and is bound with the fillet of chocolate-dyed camel's hair. I have a little rifle slung to my back, that I may shoot if we meet game.

This was a very decent compromise between masculine and feminine attire, quite feasible on account of the petticoat-like folds and drapery of Eastern dress. So attired I could do what I liked, go into all the places which women are not deemed worthy to see, and receive all the respect and consideration that would be paid to the son of a great man. My chief difficulty was that my toilette always had to be performed in the dead of night. The others never appeared to make any except in a stream, and I did not wish to be singular. I never could remember not to enter the Haríms. I used always to forget that I was a boy, until the women began screaming and running before me to hide themselves. I often wonder that my laughter did not incense their men to kill me; I remember once or twice, on being remonstrated with, pointing to my chin to plead my youth, and also to my ignorance of their customs. In the East a man of high rank or respectability is not expected to do anything unusual, to drink, or to sing, or to dance, in public. All that I had to do towards maintaining my character was to show great respect to my father, to be very silent before him and my elders, and to look after my horses.

This was the way in which I found out what they thought, and what put the idea into my head: one day, during a halt, we were sitting on a divan, with Shaykhs, Moslems, and Christians, and all were paying great attention to my husband. Suddenly the village priest (Greek Orthodox) looked over and pointing at me said, "Háthá ibn-ak, yá Sidi Beg?" ("Is that your son, my Lord Beg?") My husband, with the gravest face in the world, answered, "Áywá, yá Abúna" ("Yes, O Reverend Father"). I saluted him in the usual fashion, and my husband quickly turned to another subject.

CHAPTER XV.

PALMYRA, ANCIENT TADMOR (PRONOUNCED TUDMUR)—STABLES AT HOME
AND IN CAMP.

So many travellers have described Palmyra, the City of the Palms, that I shall be voted a bore if I attempt it again. A description and sketches of it are also found in most books of architecture. Still, I may make a few common remarks for those who prefer light literature. The situation reminds one of Damascus. It is backed by a range of white limestone mountains, which answer to Jebel Kaysún, but having no river it lacks the verdure of Damascus, so that the City rises out of sands, which, smooth as the sea, stretch away on all sides for ever and ever. Savants are of opinion that long before Solomon, Palmyra was a great station for Eastern trade to India. The Bible induces a belief that it was built by Solomon, whose ships from Ezion-geber visited the East Coast of Africa, and his traders traversed the Deserts of Arabia to convey the luxuries and wealth of foreign lands to his kingdom; therefore, to make the route secure for the caravans that imported the treasures of India, Persia, and Mesopotamia, "he built Tadmor in the wilderness" (1 Kings ix. 18; 2 Chronicles viii. 4). Pliny also mentions it as a great City. Zenobia was the "great Queen of the East," who ruled Palmyra in its days of splendour (A.D. 267). She was an extraordinary woman, full of wisdom and heroic courage. She was conquered by the Romans after a splendid reign of five years, and the Emperor Aurelian caused her to be led through Rome bound in fetters of gold.

The City must formerly have consisted of a magnificent plan of streets, both broad and long, running parallel with or crossing one another at regular intervals, the principal formed of two rows of gigantic columns, which are sixty or eighty feet high, with carved capitals. Most of them have inscriptions, some are fluted, others consist of one solid shaft, and others are made of huge blocks joined. Some have very large bases, and might have served for the beginning or end of a street, or a *point de réunion* whence four streets branched off. It seems that every street began and terminated with a Temple,

whose grandeur corresponded with that of the thoroughfare. At almost regular intervals are spacious and carved arches and gateways, remnants of Temples, wells and springs, and unique "Tower-Tombs."

The Chief Temple is that of the Sun, which has a square court 740 feet each side. It is enclosed within walls seventy feet high, and clinging to the inside walls are the fifty wretched huts which I described as being like wasps' nests. The principal street was evidently what is now called the Great Colonnade. Its remnants begin about 300 yards from this Temple in an oblique direction. Turning our backs to the Temple, we pass, at 300 yards from it, under a central or triumphal arch, with two smaller side arches—evidently a triple gateway. This is built in the bend of the street leading to the Temple, and as it now stands alone it has an effect more striking than classical. Its carving is elaborate and but little destroyed.

You may walk down the High Street till you reach the mountains, perhaps for a mile or more. It is so long and ruined here and there, that one has to take it up at intervals, but there is no mistaking its direct line. From the triumphal arch to a very marked *point de départ* in about the middle, the right side of the street is in ruins, but after that the left side is almost completely ruined, whilst on the right hand here and there the columns remain perfect. This street also terminates at a Temple, six columns supporting a *façade*. Here, on turning to look back, one perceives that the Great Colonnade must have had two lesser streets of the same kind, like the aisles of a cathedral. Doubtless the large road would be intended for equestrians and carriages, and the two side paths for pedestrians.

You can stand on the top of a spacious arch which must once have formed a magnificent gateway; now it is buried in sand. In the particular instance of which I now write, a muleteer is singing upon that noble perch, unconscious of anything grand, and wonders what I am staring at. Whilst so engaged a flight of storks darken the air—one small white butterfly, which must have been the scapegoat of the butterflies, and charged with their sins, myriads of small black beetles burrowing in the sand, and the snakes in the bath underground, complete all the live stock of Palmyra the Old.

I can even to-day shut my eyes and walk all over Palmyra, and tell every column standing *in situ*. Being so near the mountains at the further end of the High Street, it is as well to ascend to the castle, which is built on a little detached peak of the range which backs the City. It is cruised round, with an infinity of labour, to form a moat,

and the ascent, steep and slippery, tears hands and knees, clothes and boots. On two sides of it are mountain ranges, and on the other two the Desert stretches away into the horizon. This is quite the best point from which to look down on the plan of the town, and this is the general view of the ruins at your feet. More striking than all, and immediately below you, is a fine Temple—the Great Colonnade beginning from it, and terminating a mile off in the Temple of the Sun, whose walls hide the only eyesore, the disgraceful village, which is thereby sheltered from weather, and less exposed to Bedawin. The ruins visited by travellers and tourists are simply the official tour of Temples, forum, and theatres, but Captain Burton traced out the “native” or “black town” by the different colour of the soil, composed of organic matter, and especially ashes.

The colonnades strike you most, and set you to work trying to trace out the plan of the city; they evidently formed the streets, and everything indicates that all tended towards the principal one. Shut your eyes, and think of a city composed of streets formed of colonnades cross-barring one another, each one beginning and ending with a Temple, and you see Palmyra.

At our feet lies this City, surrounded by the old walls of Justinian, much ruined, forming a large circle, joined at one end by the Temple of the Sun, and at the other by the mountains. Wherever there is a spring or well there are patches of garden enclosed by low stone walls, none of them bigger than large rooms; in these patches the wretched natives grow barley, and plant pomegranate, dates, and olives. When ripe, the swooping Bedawin eat them; and even these tiny oases would not exist but for the springs. All the rest of the view consists of these patches of garden, chiefly round the Temple, and they look like green spots on a yellow ground.

Streams, wells, and springs of the hot, sulphureous water, and tombs—of which more presently—lie everywhere. The intervening space is covered with remnants of Temples, with isolated columns, porticoes, and large fallen stones. There are buildings which might have been prisons, barracks, offices of justice, and other public buildings. During the whole of our wanderings amongst the ruins we constantly found caves and vaults. There are several little squares of standing columns, which might have been pavilions or nymphæums, covering fountains. I counted seven of them. All the busts have had their heads knocked off, and most of the coins represented a woman sitting—of course, supposed to be Zenobia.

The architecture is in bad taste and coarse, but the carving very

elaborate, much of it still almost perfect. It is a barbarous idea of splendour, all Columns and Temples. The chief objects of interest are the "Tower-Tombs," which are strictly Palmyrene, and here represent the Pyramids. They line not only the two wild mountain defile entrances to the City, but they also dot the roots of the mountains which back it, corresponding with the Salihíyyah graveyard on the roots of Jebel Kaysún.

We spent five days at Palmyra. The first was devoted to this general inspection. The second morning to the Temple of the Sun, which is composed of huge blocks of limestone from the neighbouring mountains. It has fine carved cornices, still perfect. The central door is 32 feet high and 16 feet wide. The Naos, or temple itself, has one hundred standing columns. It is encompassed by walls 70 feet high; the wall at the back slants, as if it had been arrested in falling; but I tremble to think what an earthquake would do for Palmyra. In the afternoon we commenced our *fouilles* and visiting the "Tower-Tombs." These buildings are tall, square towers, 80 feet high, and 30 feet broad on each side, with a handsome frontage. Inside they are four stories high, and each tier contains *loculi* for bodies, like a honey-comb. They have beautiful ceilings of stone, stuccoed and painted, and the entrances are lined with dwarf pilasters and busts. There are about one hundred principal, and the earliest date is A.D. 2. All over the rest of Syria the tombs are hewn in the rocks. These must have been for the grand old families, and their ruins and desolation, with no language left to tell their tale, is replete with mournful interest.

The Palmyrene district must have extended much further than anybody suspected, for my husband found Palmyrene inscriptions in the Jebel D'rúz Haurán, much further south-west than any one thought. Whilst they were digging, I devoted some part of each day in endeavouring to cure the poor people of ophthalmia, and was on the road to succeeding before I left. I owe all I know to our celebrated London oculist, Mr. White Cooper, who, from the generous motive of doing good in countries to which he was perhaps never likely to go, gave me several instructions and recipes which I could always practise with safety. The blessings, therefore, which have been heaped upon me, more properly belong to him. Excepting cases which required an operation, I have cured or bettered all the bad eyes I have met with, and in the East one can have as much practice in that line as would fill all one's time. I have tried to improve my knowledge since; in the hope of some day going back; and I trust one

of these days that some enthusiast who wants to do good, will salary an appointment for a good oculist to reside at Damascus. Sight is one of the greatest blessings, and I know of no part of the world where the eyes are so beautiful and are so diseased as in Syria. The discouraging part of it is, that in the East ophthalmia usually proceeds from flies and want of cleanliness, and you know when they are cured they will return to it. I have spent much time in lecturing them upon the uncleanly habits of the fly, and "hear, hear" is represented by choruses of "Máshálláh, el Hakk ma'ik. Mafi mithl-ik" ("By Allah, thou art right. There is none like [equal to] thee"). But you see what seems from a little distance to be a baby with a pair of eyes the size of a crown-piece—you call out to the mother, she waves her hand over the baby's face, and they dwindle down to the size of a sixpence. About two hundred flies had been there for hours, and will presently return. It is fearful to think what diseases they must communicate. They are physically what a mischief-maker is morally. Born and bred out of dirt, they feed upon dirt, engender it, and communicate it to their fellow-creatures, from which results a pestilence which kills off the weak, and from which the strong stand aloof with dread. I should like to dress all Syrians in "*Catch 'em alive*,"* and wish we knew of any prescription of equal moral value for Society.

On the second night of our arrival the two officers, the Shaykh of Palmyra and Shaykh Fáris, dined in our tents. We strolled about the ruins by moonlight, and when tired we sat round in a large ring on the sand, and the soldiers and muleteers gave us music and singing—they danced the sword-dance with a wild grace, to their barbarous but musical accompaniment and weird songs. My greatest pleasure, however, was to wander about alone, to enjoy the beauty and the majesty of the ruins by moonlight. I did not want European talk; I did not want Syrian chatter; I did not always want scientific lore nor books. It is a place where you prefer nature, solitude, and meditation.

We were here on Good Friday, and the Simún blew so hard that we had great difficulty in keeping our tents over our heads. The Count de Perrochel and myself, the Dragomans, muleteers, and part of the servants, who were Catholics, performed a service at three o'clock under the shelter of some rocks.

We discovered caves, and found human bones, skulls with the hair on, hands in a good state of preservation, coins, tesserae, and a few

* A paper sold in the streets of London in summer, sticky and poisonous. It attracts the flies, and once they have pitched upon it they die.

large slabs—all were sent to the Anthropological Institute, except the latter, which were too heavy to carry away.

Entering Palmyra, we crossed a sulphureous stream which issues from a cavernous hole in the mountain, and runs with a rapid current through the City. Not far from it are apparently separate springs of the same quality, bubbling up in the sand. It is as bright as crystal, tepid, with the properties of Vichy water. Damascenes send to Europe for mineral drinks—why do they not get this bottled, which is so near them?

How different Frenchmen and Englishmen are with regard to their ideas of our sex. The Count de Perrochel was shocked with me for not being afraid to sort the bones into order to help my husband with his work: he said, impatiently—

“On voit bien, madame, que vous êtes Anglaise. Une Française se serait au moins évanouie, ou aurait été prise d’hystérie, et vous êtes tellement calme et pratique, qu’on dirait que vous classifiez des colifichets et non des ossements humains, et j’avoue que cela me repugne; que je voudrais voir un peu plus de sensibilité.”

I was quite taken aback. I appeal to you, reader, whether one would not be a bore to a travelling and scientific husband if, when one was wanted to lend a hand to carry out some project, one’s tender sensibilities overcame one, and one fell into shrieking convulsions. What a happy life! what a pleasant companion for a sensible man! I replied that there were so many women in the world whose mission it was to dress and sit on the sofa all day, receiving visitors, making an effect, talking well—or ill—and being admired, that they were intended by Providence to do all that sort of thing *pour nous autres*, who are obliged to face the realities of life.

Women’s duties appear to be portioned out to them very decidedly. Some are told off to be good mothers to children and good housewives, which is woman’s natural vocation; others in single blessedness with missions; and others in a public useful career. Some are told off to convents to pray for the active ones; and some, like stinging insects, to make the rest uncomfortable.

A traveller’s wife must cultivate certain capabilities—ride well, walk, swim, shoot, and learn to defend herself if attacked, so as not to be entirely dependent upon the husband; also to make the bed, arrange the tent, cook the dinner if necessary, wash the clothes by the river side, mend and spread them to dry—for his comfort; nurse the sick, bind and dress wounds, pick up a language, make a camp of natives love, respect, and obey her; groom her own horse, saddle him, learn

to wade him through rivers; sleep on the ground with the saddle for a pillow, and generally learn to rough it, and do without comforts. She must be thoroughly useful to her husband, and try never to want anything of him. She ought to be able to write, and to help him in taking his observations; and if she can sketch or paint, she is indeed a happy woman.

It is very seldom that travellers have not servants with them to cook, wash, to groom horses, and arrange a tent; but they are less likely to strike work and to run away if they see that you can do all this yourself. Also, your servant for either of these offices might be down with fever, and then you must help yourself.

The next morning my husband's servant, Habîb, fell ill with fever, and had quinine. We passed our day in the ruins, writing descriptions of our journey, and of Palmyra, and also of our *trouvailles*. We had all retired to rest, when I was awoke by hearing a moaning and roaring like that of a camel when being loaded. I ran out to see, and, being guided by the noise to the servants' tent, I found Tannûs, the kitchen assistant, taken with curious convulsions, and the rest all holding him down. It is a Syrian disease, called El Wah'tab; they say it is congenital; to me it looked like a mixture of epilepsy and hysteria, if the latter term may be applied to Tannûs. In old times it would be considered "possession," and they would have called in an exorciser. A bump rises out in the back, and when the patient feels it coming on he lies on his face and asks some one to tread up and down him, like pressing grapes; there is a superstition in favour of a first-born child. The men seemed to be much alarmed lest he should die. I ran to the provision basket and medicine chest, and mixed a glass of strong hot brandy-and-water, with sugar, peppermint, ginger, camphor, and sal volatile; and getting one of the men to open the lad's locked teeth with a spoon, I sat down on the ground and managed to get the whole glassful down his throat, a small teaspoonful at a time. He was perfectly quiet almost directly, and instinctively turned over on his face, I suppose to have his back trodden; but I did not let them do it. I wanted to see what effect the brandy and restoratives would have. He came to in an hour and a half, quite well and sensible, but very tipsy. They told him what I had done, and he kissed my hand and thanked me, and said,—“I am quite silly now, but I shall be able to speak to you as I ought in the morning.”

On Easter Sunday we continued visiting the *fouilles*, or excavations we were making, and also the ruins, and performed our Sunday service in one of the temples, wrote our journals, and had our usual pleasant

evening, but it was bitterly cold; we also prepared for departure on the morrow. We had been here five whole days, not counting that of arrival or departure.

This evening I exclaimed, "I wish I had a Narghíleh." They talk of the little cherub who sits up aloft to take care of poor Jack, but I am sure every single-hearted person has something of the kind. One of the party answered me, "But you have a beautiful silver pipe; why do you never use it?" I answered, "Where is it?" "With Zahrán," they said. I began to feel very uncomfortable—how is it possible that I have a silver Narghíleh and have never seen it? At dinner time I called to Zahrán, who was waiting, and said, "I am told you have a pipe of mine. Pray how long have I had it?"

"I bought it, Sitti, for £3 at Karyatayn, and I want to sell it to you for £7." This was said without a falter or a blush. "Very good," I said, making up my mind to inquire into the matter. "Who sold it to you?" "The Shaykh." But for that simple remark of mine, "I want a Narghíleh," and the answer purposely made to let me know that something was going on in my name, I should have incurred a disgrace without knowing it, as I shall show on our return home.

On Easter Monday, 18th April, we left Palmyra. We should have done better to have remained there fifteen days. I wish that we had taken ropes, hooks, and ladders to reach 80 feet, planks to bridge over broken staircases, and a stout crowbar. The heat of the arid Desert, the fierce winds, snow, ice, biting cold, scorching sun, blistering heat, want of water on the journey, chances of attack, and the detestable water of Palmyra, from which we were all suffering, and from which our horses weakened and lost flesh, would have been doubly and trebly repaid if we could thoroughly have examined Kasr el Zayneh, Palace of the pretty; Kasr el Azba, of the maiden; and Kasr el Arús, of the bride—the three best Tower-Tombs.

Captain Burton, having now seen everything, determined to lose no time in getting back to Damascus, which we were ordered to accomplish in four days—at thirteen hours a day, fifty-two hours' riding. That is hard work, whatever it may sound to read, kept up for any length of time, especially for those who work the four hours, besides riding the thirteen.

We left camp at dawn by a different way. We had come by the Baghdad or eastern route, the Darb el Basír, and we returned by the Darb el Sultani, the main or direct route, with a slight digression of three hours to the newly-found well, Ayn el Wu'úl. If the traveller has seventeen camels loaded with water, he may go a more direct road,

vid a Roman fort in the Desert, which looks like a chapel, called Kasr el Hayr, and the remains of the aqueduct. He may, in point of fact, go where he likes, and as slow as he pleases, whilst the water lasts; but if he rides horses, and takes no water, he must make the journey in two days, and camp his one night at this spring, with three hours' digression. Here he should water on arriving at night and on departure in the morning.

It was a terribly hot day. We saw several hoopoes, and had one or two false alarms. We saw something drawn up in line at a great distance, and could not make it out. Some said Bedawin, others riderless horses. At last, by the aid of the glasses, we made out wild boars. Away flew everybody, as fast as horses could lay legs to the ground, utterly forgetful of robbers, and we had some very good sport, without, however, anything like a bag.

We encamped at 8 p.m. in the mountain defile, at the Ayn el Wu'ul. All were dead beat, and so were the horses. At night I had fever, and a hurricane of wind and rain nearly carried our tents away, succeeding the scorching heat of the day.

Our second day homeward bound was miserably long—from dawn till sunset—with a driving wind, and sand in our faces, filling eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. It made the horses restive and tiresome. I felt so cold, tired and disheartened, being weak with fever, that as I sat in my saddle and galloped along I cried for about two hours, and my husband and the others laughed at me. Whilst I was crying we saw a body of mounted Bedawin dodging about in the mountain to our right, and looking at us in the plain. So I dried my eyes, and rode on with a good will till we reached Karyatayn at sunset; but I had to be lifted off my horse, and could not stand for some minutes.

Omar Beg dined with us, and I visited Madame Omar Beg in the Harim. After dinner my husband sent for the Shaykh of Karyatayn and for Zahrán, and, in the presence of all, questioned the former, saying—

“That silver Narghileh was once yours, Shaykh. How did it happen to go with us to Tadmor?”

“Yes,” said the old man; “it was a great family treasure, handed from father to son; but Zahrán told me that the Sitti admired it, and that I had better give it to her for bakhshish; and, sooner than she should leave my house unsatisfied, I told him to put it in her baggage.”

I could not remain silent.

“Listen, O Shaykh! I did not know that a silver pipe was in your house, or in my baggage, until some one who knew what a shameful

trick my servant had practised upon you informed me of it. I then asked him (Zahrán) concerning it, and he told me he had bought it of you for £3, and wanted to sell it to me for £7. Whereupon I was resolved to learn the truth from your own lips. Here is your *Narghileh*; I could not accept it for all the world. It would be contrary to the customs of my country."

The poor old fellow, much as he pressed me to keep it, could not conceal his joy, and then added, timidly, "The day your sunshine departed from my poor dwelling my best carpet could not be found. Not that any of your Highness's servants would have touched the homely thing, but perhaps they might assist me in finding it."

Zahrán immediately pretended to bustle about to go and help to find the carpet. My husband desired him to remain where he was, and ordered the *Kawwáses* to search the baggage under his care. It was found stowed away under his saddle-cloth. My husband restored it to the old man, and then begged of him to search his house, and see if he could miss anything else, but said not one word to Zahrán, who was pale and trembling.

All clamoured to remain one day at *Karyatayn*. We had already been out for two days, at thirteen hours each, and the alternate bitter driving wind and blinding heat had greatly fatigued us. The muleteers mutinied; they said their backs were broken, their beasts dead beat. The soldiers were glad to have returned to their quarters. There was only one person in the camp not tired, and that was Captain Burton, who is certainly made of cast-iron. However, he said, "You may all remain here, but I shall ride on alone, for to-day is Tuesday. I have Wednesday and Thursday wherein to get home; Friday the Baghdad and English mails come in, and I must be at my post." All the responsibility fell upon me. Everybody said if I would remain they would be glad; but the idea of my husband riding on alone through two days and one night of Desert, infested with *Bedawin*, would never have been entertained by me for one moment, though I think if any man on earth could do it with impunity he could. I always ride a yard or two behind him. I may not ride alongside or before him; in the East it would not be considered respectful, either for wife or son.

I at once decided to go, and we left very early. *Habíb* was still ill with fever, and had to travel in the *Takhtrawán*, or *Shugdud*. A balance was wanted for the other pannier, and as no other could be found I got into it; but I had overtaxed my good-nature—it bumped me and tired me so unmercifully, that after half an hour I begged to be let down, and made the driver sit in himself.

Camel-riding is very pleasant if it is a Delúl with a long trot, but a slow walk is horridly tedious, and I should say a gallop would be utter annihilation. A Takhtrawán shakes you till all your bones are sore. How people travel in it to Mecca and back is a mystery to me.

I then mounted and galloped after the rest, with a small military escort, sent as a compliment by Omar Beg for the day's journey to Jáyrúd. I did not pick the rest up till the breakfast halt, and found them at the same Khan where we had bivouacked one night when going to Palmyra. We then rode on to Jayrúd, which we reached at dark, having done our third thirteen hours. To-day, at sunset, we saw hovering near our baggage party in the distance, fifty or sixty mounted and armed Bedawin. We pushed on, to let both parties keep us in sight, that the one might hesitate, and the other feel confidence. They eventually retired to the mountains; but on reaching Damascus we learnt that during our whole journey all these bandits watched us from the mountains, and deeming it too risky to attack us, seeing how far our rifles carried, they let us go by. As soon as we were well out of sight they fell upon the villages in our rear, and carried off everything, sheep, goats, and grain.

The 21st of April was our last day. Our little military escort left us early to return to Omar Beg, but Da'ás and his men asked leave to see us safe to Damascus. We started at sunrise, and rode all day reaching home at 8 p.m. Now I know and can tell you how it is that Damascus has been exalted into a garden of Paradise. I have been out in the Desert seventeen days only, and I cannot describe to you the sensation of first viewing the plain of Esh Shám. From the day of my arrival to this date I did not know that Damascus was beautiful; to-day I learned it, but I did not love her for her beauty—that came upon me at another date, a little later. If fresh from any very beautiful country, or much attached to the flesh-pots of London or Paris, it is just possible that, like me, at first you would wonder what meant all those extravagant praises common to authors. But go to the Desert, even for seventeen days as we did, and you will bestow the same.

You first see a belt of something dark lining the horizon, and long to reach it, and for hours it seems to recede from you. Then you enter by degrees under the trees, the orchards, the gardens; you smell the water from afar like a thirsty horse, and you hear its gurgling long before you come amongst the rills and fountains. You scent, and then see, the fruit—the limes, figs, citron, and water melon. You feel a madness to jump into the water, to eat your fill of fruit, to go

to sleep under the delicious shade. You forget the bitter wind, the scorching sun, the blistering sand, and you dream away the last two or three hours, wondering if it is true, or if your brain is hurt by the sun, or your blinded eyes see a mirage. But your tired, drooping horse tells you it is true. He pricks up his ears, knows he is near home, would like to break out into a mild trot if he could, stops to drink at every rill, and with a low whinny of joy gathers a mouthful of grass as he passes every crop.

At last we reached our own door. Our cottage at Salihyyah looked to me like a palace, and so full of comfort that it was worth while to go away. A warm welcome greeted us on all sides. Everybody was tired except Captain Burton. Every horse and other beast was dead beat, so all accepted our hospitality for the night.*

Here I ask permission, as many of my sex love their horses, and would like to know when their grooms treat them, properly, to say a few words about stables. Do not imagine that I have the presumption to write for sporting men, before whom I must appear but an ignoramus. The next few pages are especially for ladies who are first-rate riders, and go across country two or three times a week, and who really care about their horses, but who see them only when they mount at their door; and who, when they dismount, hand the reins to the groom, and perhaps do not see them for a week, except to have their clothing taken off to show them to a friend, or to give them a bit of sugar in the stables. Under these circumstances there is no steady attachment between a horse and its rider; the former is merely then a thing for locomotion, and one will do as well as another, if he only goes as well. The owner must believe and do exactly what her stud-groom tells her. It is like a mother leaving her child to a nurse. The child gets to know better, and will grow fonder of the nurse than the parent. I do not say anything against grooms; they are a necessity, and first-class ones are a treasure, but the commoner order were born to spoil with their roughness the best brute's temper. I have often felt amused in English country houses, where the host has sixteen or twenty horses, to hear the hostess say almost timidly to her fat, powdered coachman—

“Barker! do you think that I might have the carriage to-day?”

Barker (very crisply): “No, my lady, you can't!”

Lady (timidly): “Oh! never mind, Barker; I didn't know!”

* I sent an account of our expedition to the Editor of the *Times*, which he was good enough to insert, but it had necessarily to be brief, and lacked many details.

Know what? The sacred mysteries of an English stud? That the horses are choking with food, till it bursts out in disease—that their chests, and consequently their forelegs, are so affected by being pampered that they cannot do the slightest work with impunity; that the stables are kept so hot that it is worth a fatal cough to take the beasts outside it—that the under-strappers give them a sly kick in tender places occasionally, when they get out of temper over the grooming, and the stud-groom is in another part of the stable. It makes no show outside, but how he must laugh when he hears you wondering why your horse falters a little in the hind-quarters, or why he is so shy and nervous in the stall.

Many of my friends came out to Syria, and a few to South America, when I was there. They rode beautifully, but they knew nothing about their horses, which got no kind of care, and consequently they wondered why they fell down, why they were thin, why they died long before the journey was over, and why they had wrung backs. Doubtless they went away thinking them a sorry lot. I picked up rudiments of stable knowledge in England, as a young girl in the country; and when I went to live in out-of-the-way places—now fourteen years ago—I had to be my own stud-groom, to learn all the “wrinkles” of each new place, and then to make the grooms work under my directions.

Nature's groom, in these parts, will water the horse at the place most convenient to him, and when he remembers it; he will give the horse a bundle of grass or herbs, but if he has the chance he will put the corn, or rather its money, into his pocket. He will curry-comb the horse just before he is going out, and leave the perspiration and dust on for days, if he does not go out. He would rather die than pick up his feet and clean them out—luckily “thrush” is not so prevalent here as at home. He will give him a sly kick in the stall, or tug at his bridle like a bell-rope when you are visiting or shopping, and nobody is looking. He will always leave the saddle on till the horse is cool; if there is a gall on the back it dries and sticks to it, and then he pulls off the saddle, skin and all. I do not for my own part like an old native groom, with his formed habits; I prefer a raw boy, who knows nothing and is more docile. I engage him in this manner: “Now, I will teach you for a week, or a fortnight, and I shall be in the stable five or six times a day. If I see that the horses neigh and rub their heads against you when you come near them, I shall know that you are a good boy. If I see that their ears go back, or that they lash out or move away from you when you come near them, I shall

know that you worry them whilst you groom them. When they have been out half a day, if they turn a hair I shall see whether you feed them properly, or whether you steal the corn. If they like you, you stay; if they dislike you, you go; because, though they can't speak, they have forty ways of telling me, and I will change once a week until I get a good one. Meantime you shall have every chance—good wages, every comfort, and every kindness.”

In this way, during my Syrian life, I made three first-rate grooms out of five. On journeys I had every animal tethered in a line before my tent. In the East we tether fore and aft by a soft hobble round one fetlock, attached to a rope, the other end of which is driven into the ground by an iron peg, a foot or more long. It does not prevent the animals moving, or lying down, but acts as a restraint upon fighting. When camping in dangerous places, you fasten the two legs of a valuable horse with an iron chain and padlock, of which you keep the key; because Bedawin cannot take a horse away in this condition. This is like spiking a gun, and it does not hurt the horse.

I rise two hours before we start—which is either at dawn or sunrise. If it is warm the animals are rubbed down gently; if it is cold they are well groomed, to warm them. If it is hot they are taken to water. If cold they are not taken to water, except in the event of our having a long, thirsty day; but in this case they refuse drink when offered. The food of the horses in Syria is barley, and *Tibn*, or sweet straw, sledged as fine as mincemeat. In South America they eat Capim, which is coarse grass, five feet high, and Indian corn (maize) whole. If a horse is dainty you bruise it, wet it a little, and add a pinch of salt. Their nose-bags are put on with one measure of barley, well mixed with as much *Tibn*. Then they are saddled, but the girths are not tightened, nor is the bit put in the mouth till the last moment, because they are going to work twelve or thirteen hours in the heat, and who knows if we shall find water? All these little observances enable a horse to bear a hard day with far less distress. He will perhaps be almost restive for two or three hours. If you pass noon without meeting water, he will begin to droop, and appear distressed; if therefore, after the sun is up, or before, if warm, you meet with water, jump off, slacken his girths, take out his bit, and let him drink his fill. Never listen to what your Dragoman or your Sais tells you. If it is bitter cold do not water him before sunrise, because he will have colic—after that water him whenever you find an opportunity. If he is very hot, and it is past noon, leave the bit on for

drinking; if he is only warm before noon take it out. The meaning is this—he ought to have one good drink once in the morning, but if he wants to drink many times after that before evening, and is very hot, the bit makes him drink slower, and he does not get his fill so easily; but you must be guided entirely by how many times a day you can get water. I know how to do myself, but it is dangerous to lay down rules for people who do not. In cold weather a horse must have two good drinks a day, morning and evening, without girths and bit; but in hot weather he wants much more, like ourselves. Remember this, that if you can do no better for your poor animal, a slackened girth, the bit off for a quarter of an hour, or a mouthful of grass, when it can be found, helps him through his hard day immensely. I hope I have made myself clear.

When you halt in the middle of the day for an hour for breakfast, before you do anything else, slacken your girths, take off the bridle, and apply the halter which is slung to the saddle, put on the nose-bag with another measure of barley, and water if convenient. He will go twice as far, and it is not a bit of trouble. On my first travels we often came to a deep well, where there was no stone basin or trough for animals, as is usual in Desert countries, and nothing to draw water with, so that the man could go down the steps and get a cupful, but the poor beast could only smell the water. I have seen the tears roll down their cheeks with thirst. This set me inventing. I had made for about two shillings a large goat-skin pouch, exactly like a tobacco bag, with loops of hide, and a stout rope. It rolled up to nothing, and hung at my saddle like a lasso. When we got to these wells I had only to untie and lower it, and bring up a pailful at a time, so that during our hour's halt at mid-day every horse could drink its fill; and after that, if there were a stone basin, or trough, we worked until we left it full of fresh, sweet water, for some unhappy wanderer without the same means. I do not understand those who are very good people, very good Christians, perhaps, but who—utterly ignoring that when God made Man King over Creation He recommended the animals to his mercy—have no heart of compassion for them, and treat them like steam engines—how they ride them all day up and down the steepest rocky mountains in the burning heat, never get off to ease them a little, never give them to drink, even when water is there. I have even heard a young native girl, in whom you would expect to find a little tenderness, say—“What matter? it's only a *hired* horse!” as if that were the poor beast's fault; and at the end of the day turn them loose to anybody's or nobody's mercy. Nobody in our camp would

dare do this, for they would be discharged at once; but I have seen it done in other camps, where I had no power to say much, only to suggest politely—and yet I have heard those people canting about “keeping holy the Sabbath day.”

When you are engaging horses for a journey—you who make tours in Syria, and have no horses of your own—have them drawn up in line, and bare their backs. You will find some with holes you could put a tumbler into. Do not take them, firstly for humanity, and secondly because the man knows they are going to die; and if he is lucky enough to secure their dying in your service, he sheds a shower of tears over his ruined fortunes, and you have to pay him the money. Have them walked up and down before you; if you see a shadow of lameness, have the shoes off, and you will find a nail, two inches long, somewhere in the soft part of the foot. Overhaul the mules in the same way. If you, O tourist! will do this, humanity will perforce come into Syria. There will be no wrung backs, no lame creatures crawling and dying over the rocks, with three hundredweight of baggage on their hidden sores.

At sunset, when we ride in and dismount, my husband finds ready his divan before the tent door, a sherbet, or cup of coffee, a Narghileh, and very often an ovation of Shaykhs and villagers. I, in my character of son, run up and hold his stirrup to dismount, salute him, and leaving him to do the *grand seigneur*, I walk off with the horses, which is what I like best.

The Sais is waiting for me with all the stable traps ready, and the men to help. Every saddle and bridle is off in an instant. The back, where the gear has been, and the spine especially, are rubbed into a lather with a handful of Raki, the spirit of the country. The Lebád, or clothing, is on immediately. They are led about for a quarter of an hour. Their nose-bags are then put on, with a little *Tibn* only. As soon as they are cool they are led down to the water, or watered by goat-skins, when we have to carry it with us. Their nose-bags are then filled with two or three measures of barley, and a little *Tibn* mixed, making in all four or five measures in the twenty-four hours, with from nine to thirteen hours' work. No horse ought to have less than four, or more than five. They can be groomed after the men have had their supper. If a horse does not eat after his work, and he is in good health, he is either too tired, or his groom has not watered him. You must first try water, and if it is not thirst, set the food by him for the night, and he will be sure to eat it after he is rested. In camping, tether your horses either in a line before

your tent, or in a ring, and make your groom sleep in the middle of them, with his rug and Aba. It is advisable not only to attend to your own animals, but to see that every master of hired animals does the same thing, at the same time, so that no one can shirk. The poor brutes got to know me quite well long before the end of a journey. Once a hired mule had been driven all day, in a burning heat, over the rocks, with a heavy load; he had been badly shod, and evidently had a nail in his foot—his face was the picture of pain and despair, tears streaming out of his eyes. The driver would have goaded him on in that state to the end of the journey, till he died of exhaustion and a broken heart. But he hobbled up to me with his load, holding up the foot he could no longer set upon the ground, with an expression of mute, patient pain which plainly said, "You are my last hope; can you do nothing to save me?" I called to the driver and said, "Unload that mule." He grumbled a little bit, but hastily obeyed. "Now," I said, "go and fetch me the man who acts as farrier amongst you." He called him. "Pull off that shoe." He grumbled, and assured me the shoe was all right. "Pull it off, and don't answer me." He did so, and a nail about two inches long came out of the frog covered with blood. "But," they said, "Sitti, how could you know? we did not see it." "No; because you are greater brutes than the mule; he knows better than you do, and he came and told me himself; and if I ever see a lame animal in the camp again, you will get your simple pay, but not a piastre of bakhshish over and above, when we return." We filled the hoof with tar and tallow, and put a bit of leather over it for the night, and next morning a light shoe gently laid over that till it was healed. I never had a lame animal from that time in any expedition. I believe they thought that the beasts really did talk to me.

I do not see how ladies are to attend to their own animals on these journeys, much as I wish to induce them to do so; they are always in the hands of their Dragoman; and I have generally seen Dragomans and Sais who are hired for a single journey combining to give the animals homœopathic quantities of nourishment, and put the money into their pockets. They tell the ladies it is all right, and they believe it; but surely some man of the party might take the same trouble I always did. I could quote many cases, but it is not my object to prevent poor men from earning their bread. And I certainly exempt the Wardis from this fault. They always kept the animals well. I remember when I first began to look after horses myself, in Brazil, I never could make out why they came to me in

good condition, and soon became thin and spiritless. It was suggested to me that the groom stole the corn. I tried to "dodge" him in a hundred delicate and lady-like ways, and was always outwitted. At last I found that a very good way was to put a Bramah lock on the corn-bin, and to keep the key; go down at feeding time, night and morning, see the corn measured and put in the manger, turn the groom out, lock the stable door, and put the key in my pocket, and give it to him an hour later. You will naturally say, "But were not his feelings hurt?" I must answer "Yes; his feelings were very much hurt in several ways, but he knew what a wise woman I was, and he and I both knew that the horses got fat and in good condition, and carried us well; and, moreover, that I did not throw my husband's money into the manger for him to pick it out." Depend upon it, even from selfish motives, the beast who carries you should be your first consideration—you will go further and fare better if he is cared for; and for my part, both from selfish and unselfish motives, nobody except my husband is allowed to drink a glass of water until the horses have been attended to. I give the example by sharing their privations.

As to stable management at home: the horses should be turned out to grass every spring for at least a month, and if possible longer. Our grass here is tall and coarse-bladed, a foot high, full of sap, and very refreshing. They do not know English grass and hay. You must hire a field, or part of a field, if you have not one, and you must tether your animals by the head only, with ropes long enough to permit of their clearing a certain quantity of ground in the day. They are not quiet enough to turn loose as in England. The groom lives with them the whole time, day and night, his tent being pitched in the middle; his business is to water them, and shift the tethers as required, to see that they are not stolen, and do not break loose and fight. When you want to take them up, you change the diet very gradually for a few days, giving one measure of barley at sunset, and when you put them in the stable for hard feeding, you give them in like manner a few bundles of grass at sunrise the first three days.

In warm climates, stables should be kept as clean as the houses, and ought to have windows and doors at each end all opened in the summer. I take my windows out to make sure, and put them in when it gets cold. In winter, shut only what keeps out the wind. It is far healthier to open the rest, and put the clothing on; then a camping expedition is no trial to them, if the weather is fresh, and also you never

have coughs and glanders. A stable should always be light, for nine out of ten horses shy only because they are kept in the dark till the sight becomes defective. In the stable, with ordinary work, one measure of barley is quite sufficient in the morning, *Tibn* several times a day, and two measures of barley at sunset. Watering, during tropical summer heat, should be attended to four times a day—the first thing in the morning, at 11 a.m., at 4 p.m., and at 8 p.m. In winter twice, about 10 a.m., and at 4 or 5 p.m. Grooming should be regular, the first thing in the morning.

At first I could not, either here or in South America, induce my servants to wash the hoofs inside as well as outside. They objected to picking them up until I did it myself; and when they saw that the animals liked it and stood still, they took to it and did it very well. I used to make them wash the horses all over with soap and water, douche them with pails of water, and dry brush and glove them till they shone like golden-sherry coloured silk. All my animals were "red horses," as the Arabs call bays, dark and light. I used to go round in the morning with a white kid glove, and see if I could rub off any dust. I always burnt stable combs, for they used to spoil the manes and tails. In summer I used to send them to the Turkish bath to be cleaned, and the horses used to enjoy it immensely.

If I went out for several hours, rode hard, and returned without a hair being turned, I used to make the groom a little present. I changed five times in two years. The first was an old man with formed habits—he could not stand the discipline, and he liked best his own slipshod ways. The second was an incorrigible rascal, and ruined my camel. Of the other three I made capital grooms, and who gets them will be fortunate. Two men were discharged by my husband for disobedience to orders, but not for being bad grooms. When a groom does his work methodically he has plenty of time to himself. I had two horses of my own. My husband—who finds little rides a bore, and cares only to go out for a few days or weeks or months at a time—rode two Rahwans, ambling Kurdish ponies; one of these, just before we bought him, ambled, for a wager, his seventy-two miles in eight hours, and was none the worse for it. I also had a mare that I won in a lottery, a white donkey, and for a while a camel, and this completed our somewhat curious stud. Yet my last three grooms always resented any offer of assistance in the stables when stationary, and seemed hurt and jealous if aid were proposed. Syrians do not take all this trouble by nature, but do their best for a thoroughbred mare, because she represents money. The Kaddîsh, however

useful, gets scanty care, like a cab horse; the hired beast nothing. The consequence is that these animals all look miserable and ill used, as if life were a bore, and they last but half their time. A freshly bought horse put into my stable, used to tell me a world of woes in a thousand little ways for two or three months.

CHAPTER XVI.

ZAHRÁN'S END—CHAPELS—DRAGOMANS—VILLAGE SQUABBLES—PARIAH
DOGS—HUMANE SOCIETY.

ON the 22nd we were up early, and all the party, having settled their accounts and other affairs, dispersed to their respective homes.

Every time a journey is made there are certain things to be done the day after arrival, such as drawing off the horses' shoes, turning them out—groom and all—to grass for a month, if in spring; cleaning the weapons, and burnishing and repairing the saddlery, or the stable would soon be in ruins. The donkey, who has been idle all this time, now takes up the work; he is also better for the town.

To-day my husband went down to the Consulate to see the mails arriving, and shortly afterwards two soldiers came in and marched Zahrán off to trial. He was condemned to six weeks' prison, and when he came out he married a widow and set up as a cobbler with the money he had made by three months' stewardship with us. Since that time I heard nothing more of him.

We have a small Catholic chapel on the mountain side in the outskirts of Salihíyyah, under Bishop Ya'akúb, and served according to the Syrian rite by one Padre E——. He is a gentlemanly, well-bred, well-instructed, liberal-minded man, and sincerely religious. This priest was once a Bishop, and went to the Crimea in the time of the war. Report says that he tried the religions all around, and finding his own (Syrian Catholic) the best, he has come back to be a simple priest, and wears a badge of penitence. I know that his Bishop values him highly. The poverty of our chapel, a room in the dirtiest part of the village, greatly distressed me; but as our congregation mustered only about fifty poor Catholics, of which a native doctor and I represented the richer part of the community, that is, we could give a franc where the others could give five paras (a farthing), I did not see how it could be remedied unless by interesting English Catholics. When I afterwards saw the chapels of the interior, this seemed rich by comparison. How this was all set straight I shall presently mention.

We used to have prayers at eight o'clock every evening during May, but one day Padre E—— came to inform me, with a long face, that he would have to shut up the chapel and go into Damascus for safety; that, during our seventeen days' absence at Tadmor, the Kurds had begun to stone the Christians coming from Mass, and had even ventured to threaten and insult the Bishop. We begged of him not to leave, but to show a firm front, and to inform us the next time it happened.

Shortly afterwards I was returning from prayers one evening at about half-past eight, accompanied by the Christian part of my establishment, and one or two women, when a soldier caught hold of me in a little dark street, and said something insulting, cursing the Cross, which is the custom when mischief is meant. The women began to call out to me, "Run, run, Yá Sitti, he will kill you; he is saying bad things." "Not so! I want to hear what he is saying, and I want to see his face." Emboldened by this, the men servants laid hold of him. I struck a match, and satisfied myself that I could recognize him again, and then told the servants to let him go. That night every man who had been engaged in insulting the Christians ran away. So that we knew who they were. Next morning came Hanna Misk, a person who deserves some notice. We told him what had occurred. By my husband's wish he quickly had these men caught and tried at the Diwán, and sentenced to prison.

Hanna Misk was chief Dragoman of the British Consulate in the time of Mr. Consul Wood, who with Lord Strathnairn and Captain Burton are the three Consuls who have left a name loved and respected in Syria. He is a remarkably clever man, and in his younger days he must have been a useful "right hand." Endowed with wonderful instinct, if he had been educated in Europe he might have risen to anything. As it was, he is one of those curious specimens of equally balanced good and evil one so frequently sees in the East. He was always full of politics, intrigues, and Government affairs. He knows more of Syria than any man I have met. His head, which was marvellously like a walnut, contains a budget of miscellaneous information. He knew what was going on all over the country. He could ride hard, and rough it; was capital company, and warm-hearted. The difficult line to draw for an honest soul was to know when you were making a proper use of him, without letting him make an improper use of you. I have seen him blush with pleasure when detected in a lie or an intrigue. Personally, I had a very kindly feeling towards him, and something of gratitude; he used to teach me scraps of Arabic, and

amuse many a dull half-hour; he always saw the comic side of a situation, and was ever a welcome guest, either in house or camp. He used to like to be called my especial Dragoman, for now he was only honorary Dragoman to the Consulate; he had, however, one fault which ruined all his virtues. He could never be faithful to any master or employer, and he betrayed his friends, not for any fixed project, but simply to "keep his hand in," like Fákreddín. Whenever there was any business between my husband and the Wali, he was all alive, and used to run and fetch and carry, and stack the fuel on with all his might. My husband knew all that, and valued his reports accordingly; but the Pasha was a weaker man, and he succeeded in two years, after the fashion of water dropping upon a stone, in turning what should and might have been a friend into a bitter and unjust enemy. This was ungrateful to a Consul who had supported his claims with regard to a village which had been taken from him and given to a Frenchman; and who continued to do so even after he left the country, because he knew that Hanna Misk's claims were just.

Whilst we are speaking of Dragomans, I will run through our list, as they all come into our Syrian lives. There was our able and faithful Dragoman, M. Awadís; but the cleverest and the most useful of all was M. Hanna Azar, who consequently suffered, as many good people do, by fearlessly exposing a wrong. There were also the two sons of a very remarkable man before mentioned—Dr. Meshaka. He was of an advanced age, and all the time we were in Damascus was almost bed-ridden. In his younger days he had studied the Bible, and became a Protestant from conviction. He did not force his religion on his family, but he brought them up well, and was himself a sincerely good Christian. He spent his whole time in writing Arabic works, chiefly on mathematics, religion, and music; it is to be hoped they will be translated and given to the world. It was one of our greatest pleasures to pass an hour upon his divan.

The country is governed by Dragomans (I speak in a general sense, for no official ever had a more faithful Staff than Captain Burton). All Turkish authorities, Consuls, and other officers, have several of these Secretaries. Their masters are mostly puppets. If a great man wants to see another great man, A.'s Dragoman goes to B.'s Dragoman, and arranges the visit. Messages and letters likewise pass this way, so that they arrange what they like, and take care that the messages shall make their Chiefs friends or enemies, as they please; and there lies the mischief and scandal. Two men meet each

other attended by three Dragomans, who repeat every word of the conversation through the town. Most Dragomans are jealous of one another. There can be no secrets. A Cabinet Council or secret meeting is held with servants bringing Narghíleh's in and out of the Hall, with Kawwáses standing on guard in hearing. The Turkish Government secrets ooze out by the Majlis and Diwán, and Consular secrets by the Dragomans, and the House privacy by the numbers of attendants. You live literally in public night and day. No room or hour is sacred from visitors. I never spoke privately to *any* person for a single minute all the time I was in Syria. You get used to belonging to the public after a little while, and cease to remark it.

I resume my village story. After a week had passed, the Shaykh of the Mosque next door, who was my friend, came and begged me to petition that the Moslems who had maltreated the Bishop and the Christians might be released from prison, making that touching gesture as if to rend the beard according to the old custom. A little crowd came to ask pardon, and the old mother of the soldier came and cried. I went to my husband, and he arranged with the Pasha that they should be sent up, escorted by a guard. This was *my* quarrel, so I asked them before the people if they were not ashamed of the manner in which they had behaved to the Bishop and the priest, to me and my co-religionists. I said to them, "My husband has come out to live in this lonely place to benefit you, and protect you. I am like your mother—I feed your poor, I clothe your children, I cure your sick, we spend all our money amongst you, and yet you allow one of your men to insult me in the street. I thought I was living amongst friends, and I went out unprotected, thinking to find a guard in every man, from one end of the village to the other." (Cries of "We are! we are!") "I should have thought you would have protected me from any insult. Must I go about amongst you armed, as if you were enemies, as if we were in the Desert?" This is the way to touch them. Some of them knelt, and some cried, and some asked me to tread upon them. "No," I said; "not that, but you, O Shaykh! make a covenant between you and my husband to keep your people in their proper minds, or something serious will happen. Neighbours must be like relatives. We do not want these occasional quarrels and insults. We want to be friends with all; agree that if a Moslem insults a Christian, and we tell you of it, you will get him imprisoned, and that if a Christian insults a Moslem, and you tell my husband, he shall procure him double punishment." They were quite delighted with

this idea of justice; the more so as it was not likely that our poor, humble, frightened fifty would try to insult 15,000 rough and lawless Kurds. The men were set free, they begged pardon of the Bishop, the priest, and myself. The chapel was left open, the priest remained, and order prevailed. Ever after we were always the best of friends, and I would from that time have gone out at any time of the night without fear. My husband constantly went away and left me alone. My bedroom window and the Mosque's minaret adjoined. I slept, when warm enough, with all the windows and doors open. If this quarter bears a bad reputation I can give my evidence that from this time it was undeserved. I never missed the smallest thing, and I never met with anything but kindness and respect. It took only five months to change its character from a desperate quarter to a quiet and safe one, and not by violence, but by kindness and a little firmness. In proof of its safety, I may quote that a present was brought to me of a gazelle trapped in the Desert. I kept the poor, frightened, beautiful little thing till night, and then carried it out in my arms to the mountain and set it free. I was just as safe as I should have been in London at that hour—nay, safer.

A few words about the street dogs, as I have become very familiar with their habits and customs. In all Eastern towns they have sprung up from the time of the Creation; they multiply extensively, they belong to nobody, they are not held sacred, but, as they are the town scavengers, nobody kills them. In Brazil, the vulture, a large, black, repulsive bird, supplies the place of dogs, and is therefore protected by a £20 penalty. With the Moslem it is a sin to take life, but it is allowable, or rather it is the practice, to torture, maim, and ill use short of death. These poor brutes live on the offal of the town, they sleep in the streets, they bring forth their young on a mud heap, and at a tender age the pups join the pack. They are ill used by the whole population, and, like Ishmael, their hand is against every one, and every one's hand is against them. The people beat them, kick them, stone them, so that out of 18,000 you will not see a dozen elders with a whole body, or four sound legs. They are so unused to kindness, that if you touched one it would bite your hand off like a wild beast, supposing that you were going to injure it. Were you to remain alone in a bazar at night, shut up with them, it is probable that they would attack you in a pack, and kill you. There is a story of a sea captain who drank a little too much, and lay down in a public place. In the morning, only a gnawed bone or two, his sailor's cap and tattered clothes, told the horrible story. It is quite possible that

this should happen, the animals are so starved. Their habits are regulated by laws of their own. I have grown, in the solitude of Salihíyyah, to learn them. At night, when profound stillness reigns in the village, you suddenly hear a dog coming down from the Kurdish burial-ground on the roots of the mountains. He communicates some news to the dogs nearest the borders of the village. There is a chorus of barking; it ceases, and a single dog is commissioned to bear the news to the dogs of our quarter. They set up a howl, which ceases after a few minutes, and one of our lot is detached, and flies down the gardens to the dogs near the Báb es Salihíyyah. Whatever the canine news is, in about twenty minutes it is passed round to all the dogs of Damascus.

I cultivated the affections of those of our quarter, and found that in attachment and fidelity they differ in nothing from the noblest mastiff or most petted terrier; every time my husband or I went out, a dog was sent on guard by their community to accompany us to the border of his boundary, when he appeared to pass us on to a friend in the next boundary, to wag his tail for a bow, and to take his leave, as a savage Chieftain would frank you from tribe to tribe. If a stranger comes, they set up a chorus of barking, and follow him in crowds. If a dog goes into another territory, all the others fly at and fasten on him, as if they said—"Who's that, Bill?" "A stranger." "Then 'eave 'arf a brick at him!" If an English dog comes amongst them, they bark around and try his mettle, and he has to settle the question for himself the first day, like a new boy at a public school. A butcher in Beyrout had an awful-looking English bull-dog, which had an ugly reputation, and when he turned out, every Pariah fled from the bazar. I brought with me a St. Bernard pup, a perfect beauty, as big as a young calf. He was so unusually big that I have seen country donkeys and ponies shy at him, probably mistaking him for a wild animal; but the dogs were not afraid of him—he was so good tempered that they used to worry him in packs, just like human beings. But the bull-terriers, though they were only pups, the street dogs dared not even look at. They used to fly at the sight of the leopard, and the leopard worried them, but never touched the bull pups. I established two cauldrons to collect the leavings of the house—the good was given to the poor, the refuse to the street dogs; not less than fifty used to live near, and crowd round our door. Every time I came out they formed a flock around me. There were two in particular that I used to compassionate—one was paralyzed in its hind quarters, and used to drag itself along by the forepaws. I one day

rolled up some medicine in a ball of meat, and threw it to the poor creature, who swallowed it greedily, and got well. The other was a half-starved, mangy, idiotic-looking cur, with one eye, too weak to fight for itself. When the cauldron of food came out it got nothing, so I used to set its portion apart. No matter when I went out, where, or for how long, you would see these two poor misshapen beasts following, sitting patiently at a respectful distance if I stopped anywhere, and accompanying me home, as if they were afraid of losing sight of me, or fearing some accident might befall me without their protection. Long after I left Syria my neighbours wrote that it pained them to see my *protégés* there; that if they could forget me the dogs would shame them; that every time the house door opened, the pack used to rush to it, and then sit and whine because I did not come out. You will say for the food. Yes; but it shows that they have affection, intelligence, gratitude, and memory.

I hope that nobody will take English pet dogs to Syria. My Mount St. Bernard died of decline, during the first great heat, after fifteen days. The two brindle pups lasted a year with great care. The two Yarbroughs lived three and four years, because we left them with Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake. One went mad with the heat—though mad dogs are here unknown—and the other withered away in a sirocco. The male dogs were temporarily paralyzed, and bred paralyzed pups with sore eyes. They were very brave when their health was good, and they were good vermin dogs. A cat or rat had no chance with them, and, as soon as old enough, they would pull down such big game as jackals. My Kurdish mastiff and panther also died; they were natives, but they were either poisoned, or surfeited by regular meals. I had a *post-mortem*, and found in the latter case that the gall bag had burst.

There is a pious custom here to the benefit of the lower animals. When a good Moslem is on his death-bed, or when during life he wants a petition to be granted, he does not give to the poor, but he leaves a legacy for bread for the dogs. Often he makes a vow, "If I gain such and such a cause, I will devote so much money to feeding the Kiláb:" and you often see some one with a basket surrounded by dogs, throwing the fragments until all is distributed. There is also the Diyyet; if a man kills a Pariah it is hung up by the tail, and he is obliged to buy as much wheat as will cover the body up from muzzle to tip, which is made into bread and given to the dogs. My husband tells me that in former times, at home, the same penalty was paid for killing the king's cats.

My pups led me into several scrapes. One day, when the baker came, one and all seemed to take a dislike to him. I was on the house-top, so I saw only a very long man, apparently fighting with the air, screaming and spinning, in a cobweb-like pattern, all over the courtyard. I began to laugh, supposing he was dancing some new measure, or acting a play for the servants. Suddenly, I found to my horror that he had a bull pup hanging to each arm and each leg. I flew downstairs, called them off, gave him restoratives, dressed his wounds, and made him a present, especially a new suit of clothes. I was sincerely grieved and shocked, and he was very good, and never said a word more about the matter. Many people would have brought me to the tribunal. They never did such a thing before nor since. One, however, was a sneaking little thing, who secretly hated the Jews—I suppose she knew them by their dress. Some of them were very much attached to us, but the moment they came in she would go and sit by them, and when no one was looking she would take a sly bite at their legs, and then, instead of running away, sit looking the picture of innocence. None of the other three ever did so, and at first I would not believe them until they showed me the mark of her teeth. I was obliged to correct her, and ever after to shut her up when any of them called.

I scarcely know if this is a good moment to introduce an appeal for a “*Humane Society*” in Damascus; I believe it could easily be arranged if our Consul-General would ask the Wali to favour the merciful project—if Europeans would form it, and make it rather a distinction to admit influential natives. Whilst I was there I had to be my own “*Humane Society*,” and frequently was in trouble with the natives, caused by rescuing some unhappy brute from their cruelty. To set forth the necessity of the Society, I must detail a few of the horrors I have seen. In doing so I shall rend the heart and excite the anger of my readers, especially of women of fine feeling—I will be judged by them. If they feel so much at reading these things, what must I have felt at seeing them? In a place where no authority would take notice of such trifles, could I remain a passive spectator?

I lent our camel to groom No. 2. He had to ride seventy-two miles—to Beyrout—wait two days, and return. He knew exactly how he would have been obliged to treat the animal in my presence. Presently I noticed a strange odour in the stables, and found that it did not eat, and that the tears streamed from its eyes. The man said it was fatigued, and would be all right in a few hours. I rode down

to the town on the donkey, and then met one of our Dragomans, who said to me—

“Do you know about your camel?”

“No; what is the matter? I have just seen it.”

“When you ride back, make it kneel.”

I rode back to the stable, called Hanna, and said, “Make that camel kneel.” I removed the cloth that covered him, and to my horror saw a large hole in his back, uncovering the spine. It was already mortifying.

“Explain this!” I said.

The man confessed that he had never taken the saddle off, from the time of going out to coming in again; that the stuffing had given way, and that the pommel, which is like a metal stick, had run into its back and cruised a hole bigger than a man’s fist; that he only discovered it on returning and taking the saddle off, some eight hours before. Hitherto he had only been guilty of disobedience, and proved himself not to be trusted with an animal out of one’s sight; but his unpardonable cruelty was, after knowing the state of the case, hoping to hide the affair for fear of being discharged, and allowing the poor brute to remain in that agony many hours longer than necessary. I at once sent for the “vet.,” and ordered warm water. Hanna returned with a saucepan of boiling water, and was about to pour it into the wound. I had kept my temper until then—I was only just in time to save the poor animal from what would have obliged us to put a bullet through its head. Hanna and the saucepan made a very speedy exit out of the stable, never to enter it again. I cured the camel, and after two months sold it for a trifle as unsound.

There was a small Pariah dog that lived about my door. One night I heard a moaning under the windows, but it was dark, blustering, and bitter cold, and I could neither see nor find anything. In the morning I saw my *protégé* lying there, paralyzed with the frost. The poor little thing was past cure, it had only one paw to crawl upon. Whilst I was dressing to go down and take it in—for none of the servants would have touched it—I saw many who passed give it a kick, and the boys trying to drive it about when it could not crawl out of the way of their brutality. At last a crowd began to collect to torment it. Its screams were piteous. I begged my husband to go out and shoot it, but he had too good a reputation to risk it by taking life. My Moslem servants would not. The Christians were afraid of the former, so I got my little gun, threw up my window, and shot it dead. The crowd quickly dispersed with many a *Mashálláh* at my

sinfulness, and all day I could see them telling one another, and pointing at my window.

Another night I heard cries of distress somewhere in the orchards near our house. Thinking it was one of the usual brawls, and that somebody was being killed, I seized the only thing at hand, a big English hunting whip, and ran out in the direction of the noise. Then I perceived forty or fifty boys in a crowd throwing huge stones as big as a melon against a dead wall, from which issued howls of agony. I dispersed them right and left. Some fell down on their knees, others ran, and others jumped over the wall. I was left alone; it was very dark, and I said to myself, "Where can the victim be? it must have escaped in the confusion." I was going away, when I perceived something brown near the wall; I lit a match, and found a large bundle tied up in a sack. I thought perhaps it was a girl, or a baby, but it was a big Pariah dog; they had caught it asleep, laid a huge stone on its tail, bundled head and forelegs into a sack, and were practising the old Eastern habit of killing by stoning. The difficulty was how to let the poor animal out; it would perhaps think that I had done the cruel act, and fly at me. However, I could not go back to sleep and leave things thus, so I mustered courage. Firstly, I cut the strings with my knife, and pulled it off the head and body, leaving the stone for my own protection; and then, finding that it did not hurt me, I managed with considerable effort to remove the weight. The wretch behaved better than many human beings—he crawled up, licked my hand, and followed me home.

I saw a donkey staggering under a load fit for three, in a broiling sun. It passed our fountain and turned to drink. The man, grudging the moment, gave the donkey a push that sent it with a crash on the hard stones, crushed under its load, bleeding at the nose from thirst and over exertion. Maddened by the loss of time this would entail, the owner jumped upon its head and tried to stamp its brains out with his wooden boots. The servants, hearing the noise and seeing what I was about, thought the human brute had attacked me, and set upon him like hornets. I did not stop them till he had received his deserts. Then we obliged him to unload his donkey, to let the beast drink, to wash its wounds, and to wait whilst it ate barley from my stable. I also sent a servant on horseback to tell the whole story to his master. The fellow had acted, in fact, as a Lancashire "purrer" treats his wife.

A man brought me his favourite cat, with back and hind quarters crushed by a boy, and asked me if I had any medicine to cure it. I said, "Do let me have it killed; one of my servants will blow its brains

out—it is horribly cruel to keep it alive one moment,” “May God forgive you such sinfulness,” he replied; “I will put it in a room, and let it die its natural death” (starvation). Half an hour afterwards I saw that the boys were torturing it in the street. I sent a servant to bring it in, and to despatch it with a bullet. The man was very much shocked.

A boy brought a donkey to water at the fountain near our house. It was evidently worn out with fatigue and thirst, and had either a strained back or a disease in the loins, so that the suspicion of anything touching its back was a terror to it. Every time the poor beast put down its head to drink the boy touched the tender place with a switch, which made the whole body quiver. It might have been a cabman establishing a “raw.” I called a servant, who took the donkey away, letting it first eat and drink, and sent it back to the master. The boy was never sent again.

I saw a girl of about twelve or thirteen jumping on a nest of kittens on the roadside, evidently enjoying the distressing mewling of the mother. I have often seen boys steal pups in the mother’s absence, carry them away perhaps for a quarter of an hour, play at ball with them on the hard stones, and throw them down maimed and to starve. I have seen parents give pups and kittens to their children for this purpose, to keep them quiet.

The worst thing I saw was not done by a boy or by a brutal boor, but by an educated man, and, moreover, a European, in charge of an establishment at Beyrout. He used to tie up his horse, a good, quiet beast, and with a cow-hide thong beat its head, eyes, and the most tender parts for ten minutes. His sister used to ride the horse, but lately it had become fractious and ill-tempered through bad usage. Any one who understood animals could see that the poor brute’s heart was broken from beating and starvation, or from inability to eat. The first time I saw this cruelty I “gave him a bit of my mind.” My Dragoman (Mulhem Wardi) held me back—“For God’s sake, Sitti, don’t speak to him; he will strike you; he is a madman.” I begged him to consider his country, his profession, the European name before natives, his pretensions to be a gentlemen. “But look,” he said in a whining tone; “look what the horse is doing!” The poor beast was standing quite quiet, with despair in its eyes. I could not speak politely. “You make me sick, sir. Your horse is broken-hearted—it hasn’t even the courage to kick you.” He then said that he was of too nervous and sensitive a disposition; and I told him that in that case he ought to be locked up, for that he was a dangerous man to have

charge of a public institution. I told his Consul-General what had occurred, and he agreed with me that it was a scandal that pained the whole community; but it was not an official matter which could be reported to the Ambassador. I heard afterwards that he had lost his appointment for roughness to those under him. It was a thousand pities, for he was a clever professional. I heard a story that is not bad if true—but I will not vouch for it—that a person with a sense of humour sent for him, but put a loaded revolver on the table close to hand. “What is that for?” said the horse-torturer. “Oh, that,” said the person, “is in case you get one of your nervous and sensitive attacks while you are attending on me!” It was added that this episode did him good.

I was walking one day through the village of Bludán, our summer quarters in the Anti-Lebanon, and I saw a skeleton donkey standing near a cottage, holding up one foot, of which the hoof was hanging by a mere thread.

I called to some of the villagers, “Whose animal is that?”

An old woman came out and claimed it as her property.

“How came that about?” I asked, pointing to the foot.

“Well, I don’t know, Sitti. Hard work over the stones.”

“Why is it so thin?”

“You see it could not work any more, and we couldn’t afford to keep it idle, so we turned it out, and these four months it has only had what it can pick up on the mountain.” (The mountain was as bare of vegetation as my paper.)

“What are you going to do with it?”

“We had arranged to-night to drive it out on to the mountain, and tie it to a stone, and then the wolves will come and eat it.”

“Alive?” I asked in horror.

“Why yes, Sitti,” she said, looking at me as if I were an imbecile.

“Who could carry it there if it was dead?”

“Will you sell it to me for 25 piastres (50 pence)? If I can cure it the luck is mine; if I can’t my money is lost.”

To this she joyfully agreed, though she could hardly help laughing in my face at what she supposed to be my knowledge of ass-flesh.

I paid my money, and drove home my donkey, but it was so weak that two hours on its three legs were required to reach our garden close by. I need not say that its last days were happy. A thick litter was spread in a soft, shady place under the trees; a large tub of fresh water, and another of *Tibn* and corn, stood by it during the rest of its time; its hoof was washed, bandaged, and doctored daily. It grew

fat, but the vet. discovered that a young hoof had begun to grow, and that from total neglect the worms had eaten it away. There was no hope that it could ever move from that spot, so I had it shot, which the villagers thought very sinful. They admired the mercy, but they never could understand the necessity of putting an animal out of its misery.

I will not quote any more cases. What I have said will suffice to show the daily occurrences of this kind, the brutality of the lower orders, and the utter indifference of the better classes. Every person of good feeling will know what a trial it is to witness acts of cruelty and oppression, especially when exercised upon women, children, and dumb brutes. I respect the Moslem's thorough regard for the sanctity of life, which amongst us, perhaps, is too little regarded.* In Europe I should have complained to the police. But here there is no legal penalty for barbarous acts, and one must often become one's own police. But, right or wrong, I could not, and I never will, remain a quiet spectator of brutality. I would rather lose the esteem of those who are capable of condemning me. People of delicate health, selfish dispositions, and coarse minds, can always bear the sufferings of others placidly. These will probably disapprove of me, but I can bear it.

I am sorry thus to be my own trumpeter, and to tell how much good I did; but on these occasions I have sat with and explained to the offenders why these acts are so sinful and shameful; how Allah made the animals, gave them to our care, recommended them to our mercy, and expects an account of our stewardship; how faithful, patient, and long-suffering the poor dumbling is; how dependent on our will; how it has all the toil, too often starvation and bodily injuries, at our hands. I often wonder what the brutes must think of the human race, and what a disappointment many of us "higher animals" must be to the lower. The people have listened and thought, and said, "Sitti, I never heard all this before, and I really will try not to do it again;" and they deserve the high praise not only of understanding me, but of allowing themselves to be guided by a woman and a stranger.

During the last fifteen months of our residence no cruel acts took place near my house at Salihíyyah, or at our summer quarters above Bludán. I maintain that if a Society "for the prevention of cruelty

* My husband tells me the story of the South American Gaucho:—

"Juan, why did you cut Pedro's throat? He was an old chum of yours."

"Ah, señor, the *pobrecito* had a bad cold, and so I put him out of his misery."

to animals" were established at Damascus it would quickly bring its own reward.

All of my readers who do not sympathize with the lower animals will find these last pages a "bore," but those who do will think them full of interest. I trust that no bilious believer in the transmigration of souls may read me, or he will certainly incline to the opinion that in a former state of being I was an ill-used horse or dog.

In one respect I may mislead my reader, and I do not wish to sail under false colours. All these conversations with the natives make me appear a first-rate Arabist, whereas I was only a beginner. But I soon picked up sufficient to speak broken Arabic intelligible to the servants and commoner class. The Syrians are excessively intelligent and courteous, and I could always make them understand anything required. I always had some one with me who could interpret to good society. I knew enough to be aware when I was translated wrongly, and to set things right. It requires years of study to speak good Arabic, a language which one must learn all one's life.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOSLEM WEDDING—SICKNESS—BEYROUT—EXCURSIONS—SOCIETY, SCHOOLS,
AND MISSIONS—RETURN HOME—I FALL IN LOVE WITH DAMASCUS.

ON the 12th of May I was invited by a Kurdish Harím to attend certain religious rites, which were proclaimed for three days by the beatings of tomtoms in the gardens, and by the joy-cry of the women. I went also to a Moslem wedding of the Sunni sect, accompanied by three or four other women, at about eight in the evening. The street was full of people. Two houses were brilliantly lit up, one for the men, and one for the women. My husband and I went first to the former. The men were sitting around on divans, smoking and talking. There was music in the courtyard, which was illuminated by coloured lanterns, and the bridegroom was being dressed by his friends in new garments. These feasts are always more attractive in the Haríms, so I soon left my husband and proceeded to the other house. The women were dancing, singing, smoking, and eating sweetmeats, in their best dresses, gaudily painted and bejewelled.

The bride presently entered, supported by two friends, and her head rested on a third behind, the eyes closed, to represent a fainting state. Her face was painted; her hands, feet, and face were dyed with Henna in stars and crescents; she was handsomely dressed in silk, and covered with ornaments. Then the bridegroom was admitted below, and the bride, attended by all the women, went to meet him. She kissed his hand, and put it to her forehead, and he, taking her hand, led her upstairs. These two were seated on a divan—the bride in her fainting and reclining position, and the bridegroom by her side, with his eyes closed, his head bent, and his hands on his two knees, in a serious and devotional attitude. It would not have been “respectable” or “genteel” for them to have stolen a look at each other. An embroidered gold handkerchief was then spread on the floor, and everybody put on it money or presents. I added some money and trinkets. The women danced during this operation, with snapping of fingers; they trilled the *Zaghárit* (joy-cry), and then were left in attendance upon the bride. The men had sword-dances and native plays until a late hour.

The next day I heard what pained me much. The bridegroom had put away another wife, who it appears was fond of him. She had come a few hours before the wedding to throw herself at my feet to beg my influence, if possible to prevent the new wedding, and, failing that, at least to induce her husband to keep her also. She was prevented by his friends from entering my door, just as other greater people's suites prevent honest people's petitions from reaching their masters, which plays the mischief with the world. I could not in any case have interfered, but I told the bridegroom I should not have thought it right to go to his second wedding if I had known of the cruel injustice done to No. 1.

On the 13th, always an unlucky day to me, a poor boy in the village sent for medicine, saying he had been ill for eight hours, and was in great agony. I went quickly with the medicine chest, but he expired as I got the cup to his lips. It was an isolated case of cholera; his corpse was already a bluish black, and the room had that peculiar atmosphere of cholera. I prevented the people "waking" over him, as they usually do, and he was buried as soon as could be decently done. I made them wash and fumigate the house, and burn the bedding; I also impressed upon them to send for medicine the moment a person was taken ill, instead of waiting for hours. There were two cases, but cholera did not spread. All the cottages on the river side were full of scarlet fever, and of dropsy following the fever. I attended them all; but finding some beyond my knowledge, I formed an alliance with the charitable, kind-hearted French surgeon—poor Dr. Nicora—who gave me his Saturdays for the love of God. He attended my patients, and distributed my work for the week.

I wore an outside woollen dress whilst attending cases, which I hung on a tree, and which never entered my house, and a bag of camphor prevented my taking or giving infection. However, at last I was struck down by one of those virulent nameless attacks, which, if neglected here, ends in death. It was complicated by rheumatism, and, finally, I could not move out of a recumbent position without fainting. An instinct warned me to change air, but the doctor refused for eight or ten days, and on my part I felt it would be then too late to move for any place but the rubbish heap outside Báb Sharki. My English maid was desired to engage the whole *coupé* of the French diligence for the next day. A bed was made of pillows and rugs the whole length of the seat. I was moved down to it at three in the morning, and she sat beside me on the floor. Two hours out of Damascus I was able to rise; at the halfway house in the Buká'a I

could eat; and when I arrived at Beyrout after fourteen hours, I felt almost well. I insert this for the use of other travellers, who almost always stop to die. I had three weeks' sea-bathing at Beyrout, which is delicious, except in the too hot weather. I found here the Count de Perrochel, who went to Palmyra with us, and the two ladies, Miss S—— and Miss F——, whose horses I had saved from starvation.

We kept her Majesty's birthday at the Consulate-General. It is the custom for a Consul on such occasions to make a *fête*, something like my "Wednesday's," only with more pomp, and everybody visits him to congratulate him. We also made several little expeditions to Nahr el Kelb (the Dog river), to the Isle of Pigeons; and my husband and Hanna Misk went to Tyre, Sidon, Carmel, and Juneh. I was too weak that time, yet it would have been such a pleasure to have visited the grave of Lady Hester Stanhope.

We sailed on the 29th of May in an open boat to visit the Dog river, at whose mouth are some *cafés* to which Beyroutines ride on the cool summer evenings. We could not land because the sea was too heavy, so we went further north, and landed at Juniah, a pretty bay backed by highlands. Villages are scattered or dotted all about the mountain sides. We stopped at a smaller settlement called Sūk, in a cool verandah, where we drank sherbet. Church bells were ringing. It is a very pretty part of the Lebanon, six hours from Tripoli. From here I rode a donkey. Exploring up the winding river, with its craggy, toppling mountain defile opening to the sea and bar, the rushing torrent, lined with nameless green things, the pink oleander thickets in patches on rocks and boulders, the creepers falling over every here and there, was delightful; but all this was an additional luxury to us, for what we really came to do was to scramble up these crags, so slippery, so full of thistles and creeping locusts, to see the old Assyrian monuments and their inscriptions. All the figures which wear the Persian *coiffure* Mr. Layard attributes only to Sennacherib, but Robinson to the five kings who came to conquer the country—Phul, Teglath-Phalasar, Salmanasar, Sargon, and Sennacherib. There was a splendid sunset, but we could not get back, owing to the heaviness of the surf; so we had to sleep in one of the shanties, the dew being too heavy outside.

A day or two afterwards we went to the Isle of Pigeons—curiously formed rocks, like big sugar-loaves rising from the sea. They are always covered with pigeons, and contain fantastic caves, into and around which the waves swell and foam with a dull roar.

Miss S—— and Miss F—— joined this expedition. The Count de Perrochel sent on his cook, and we ate a sort of gipsy breakfast on the rocks. The next day we made a similar expedition to the Pine Forests, where the ladies sketched. Another pleasant trip is to send the breakfast basket to Ras Beyrout, the extreme end of the town nearest the sands, to dine *al fresco* on a little height, to watch the sun set over the sea, the City, and the Lebanon, and to walk back by moonlight.

There is a pretty legend concerning the Jews of Beyrout, where it is said that in the earliest days of Christianity they were numerous. A Christian who lived near their synagogue had a crucifix hung over his bed. His house was too small, so he left it, sold it to a Jew, and forgot his crucifix. The new proprietor asked a party of his friends to supper, and some of them, remarking the forgotten crucifix, bitterly reproached their host, and lodged a complaint against him to the Chief Priest. They came in a body to the house, headed by the Chief Priest and the ancients, seized the crucifix, and, saying, "Our fathers covered Christ with insults, let us be worthy of them," committed many sacrileges, taking the image off, and going through the scene again; but when they pierced the side, to their fright and surprise blood and water did gush forth. They ran for a vase and caught it, saying, "The sect who followed Christ declared He did miracles. Let us carry this to our synagogue. We will pour it on the incurable sick, and if what they told us were true, the patients will be cured." They did so, and collected all the paralyzed, blind, and lepers of the town, who were forthwith cured. Then the Jews, bowed down with sorrow for their crime, became Christians, and the synagogue was changed into a church, and called St. Saviour. Then they sought to find the origin of this crucifix, and proved it to have been made by the Nicodemus who assisted Joseph of Arimathea to take our Saviour down from the cross and to bury Him; it had belonged to Gamaliel, to St. Paul, and St. James. They celebrate the feast of this miracle now-a-days every 9th of November. The then Bishop of Beyrout put the precious blood and water into tiny phials, and sent them to some of the principal churches in the world—one to the Imperial Church of Constantinople, and another to San Marco at Venice, which is there now amongst the treasures of the Basilica. All these pious legends I shall relate, with the simple faith in which they are told by the Holy Roman Catholic Church, because we know that the crucifix was utterly unknown in those days. In fact, the crucifix, which is and has been for so long an object of veneration to us, was at first made by our

enemies to insult the Christians, as was the first blasphemous specimen found at Pompeii.

On the 6th of June we were much shocked by the news of the sudden death of our French Consul's young wife at Damascus. Madame Roustan was a universal favourite.

There are many pleasant people at Beyrout. First and foremost, the French Consul-General, Baron Rousseau, and his charming wife. Their society was a great pleasure, and I used to spend all my evenings on their terrace, which commanded not only the City and the sea, but a magnificent view of the Lebanon. These happy evenings, like all bright things, slipped away only too soon. He died shortly afterwards, and she left Beyrout steeped in sorrow. The Counts de Perthuis and M. Pérétié were charming French gentlemen, and the latter a savant, with a wonderful collection of antiquities. There is also a colony of hospitable, kind-hearted English residents, each one in a profession or in commerce. At Beyrout, also, are the head-quarters of the Schools and Colleges. I will first notice the Roman Catholic, which are six:—The Capuchin—church and monastery; the French Jesuits—church, monastery, and school; the Spanish (Terra Santa) Franciscans—monastery and school; the French Dâmes de Nazareth—convent, school, and church; the French Lazarist Fathers—monastery, church, and school; the French Sisters of Charity—convent, church, school and day school, orphanage, and hospital. All these schools are very extensive, more than suiting 72,000 souls; indeed, I fear that every boy will presently have his own schoolmaster. The Sœurs de Charité undertake the poor on a very large scale; the Lazarists do likewise. The highest order of education is the Jesuits. It is superfluous to say that they are men of the world, of high intellect, and of finished education—not from the ranks. Their printing-press issues a newspaper, and school-books in Arabic and other languages. The Dâmes de Nazareth teach the girls of the best families; many of the nuns are of the *ancienne noblesse* of France, and consequently the native girls are brought up like the Sacré Cœur or the Fossé in Paris. I often went there, and was present at the Midnight Mass and Communion of Christmas Eve. The girls looked lady-like and well-bred. I could have shut my eyes and fancied myself at home. They sang the service with tenderness and devotion, and no native twang. The six religious Roman Catholic houses educate some thousands, they support many poor, and their hospital cures a still larger number of sick and wounded. In the branch house at Damascus, above 65,000 passed through in my first year's residence, and the Beyrout establishment is four times as large.

I will now pass to the Prussians, or rather Germans, who have a splendidly organized school, conducted by a convent of Protestant Sisters. Everything that I have seen or heard of them redounds to their credit. The girls are strictly kept and well educated. There is an American Protestant establishment, a college where young men receive a good general education; and whose managers—Dr. Bliss, Dr. Post, and Dr. Jessop—are clever and highly respected men. No pains are spared, and all the popular branches of science are attended to. There are also a hospital, and a medical school, with five professor-doctors. Dr. Brigstock (English), a good Christian gentleman and a clever medico. He has mastered Arabic, he gives scientific lectures to the students, and he has set on foot several praiseworthy schemes in the cause of medicine. The others are Dr. Post, Dr. Van-Dyck (United States), Dr. Wortabet (an Armenian), and Dr. Suquet (French).

We have also British Syrian schools. The *Maison Mère* has twenty-three branches, great and small, all Presbyterian. This establishment was begun under Mrs. Bowen Thompson in 1860, and it prospered exceedingly, but unfortunately she died in 1869. The money and the presents bestowed on these schools by charitable England would be enough to educate all Syria. Those who are interested in the British Syrian schools, or who have girls in them, can learn from other sources what the teaching is, and what it is not. I can only tell what I have seen. The Lady Superintendent of the school at Damascus, in my time, was Miss Fanny James. I watched her with a critical eye for two years, day by day, and I saw her earnestly, humbly, and truthfully doing her duty. She was truly a Christian and a good woman, fitted for her place. All who knew her liked her and trusted her. She loved her work, and did it as if she loved it. I hardly ever saw her take an hour's recreation. When she became, as it were, so wedded to the schools as to have given up her life to them, she was told suddenly that her services were no longer required, and she was sent home as if she had done something wrong. This violent act somewhat scandalized the natives, and still more the Europeans. I also watched Miss Ellen Wilson, of Zahleh, who was entrusted with a similar mission in a very difficult position. I once went to stay with her, in the hope of being of some service, as she stood alone and unprotected in a town inhabited by 12,000 or 13,000 warlike men of my co-religionists, with whom I have much sympathy, and for whom I have great admiration. She went there at a time when everybody else was afraid—when they stoned out the American Mission, and would not allow them to sleep the night there; but, in

her quiet way, that lone, humble-minded woman did establish herself, and so commanded the respect of all men. But I am told that she also has shared the fate of Miss James. The establishment that discharges such servants must have something very uncanny in it.* Besides these two brightest ornaments of our schools, there was a Miss Adie, who, from the way that she examined the children, struck me as having passed at a training college. She also has now left.

Were I about to establish a charitable institution in Syria—school or hospital, orphanage or almshouse, refuge for the destitute, or what not—I should look for what is seriously wanted in Syria for such an office, a *Lady*! I should search England for a real Christian of gentle birth, who wished to forget her rank, her “set,” her position in the world, her luxuries, her toilette, and to give herself up entirely to the love of God and His good works. Some woman who, willing but unable to condense herself into a convent, would be God’s Apostle in the world. There are hundreds of them in the “upper ten.” My “treasure” found, would be humble and patient under difficulties and all kinds of displeasures, always energetic, ever seeing a way out of this or that obstacle, never repulsing faulty human nature, conciliatory instead of aggressive, making all possible concessions to attract people to her fold. She would not strive for mere popularity, nor always be doing what would sound well in England. She would not set Syria on fire with strife, and then, when she found the whole country against her, dress up Musa or Suleimán in a green and gold dress at Exeter Hall, to deceive earnest, generous, unsuspecting English Christians, and sweep their money wholesale into a sieve. “My “treasure” would have charge of the schools, but a gentleman of sound college education should be placed over the whole business, especially the pecuniary responsibility. Every branch school, though tributary to the Maison Mère, should have the liberty of corresponding freely with the Home Committee, and the Home Committee should receive complaints and attend to them. I should choose all my young “lady teachers” from those who had passed examinations at Girton or Merton and other training colleges.

I once asked a group of Beyrout girls what they learned in the

* I am glad to learn, at this present date, that Miss Wilson, having ceased her connection with the British Syrian schools, is going to start a school of her own in the district of El Metn; and I can earnestly and cordially recommend any person wishing to forward educational projects, to invest their charities by placing native children under her care. Her school at Zahleh, whilst she had it, was universally acknowledged to be the best of the twenty-four establishments called the British Syrian schools. I sincerely hope that Miss James and Miss Adie may join her.

Beyrout school. I shall not quote their answer, but after a long tirade I said, "Can you make bread and butter, or cook?" "Not I," said the spokeswoman, with a toss of her head and a sneer; "that is common servants' work, and we shouldn't like to learn it. I always make mother wait upon *me*." She was the daughter of very poor people, who have to work hard to maintain their children.

My system of education would be to teach the poorer girls reading, writing, and accounts in their own language; the Bible, plain work, and mending and cutting out; to clean and make their house comfortable; to cook, and make bread, butter, cheese, and pastry; to wash and iron; also a little common domestic medicine—in a word, how to make good wives. For the better classes I would add history, geography, grammar, music, English, French, and German. I would teach them how to order dinner and general housekeeping, make them practise teaching for the benefit of their little brothers, sisters, and future children. I would give every girl a little hospital training, in a land where people die wholesale in their village homes for want of doctors. I would teach them to leech, vaccinate, lance children's gums, apply blisters, and bind and dress wounds. I would keep the education of women here down to this pitch, and when they know so much, Syria will be a very different country. I do not care for all that reciting of verses and speechifying which are "coached up" and "crammed" for the hour, and to prepare for which the whole precious year is wasted; nor for that heap of bead and fancy work which crowds the table on examination day. I would dress all my school in uniform, a coloured print on summer week-days, and white on Sundays; and a dark merino for the winter. The hair in two plaits, or gathered in a net, *and no ornaments whatever allowed*. In teaching Syrians, it must be remembered that they have what may be termed a fancy brain. They learn so quickly, and are so intelligent, that they acquire like a flash of lightning, by instinct, what would take an Englishman a year; but there is a limit to what they can compass. There is no power or endurance, and if you push the cerebral spring beyond a certain point it breaks. Therefore it is more essential to avoid the trash to which they, child-like, are inclined. With the Englishman, on the contrary, there is no limit to what he can learn by plodding. His brain is a fine, good old solid-iron machinery, and he can work it till he dies. He begins with heavy mental food when he is four or five years old, and every year he can digest more. I only hope that for five we shall soon read ten, and that little brains will not be crammed so early.

And now a word to young and ardent volunteer Missionaries, who land in the country ignorant of its language and its ways. I offer it not in derision, but out of respect to their good intentions—I would have them master Arabic before they preach; a little mistake is sufficient to produce great amusement. The Arab is too courteous and grave to laugh, but the sermon does not inspire the same respect that it would otherwise do. I will give only one example. For instance, Kelb is dog, and Kalb is heart. You will hear an earnest, well-meaning preacher reiterating with deep emotion “Let us purify our dog, for a contrite and humble dog the Lord never despiseth; let us raise up our dog to the Lord!” I will not dwell upon this, because it seems hardly respectful, but one instance suffices to show my meaning.

A missionary of any persuasion ought not to be allowed to work until he learns something of the people. We all think we know the Bible in England, because we have studied it from our childhood, but we know it only in the same sense that we learn Africa from a book of travels. When, however, we live amongst Bible scenes, amongst Bible people, with the same language, manners, customs, and habits now as then, we do at last manage to understand it. There is nothing changed here from the time of our Saviour. Every day passed there we live Bible lives, we speak Bible language, and it becomes natural that we should do so. Passages that conveyed no meaning to our minds become as familiar as daily bread. The fresh and ardent missionary’s usual manner of accosting a Syrian is, “Do you know Jesus?” The Syrian receives him courteously, and answers him affably, but the moment his back is turned he bursts out, “May Allah burn his mother! Know Him! I should think I did, better than *he* does. Why, was He not born amongst us, lived amongst us, died amongst us and for us, and spoke our own language—was He not one of our own people? Who should know Him if *we* don’t?”

Missionaries who live in Syria, and who know Arabic and the people’s minds, old “soldiers of the Cross” like Mr. Wright, Mr. Crawford, Mr. John Zeller, and others, never make these mistakes. The amateurs, who arrive by shoals, do it every day. The expression “Do you know Jesus?” with a nasal twang, has unfortunately become a cant saying amongst native Christians when they see a new white tie in sight, or a peculiar cut of self-made missionary (English), or certain of the lady superintendents of the British Syrian Schools. It is also inexpressibly offensive to a Maronite or a Greek when this class of person, after a bad sermon, or some act that they possibly think

very contrary to charity, parts with them saying, "Well, I trust you will soon become a Christian," meaning a Presbyterian. I remember a row of school-girls dancing with rage after a long speech from the school-mistress about the impropriety of "worshipping Mary." "We don't worship her," they cried; "we only honour her because she is the mother of God—we must know what we do." And then as soon as she was gone, "We won't come here any more to have our religion insulted; better do without education." "Ah," lisped out a little one who was getting on very well with her English, "but then, Thaaba, we than't get any more dollths."

If I were about to draw up rules for an institution of my own, there would be a heavy fine upon "cant;" it is so easy to do one's work naturally, and in a natural tone of voice. Quarrelling and mischief-making should be punished by instant dismissal, for the sake of peace and good example. It does not give one a favourable idea of a religion if its chief members keep a whole establishment and a whole province incessantly on the *qui vive*, and to find little private disputes incessantly referred to the Home Government, to the Turkish authorities, or to the Committees, solely for the sake of self-importance. Their constant reports to England and Constantinople upon the un-Christian sentiments and conduct of such a one who hinders them from "doing their spiriting gently," "walking in the footsteps of Jesus," and "revelling in the happiness of their Christian work," only excite ridicule and stamp out religion. The least sign of such dispositions would debar any candidate from being admitted to *my* school, or dismiss them on their first development—not only for the vulgarity of the thing, but for the evil impression made by civilized and educated Christians upon uncivilized and uneducated Christians. We had better let education alone until we understand our business better, and until we have learnt to introduce our virtues and leave our vices at home. The children will copy their Native Teachers, the Native Teachers will copy the English Superintendents of the branch schools, the Superintendents will copy the Mistress of the whole Establishment. My first care would be to look for my English Apostle-woman, and those likely to imitate her.

I did not know, until this visit to the sea-coast, that there exists ill-feeling between Beyrout and Damascus; it may perhaps be summed up in the following way:—

On arriving in Syria, one lands at a pretty town of no very great importance to the world, but the concentration of all that Syria knows of comfort, luxury, and pleasure. Christian and semi-civilized,

it has its soldiers and policemen, its ships and sailors, its semi-European mode of living and manners, and its free communication with Europe by telegraphs and regular mails. So far it has the advantage over Damascus. Steamers anchor in the open roadstead—there is no harbour, pier, or landing-place, save a few broken, unclean steps leading to a small, dirty custom-house quay—an occasional merchant-ship appears, and at times some wandering man-of-war. It is ruled by a Governor, subject to the Wali, who rules Syria, being in fact Viceroy to the Sultan. This Great Official lives at Damascus, and visits Beyrout for sea-bathing and to make holiday. It is also the residence of the Consuls-General, who represent Foreign Powers and European influence, and are very great people in their way; and also of a large European society of different professions. Beyrout is backed by the high range of the Lebanon, which is inhabited by Druzes and Maronites, and ruled by a separate Governor, independent of the Wali. After crossing the Lebanon and descending into the plain of the Buká'a (Cœle-Syria), Civilization, Christianity, and all free communication with the outer world are left behind; as are comforts, luxuries, and society, whilst the Damascene is completely at the mercy of the Beyroutine as to how much or how little he may receive of the necessary help such as man should give to his fellow-man. For safety, he is self-dependent on his own personal courage and his knowledge of the East, and woe betide the hapless one who has no friend at Beyrout. Here, again, the Beyroutine has the advantage over the Damascene, who steps forth into the solemnity of Orientalism, which increases upon him during the sometimes dreary and barren seventy-two miles' journey, and he finds himself in the heart of Oriental life in the City of Damascus. This Orientalism is the great charm of "the Pearl of the East." She is still pure and innocent of anything like Europeanism. However much the wanderer may dislike it at first, the life so grows upon him, that, after a time, to quit it would be a wrench. But this is what makes the demi-semi-fashionable of Beyrout hate Damascus, with a spice of fear, knowing nothing of her attractions; whilst she, on her side, lazily despises the effeminate, luxurious, and feeble Beyroutine.

June 15th.—As I approached Damascus, I saw how lovely it was, bathed in the evening sun. I cannot tell what changed me, but this day I fell in love with the place, and my affections and interests, my life and work, knitted and grew to that Salihíyyah home, where I would willingly have remained all my days. The wanderer's life is against and forbids attachments to places, things, or people, which

must be constantly torn asunder. It is a sad thing to care for anything that is not one's own by right—happiness which depends on the will of others can be snatched away from us at any moment. Whenever the wanderer lingers a while and becomes attached, Fate falls upon him sternly, and cries “move on.” With this presentiment I greedily drank in, whilst I could, all the truths which the Desert breathes, and learnt all that I could of Oriental mysteries, set my hands to do all the good that they could find to do, until they were full to overflowing.

June 18th.—I went to visit our poor bereaved friend the French Consul. How sad his home is now—how gay it was a month ago. I found him in her room, which had remained as she left it—her book turned down, her unfinished work on the basket; and here he sits all day gazing at the vacant chair. I tried to persuade him that the house was unwholesome, and to come to us; but it was useless, he was only the more anxious to stay. To-night all the Consuls dined together, to discuss an important question. They want to fly their national flags, and they cannot, because the Turkish Government says, “We can salute you, but you are unable to return it, so you must not hoist your flag.” They refuse a salute at Beyrout. This, of course, is the pretence. The underlying cause probably is, because on the first *émeute* the natives would tear down the colours, and the authorities would have to give satisfaction to the representatives of the European countries.

June 24th.—We had a severe shock of earthquake. My husband and I were sitting in an inner room, when suddenly the divan began to seesaw, and the wardrobe to bow. No harm was done, but it was an unpleasant sensation, and made one feel as if at sea in a gale of wind.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUMMER QUARTERS—BLUDÁN IN THE ANTI-LEBANON—LIFE IN THE ANTI-LEBANON—LORD CLARENDON'S DEATH—VISITORS—MR. PALMER AND MR. CHARLES TYRWHITT-DRAKE JOIN US—WE GO GIPSYING—BA'ALBAK AND THE LEBANON.

As Damascus began to be very hot (105° in the shade), on the 25th of June we moved to our summer quarters, Bludán. It lies twenty-seven indirect miles across country, to the N.W., four and a half hours for *us* in case of necessity; eight or nine hours to slow travellers, and twelve for camels. Nothing pressed, we sauntered along in eleven hours, zig-zagging and making offsets. We rode along the French road to the first station, El Hámech, and then we struck to our right, across naked, barren, rocky plains, hills and dells, entering the district Ez Zebedani. Here again we sighted the rushing Barada, and a village called Ain Fiji, and following its cool banks we came to a village and gardens, Súk Wady Barada; we rested in an orange orchard, which was very refreshing. Here our baggage joined us, my English maid on a quiet horse, and all the live stock—the Persian cat and the pups in panniers; the pianette was on a camel. I thought perhaps I should be able to bear the sound of my own voice in the mountains, though not in the hushed solemnity of Damascus. Súk Wady Barada is a beautiful spot, all rocky, yet bounded with green forest, and the river rushing over boulders. I often came back to it. We crossed a picturesque bridge spanning a waterfall into the valley of Zebedani; a long, deep plain, flanked by mountains on either side. Soon after entering it, a single large tree and a little green mark the head source of the Barada, that is, the summer source, which is perennial—in winter the water comes from a more distant fountain. We passed on our right hand two villages, Ma'arabún and Madáyá, perched on the mountain side on the beginning of the Jebel esh Sharkí (Anti-Lebanon). We then neared the gardens of Zebedani, a large Moslem village in the plain, divided into three parts, which extends to the roots of the opposite range. Then we began to ascend for an hour to our right, what may be called Jebel Bludán or Jebel es Shakíf, and we passed the ruins of old Bludán, and the clumps of trees which in the distance make a landmark. By-

and-by we came to foot-tracks through trees, with rills and streams flashing like diamonds. After progressing through these, we entered a little more barrenness, and were suddenly surprised to find ourselves topped by a small Greek village, which looked like an old pack of cards. We threaded the alleys of Bludán, ascending steep places, and soon found ourselves beyond the settlement, opposite a door which opens into a garden cultivated in steps or ridges up the mountain. In the middle stands a large barn-like limestone hall, with a covered, deep verandah, from which there is an unrivalled view. Everybody who comes here says, "Well, it is glorious, but the thing is to get here!"

We soon dismounted, and inspected our eagle's nest. The wild waste of garden extends on every side all around the house, and is chiefly remarkable for fruit trees. It is backed by the barest possible ridge; a beautiful stream rushes from this mountain, in two small waterfalls, through the grounds, in all its native purity. The cottage was built by wise and clever Mr. Wood, when he was Consul, 5000 feet above sea-level; the air is perfect, never hot—except at 3 p.m. for an hour or two—and we could always bear blankets at night. At the back rises a wall of mountain; in front, at our feet, lies the plain, and the village of Zebedani, backed by the opposite range. From the top of Jebel Shakíf, behind the house, five or six ranges of mountains extend in front, one backing the other. The last visible to the naked eye is Jebel D'rúz Haurán. From the verandah we distinguish to our right the top of Jebel Sunnin, Monarch of the Lebanon, and looking to the left, Hermon, King of the Anti-Lebanon.

We soon settled down and made ourselves comfortable. We passed the first night on the boards. The large reception-room is in the middle of the house, opening on to the verandah, which overhung the glorious view. We surrounded it by low divans, and the walls became an armoury of weapons. The rooms on either side of the reception-saloon were turned into a study for Captain Burton, a sleeping-room, and a study and dressing-room for me. A large room downstairs, under, and corresponding with, the reception-room, and with the same view, was set apart for guests, and all the rest of the house was devoted to domestic uses. Under the house, in fact, the whole ground floor formed a capital stable, which could contain eight horses. There are no windows, only wooden shutters to close at night. The utter solitude, the wildness of the life, all absence of *luxure*, and no society; being thoroughly alone with nature and one's own thoughts, is very soothing.

Next day, the Shaykhs and principal people of Zebedani, Bludán, Ma'arabún, Madáyá, Sargháya, and all the surrounding villages, came to pay their respects. Several fatted sheep were killed, and stuffed with rice and pistachio nuts; all feasted, and went away happy. We were now their Jirán (neighbours), and, whatever may be the case in Europe, this tie in the East has its uses and its duties, as well as its pleasures and displeasures.

The following morning we commenced the experiments of baking our own bread, making our own butter, and all the ways of farmhouse life. But we eventually found that the Bedawin two or three hours away made better butter than we did, from the milk of their goats and camels; and when we wanted meat, we learnt that the simplest way was to buy a sheep or kid from a passing flock.

Our days here were the perfection of living. We used to wake at dawn, make a cup of tea, and, accompanied by the dogs, take long walks over the mountains with our guns. The larger game were bears (very scarce), gazelles, wolves, wild boars, and the Nimr (a small leopard); but for these we had to go far, and watch in silence before dawn. The small game nearer home were partridges, quails, and woodcocks, with hares and wild duck. As regards shooting, I do not like to kill any small, useless, or harmless thing, but only what is needed for eating, or large game, when the beast will kill you if you do not kill it. I cannot bear to see a gazelle hunted; I dislike the Hurlingham pigeon matches, and the *battu* slaughters in England, the mangled, quivering heaps of half-slain hares and rabbits, upon which I have seen even girls look unmoved. It is all a matter of habit; but this is not my idea of "sport."

The hot part of the day was spent in reading, writing, studying Arabic. At twelve we had our first meal, which served as breakfast and luncheon, on the terrace. Sometimes in the afternoon, native Shaykhs, or English from Beyrout or Damascus, came to visit us, or tourists to look at us *en passant*. We set up a *Tir* in the garden, and used to fence, or practise pistol or rifle shooting, or put on the *caverson* and lunge the horses if they had had no exercise.

At the hour when the sun became cooler, all the poor within fifteen or sixteen miles around would come to be doctored. The hungry, the thirsty, the ragged, the sick and sorry, filled our garden at that time, and I used to make it my duty and pleasure to attend to them. If it was a grievance, I did not "set myself up as a justice," but I used to write out their case for them as they told it to me, and then write upon it, "For the kind consideration of such a Consul, or

such a Pasha." Without such a paper the man would probably never have gained a hearing beyond a Kawwás. This was quite *en règle* in the East, and what was expected of me, or of any lady holding a good position. The Turkish authorities and the Consuls always liked to oblige each other in these little marks of *entente cordiale*—unofficially, be it understood. I only did this in cases of tyranny and oppression, and I am happy to say that no one, Turkish or European, ever rejected one of my cases, or found them untruthful. The others were dismissed with money or clothing, food or medicine, and all with sympathy. If a favourable and proper opportunity occurred, I used to read them a prayer or a text of Scripture suited to their case, and have it expounded by an educated native. This, accompanied with bodily relief and kind words, often lies nearer the heart than a cold sermon upon an empty stomach. I seldom had fewer than fifty a day, half of them eye diseases. A good reputation is so easily earned in such a kind-hearted country, that people used to come on foot from thirty miles to see me.

Before dinner, especially if anybody was staying with us, we used to assemble in the garden to eat a few mouthfuls of Leben salad, which I described in my chapter on shopping, and to drink a liqueur glass of Raki. This gave sufficient appetite for dinner at seven on the terrace, sometimes a difficult matter in that climate. Divans were then spread on the housetop, and we used to watch the moon lighting up Hermon, whilst the after-dinner pipe was smoked. The horses were picketed out all these summer nights, and the Sais slept with them. The pianette from Damascus enabled us to have a little music. Then I used to assemble the servants, read the night prayers to them, and a small bit of Scripture, or of Thomas à Kempis. The last thing was to go round the premises to see that everything was right, and turn out the dogs on guard. And then to bed. The mails came once a fortnight, and my husband was obliged to ride into Damascus every few days to see that all was going on well.

The first Sunday I had service at home, the Arab servants (Christians) chaunting their parts. After that I found there was a chapel—although a very wretched one—in Zebedani, with a priest from the ranks, and about fifty poor communicants; so I made a point of riding there every Sunday, and very hard work it was. The path was so steep, and so covered with rolling stones, that it generally occupied nearly an hour and a half, the horses sliding down with every step. The people were very devout, but the heat, atmosphere, and noise were dreadful. The fact of my coming with servants and

Kawwâses drew a great part of the village into the court, and the Shaykhs and chief Moslems generally insisted upon accompanying me. I always took this public occasion of paying the poor priest as much respect as I should to a Cardinal in Europe, to show them how the clergy ought to be treated, and also to induce my Moslem friends to put him on equal and amicable terms. Mass was celebrated on an old box covered with a bit of ragged print, the priest bringing with him a silver chalice and an incense fumer. After this I used to go to the Shaykh's house, and rode back accompanied by the whole party.

July 7th.—To-day we heard of the sad news of poor Lord Clarendon's death; and we were truly grieved to lose our good Chief. Few, perhaps, amongst us, but have some happy recollection of that kind, true heart. He belonged to a breed of gentlemen that is fast dying out.—R.I.P.

July 8th.—We set out at 4 a.m., sending on our cook with breakfast, to the source of the Barada. We walked down to Zebedani, and then rode to the caves on the opposite mountains, and saw the rock-tombs and inscriptions. Then we galloped across the plain till we reached the Sources, the Shaykhs and a large train following us. I do not know whether they were accustomed to see women riding or not, but they gave me the idea of looking every instant to see when I was going to fall, and uttering loud Máshálláhs if my horse jumped. We breakfasted under the solitary tree which marks the Sources—the fountain gushes from under a rock, and is beautifully bright and clear. There is a large piece of water, with rushes and grass at the edges, and the middle is full of small fish. During our meal we were visited by a flight of locusts. On leaving, we waded across the river on horseback, and had a rare gallop home.

We were, however, obliged to part with our cook. He was so fat that he could not ride; he had to be hoisted and pushed up on to his horse, which was of necessity a very strong one, and he could never be let down again the whole day.

The following journal may serve as a good specimen of our lives in the Anti-Lebanon:—

July 9th.—Captain Burton went to Damascus on business. We started at four in the morning, and first descended a very steep 1000 feet on foot. We rode along the plain of Zebedani, and branched off to our left over hideous, bleak, stony mountains, where we lost our way. At last we came to the object of our search. On a height stood Abel's tomb, just above Súk Wady Barada. It is a low, two-arched

shed, like a box, open on one side to a little garden, containing one holm oak, a wall around of piled-up stones; one olive is near it. There are the remains, also, of an old Temple of the Sun, afterwards Christianized, and, if my memory does not fail me, it is in the form of a cross. We also saw a sacred cave, a deep well, and an ancient drinking trough for animals, now full of holes. From these buildings we made a descent, fit only for goats, into the valley; and we sat all the hot part of the day in a delicious grove, under the path going into the village of Súk, by the side of the rushing Barada. We ate water melons, slept, talked, and breakfasted. At 2 p.m., Captain Burton and Hanna Misk rode on to Damascus, and I turned my horse's head back to Bludán, accompanied by Habíb, my husband's servant. When we reached the plain of Zebedani, he dismounted for a moment, and his mare broke loose, which made my horse very restive. We had so much trouble in catching her that we did not reach home till 6 p.m.

July 11th.—We went down to Zebedani, and visited the Súk (bazar) and all the places of worship, which were very poor. We breakfasted at the Shaykh's, who had an Arab dance. They invited the priest and the chief Christians, and all became very friendly, and the Shaykhs and Moslems promised in all future times to protect the latter in case of differences or dangers arising. This day I met a strange mother. An Arab woman had a little crippled child about eighteen months old, whose life was evidently a misery to it. She had let it fall from the roof when a baby. She expected me to heal it. Dr. Brigstock, our kind, charitable friend at Beyrout, took all my poor cases that were too complicated for an amateur, and he has saved many a life for me. He would have cured this poor little thing for me. The parents, however, hesitated; I took them up to our house, and passed the day trying to persuade them. Still they would not; they said they had so many children, that this one being crooked did not much matter. I tried to make them look into the future, and to imagine what the child would feel when grown up, and had to sit in the corner all day, dependent on the others, instead of earning his own living; but it was time lost.

July 17th.—We went out before dawn bear-hunting, but were not successful. We saw the fresh trail over the mountains, but that was all. The beaters came back dancing, singing, and firing guns, as if we had killed our dozens.

July 18th.—We suddenly received visitors, and were very gay for a short time. One day arrived Mr. Johnstone and Mr. Wilson, appointed

Vice-Consul near Tarsus. They camped in the garden and lived with us. Mr. Wilson was a clever man, given to literary pursuits. He recited remarkably well, and was therefore an acquisition, as well as for his good nature in supplying his friends with books and papers. He is since dead.

July 19th.—To-day arrived Mr. E. H. Palmer, now Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and Mr. Charles F. Tyrwhitt-Drake, whose name is so well-known as an indefatigable worker in the Palestine exploration. They also camped in the garden and lived with us, a pleasant way of managing, when you are short of bedrooms. They were quite fatigued with an extensive tour in Sinai and the Tih, and were glad to do a little easy work with us as a rest. There arrived, likewise, a Reverend gentleman of enthusiastic religious and conversional views. He amused us very much by preaching to the Druzes, who burst into roars of applause, and who he was quite convinced would have come over in a body to his faith. But his Dragoman, who interpreted for him, was only saying—"The Khawaja (mister) is a Kassis Inglese (English priest), and he says the English and Druzes are *sawá sawá* (one, side by side)"—which, of course, produced great enthusiasm. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that his Dragoman was coming into the right way, and that it was a great consolation to him when he preached to see him taking notes in Arabic. I saw the notes, and found that he only knew three letters of the Arabic alphabet, which he kept on writing over and over again. This is a fair sample of what we saw once a week; it makes one feel a sort of pity that so much good feeling and exertion should not be turned in the right direction, the purlieus of London. This same Reverend gentleman was taken to the Slave Market—his honest indignation flew to his head, and made him want to beat the door-keeper, who had nothing to do with it. His Dragoman afterwards behaved infamously to and ill-treated an English travelling friend of ours when in an almost dying state, and my husband regrets to this day having been unable to punish him.

On the 21st of July we left Bludán, at 7 a.m., with the intention of sauntering or gipsying about the country around us—we meaning Mr. Palmer, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, my husband, and myself. We descended from our eyrie into the plain, which to our right is called Wady Dillí; and galloped past a village marked on maps Ain el Hawar (Fount of the Poplars), pronounced Ain Hoor. Wading through a brook, followed by yelping Pariahs, we then reached

Sargháya, where several village Shaykhs met us and led us to breakfast. Passing through sterile and rocky mountains, and leaving to our right a bridge and the temple ruins of Ma'arabún, we came to the valley of Yafúfah, well wooded, with a beautiful brook or stream (Saradah) running through it. The contrast was sudden and striking between the wild highland divide and the nestling lowland, and this contrast is never absent from Syria. The scenery was bold and beautiful, but the ground bad for horses, and in crossing some of the rocky places we were obliged to dismount, leaving the animals free to pick their own way. The worst part was before reaching Neby Shíth (Seth), which, like all the patriarchs' tombs, is of proportionate length to their age and honour. All the Adamical and Noachian patriarchs are buried, by tradition, about Damascus, except Adam, or his head, at Calvary. Cain behind our house at Salihíyyah, they say, slew Abel. Abel is buried, as we remember, about Súk Wady Barada. Lamech slew Cain—if he did slay him—on Carmel. Noah reposes at Karak, near Mu'allakah, a suburb of Zahleh. Seth's tomb here has a bird's-eye view of Coele-Syria, and that of Hám is a few furlongs eastward, both near Khraybah. They generally measure an immoderate size, and, as we might expect, many of them are in duplicate. Naturally enough, whilst the Christian Adam lies close to the Holy Sepulchre, the Moslem Adam is buried near Mecca.

There was a Mosque and tombs around Neby Shíth, but in a ruined state. We halted here an hour, and then rode on to Khraybah, where live some excellent neighbours of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Rattray. She is as clever as she can be: deeply read, she speaks many European languages, and Arabic especially well. She rides, shoots, and lives quite in these wilds amongst the natives with her husband, far away from all civilized society. They made a *mariage de cœur*, built a hut, and live here in quite a Robinson Crusoe style; they shoot their dinner, and farm a village. I believe owning a village is something like a farm let out to a person by the Turkish Government, but as I never had one I do not understand it. I should like to have Mr. Rattray for my Wakil (agent) if I had property in Syria. We stopped on this occasion and took tea with them. The Roman bridge named in books is a common Mohammedan affair. We crossed it, and then rode to a village called after Hám, who is buried here. We have been circulating widely all day, for I believe, as the crow flies, it is not more than an hour from Neby Shíth. It was delightfully cool, and even cold at night, and we were charmed with the mountain scenery. Our supper on the house-roof consisted of Leben salad, goats' milk, and

the contents of our basket. From our perch we could see our tents, like dots, in the valley beneath. I slept in a room full of ants, with a big dog and a goat, but my sleep was disturbed by noises in the rafters, which I thought were fowls, but which in old houses are often snakes.

In these excursions I keep very little reckoning of time, as we generally count by the sun, and distance by hours. I know that we usually start at dawn, and, with the exception of a short halt, we ride till sunset, and often till dusk. When sauntering about without press of time over rocky steeps, our common pace is three miles an hour, and six miles trotting or cantering in plain; when hard pressed we may go ten. The rest, being *ventre-à-terre*, would be merely a spurt after large game. We might easily in our zigzagging ride forty or fifty miles on a long, and thirty or thirty-six on a short day. We never ride straight to a place, as there is so much to be seen on both sides off the direct way.

22nd.—We spent a lazy morning at the tomb of Neby Hám, on a green and shady hill; there was a ruin above it. We then galloped up the Wady, crossed a divide of mountains to the plain of the Buká'a, here called Belad Ba'albak. The scenery was wild, rocky, and barren, and the ride occupied four or five hours. When we arrived, the Governor and the chief people rode out to receive us. Our horses' hoofs soon rang under a ruined battlement, and we entered in state through the dark tunnels. Horses were neighing, sabres were clanking, a noisy, confusing, picturesque sight. We tented in the midst of the Grand Court of the ruins.

The first day the Governor dined with us. In the morning three ladies paid us a visit in the ruins: with their blue satin and diamonds they were the best dressed women I had seen for a long time. Our muleteers mutinied and refused to fetch *Tibn*, but they "gave in" after a time. On Sunday I heard mass at the Maronite chapel, and returned the calls. We also dined with the Governor, a civilized, well-educated man, who illuminated his house for us. We passed a most enjoyable evening, I chiefly in the Harím. As I could not relate a story in Arabic, the Governor allowed me to blindfold Hanna Misk, and to take him in as interpreter, he himself being present. One night Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and I lit up the ruins with magnesium. I cannot describe the beautiful effect; but many who are familiar with the transformation scenes of the Princess's Theatre may realize a shadow of it by shutting their eyes, and by fancying a real, gigantic transformation scene in a Desert plain. Every night jackals played

around our tents in the moonlight, and made the ruins weird with strange sounds and shadows.

Ba'albak is far more beautiful though much smaller than Palmyra, and can be seen without danger—Palmyra cannot. Palmyra is more romantic, picturesque, more startling, and there is the attraction of being in a Desert country. Londoners and Parisians would consider Ba'albak in the Desert, but we in Damascus do not. I do not know a finer sight than Ba'albak from a distant height, lit up by the setting sun. There is one particular pinnacle of rock from which you can behold this Holy Place of the old Phoenicians in all her beauty. On the other side of the plain rises the Lebanon range, its highest point capped with snow. A second ridge below is covered with what looks like bushes, in reality they are stunted holm oaks. Beneath lies the fertile plain of the Buk'a'a, the black Turkoman tents and camels in the distance, one of which stands, as I write, on a mound, like a statue against the clear sky. At my feet are the fertile meadows and orchards, the rivulet branching and spreading into a network, and the verdure surrounding the magnificent ruins, which from this point present a most perfect appearance. A village hangs on to the tail of the ruins, not a bad village either, but by comparison it looks like a tatter clinging to an Empress's velvet and diamond-bespangled train.

The legend about the big stone which still lies in the quarry and would weigh over 11,000 tons, is to illustrate the strength of the race which could use such materials. A woman who was with child was carrying it upon her head towards the temple—you are to understand that it was part of her day's work. Suddenly a person ran to meet her, and informed her that her brother had been killed. In a passion of grief she threw down the stone, and sat upon it to weep; it has remained there ever since, and is called the "pregnant stone."

We left Ba'albak at dawn, and rode six hours and a half before breakfast, passing Nakhleh Yunin and Ras el Hadeth, to the source of the Lebweh (Lybon). It was a dreary ride. My white donkey had a habit of running by my side like a dog, so I used sometimes to catch him, give him a little work, and then turn him loose again. He would keep pace, when not ridden, with the horses, and he did not detain us much when mounted. The source of the Lebweh is a little distance from the village of the same name. The water bursts out from the ground and divides into a dozen sparkling streams—of all the fountains I have ever seen, there is not one so like liquid diamonds. I could

not take my eyes from it, and it seemed to possess a fascination which I can never forget. We espied a big tree about twenty minutes away, and walked to its shade, picketed the horses, and slept.

At 4.30, when it was cooler, we rode on to Neby Othman, to Ain el Fikeh, and to Er Ras. Part of this country was black and desolate, but there were occasional contrasts of green, well-watered oases. We passed several people, who, on our asking how far Er Ras was, ejaculated, "Happy people to go there!" so that we looked forward to a paradise. This much-vaunted Eden was a desolate spot, not made delightful by a furious rising wind, which nearly blew down our tents. We rode on to El Ká'a, letting the camp halt at Er Ras; but finding that whatever Er Ras might be it was better than El Ká'a, we went back to our camp. My husband's Rahwan was showing signs of distress, and our people told us that we must stop there for a whole day. They put their fingers up his nostrils, and from each took out a little bit of gristle, about as big as a die. They evidently knew what they were about, and it was done in a few minutes. Next morning he began to take his food, which he had refused for some time past. He was on the sick list, and was "led" for a day or two, my husband using my second horse, and "Kubbi," the donkey, taking his share of work. We spent part of the next day at Dayr Már Márún, the sources of the Orontes, and at Hurmul, on a hill rising from the plain. We returned to our camp, and mounted the cliff at Er Ras—below us lay the small, flat-roofed village, and coils of dried litter to sleep upon in summer. There were cattle, but no grass, a few trees, gardens, orchards, and water immediately round the village. Stretching far away were the plain of the Buká'a, Hurmul like a pimple on the face of the plain, the Lebanon range opposite bordering the view, and far north, although thirty miles distant, Homs was visible to the naked eye. We enjoyed the view until we were tired, and then descended to the camp. I was in favour of going on to Homs next day, but it was deferred for a future expedition.

We left camp at dawn, and galloped across the plain of the Buká'a. Our road then led up a gentle ascent, a beautiful path through woods of stunted holm oak, for over three hours. About 10 a.m. we met with a gipsy camp, and asked for water, but were told that we should meet with none till mid-day. The way became very bad, and the descent of the watershed was extra steep. In the hollow, or basin, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and I, who were a little in advance, fancied we saw a hyena advancing stealthily. We simultaneously drew our revolvers, but drawing nearer we found it was a Bedawin dog, the

funniest looking thing imaginable, easily to be mistaken for a hyena or a bear. We reached the water at last; Ain Arghush was 7147 feet above us, and our poor horses were terribly thirsty, as well as ourselves. There was a dispute about the road, so we breakfasted at the stream. Resuming our journey in the afternoon, we rode two hours down a dried watercourse, a scatter of stones making very rough work, and along narrow ledges with deep drops on each side. Suddenly we wound round a corner, and came upon cultivation, and a few cottages on the opposite mountain. The Maronite chiefs were Jeriding in the hollow. Our camp was pitched in a clump of trees on a height, and all was very picturesque. The Chiefs dined with us, and I made them a present of some cartridges, which appeared to make them very happy. This was Ain Ata.

The following day we had a hard ascent on the same kind of ledges as yesterday, only sometimes not even so easy, and in two hours we reached a ridge of mountains, with a small snow plateau. This was the narrow summit of a divide, commonly called The Cedar Col, or pass. It was like standing on a broad bridge, at an immense height, and looking down at the same time upon two countries, one before and the other behind. To reach this we had ascended, on horseback, places that would make the soundest head giddy. The path was not wider than a sheet of foolscap, and here and there it was broken away. I often laid the reins on my horse's neck, spoke to him, and shut my eyes. His strong back never failed me in the hour of danger. I was now riding Selim, who knew me so well that his behaviour was perfectly different when I was upon his back to what it was with another. If he was ever so boisterous, and I was tired and sad, or not in the humour to play, I told him so; he understood me, and would quiet himself. Our Harfush's greatest delight was to play me a trick when he could, and "Kubbi" also was more *espiègle* than kind. Neither were to be trusted in a difficult moment. At last we stood upon a mountain range of crescent form, ourselves in the centre, and the two cusps to the sea. The pass is about 100 yards wide, and quite flat. Turning to the side which we had ascended, and looking below, the horizon was bounded by the Anti-Lebanon, with the plain of the Buká'a and the ruins of Ba'albak beneath and far away. The skirts of the mountain upon which we stood were dotted with villages, one called El Yamúneh. It would be impossible to see the Lebanon to greater advantage than from the centre of this amphitheatre, whose descent is scooped out like a huge basin. The wild, deep glen, Wady Kadishah, cuts through it, whose depth is marked by a silver thread to the sea—the river Nahr

Abu Ali. B'sherri, Dimán, Kanóbím, and other villages, seem to cling on to the sides in hanging positions, and dot it all over. All is bright, smiling, and wild, and every available spot is cultivated. Now we understand "the fruitfulness of the Lebanon." Yonder is the coast, with its white rocks and yellow sand—the sea is freckled with clouds. Tripoli is the most prominent coast-mark. We behold the home of 200,000 Maronites, living under their Patriarch, whom we shall see by-and-by.

From this point we can see the principal heights of the Lebanon, to which we are to make excursions from the Cedars, Jebel Makmal (9998 feet), El Sh'maybah (10,131), Dhor el Khodib (10,018), Tímarun (10,535). Further off were Dhor el Khebras, Dhor Ain Ata, Dhor Mercé, Dhor el Hebron, but all these were lesser peaks.

We had a painful descent for an hour and a half, to camp under the "Cedars of Lebanon" (Arz Libnan). They from afar look like a tuft of dark green wool, to stop a hole on the mountain side; but when you have been scrambling over rocks all day in the heat, the sight of any haven makes you glad. There was a beautiful spring in the hollow of our descent, into which we gratefully plunged, horses and all. We then rode up a slight ascent, and found amongst the Cedars, which cover several little hills, our tents pitched under the largest tree. The Chiefs were prancing and Jeriding for us, but our thoughts were more bent upon food, and it was a bitter disappointment to find that the muleteers had procured none. We were all starved, and I remember being very grateful for a crust of black bread which one of them gave me. To forget our hunger—whilst dinner was getting ready—we talked to the Shaykh and to the priest, and the muleteers played games. The Cedars are scattered over seven mounds, four large, in the form of a cross, and three smaller. There are 555 trees, nine of which are very large and ancient, and their height above sea-level was 7368 feet.

We passed a lazy, pleasant morning under the trees—one of those lovely, fresh mornings which exhale the sweetest odours. I went to Mass at the Maronite chapel, close to our camp. It was an old wooden shed; the tabernacle was a lantern with one side out, and a sardine box was one of the vessels on the altar. I felt much distressed—I had heard that Lord Bute had decorated this chapel, but I saw no signs, and I made a mental vow that I would do it myself. On returning to the tents I read part of that pleasant instructive work by Dr. Thomson, "The Land and the Book," and then walked to Súk, in the Wady Kadíshah. The scenery was the same as that which I described from

the Col, only instead of looking down upon it from a height, the amphitheatre rose up all around us—the tops so wild and barren, and depths so fertile and cultivated, and covered with various greens of all shades. The Cedars looked small, but we were glad when we got back under their shade. The Shaykh and the priest came to visit us, and we passed a pleasant evening, eating water melons, and Hanna Misk found us some good Lebanon wine. I gave the priest ten shillings for a good-sized block of cedar-wood, and some cones, the former to keep as a treasure, the latter to burn, pound, and mix with oil, to rub on the horses' backs when wrung. He took the money, but he forgot to give me the wood.

At last the day came round for us to part—Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and Mr. Palmer *en route* to England, and for us to return homewards. I do not know which of the four felt it the most. We, at least, greatly missed their pleasant companionship. We resolved to visit the Patriarch, and, escorted by the priest and the Shaykh, we travelled over a terrible short-cut and descent of three hours. No one could explain why we chose this goat-path; we might have passed through B'sherri to Dimán, the summer residence of the Patriarch, a conventual, yet fortress-like building on an eminence, commanding a view of his whole jurisdiction.

We were charmed with the reception given to us by His Beatitude (Ghabtatuh) the Maronite "Primate of Antioch and of all the East," Monseigneur Butrus Bulus Masa'ad, of whom his flock says, "Our Patriarch is our Pope and our Sultan," and for once we saw the simplicity and sincerity of the apostolic ages. Since our visit, I have corresponded with His Beatitude, who is a secular author as well as a theologian, and his letters are as edifying as his manners are plain and dignified. We were received by two Bishops and endless retainers. The Patriarch, dressed in purple, sat in a long, narrow room, like a covered terrace. We of the faith knelt and kissed hands, and the others bowed low. He received all day a train of Priests, Shaykhs, Chiefs, and Retainers, some of whom were asked to sit, and others were not. He evidently had a different reception for each, according to his rank, and everybody knew his own place. He seemed delighted with Captain Burton, and at dinner he sat at the head of the table, with me on his right, and Captain Burton on his left. We then went to see the chapel and the monks, and the view from the terrace, where we had coffee. He gave me a number of little pious presents, amongst others a bit of the true cross, which I still wear. We made acquaintance with his chief secretary, L'Abbé Neonat Allo Dahdah, D.D., who

was a polyglot, like Captain Burton, and a friend of poor Cardinal Wiseman's, which made us fraternize at once.

From Dimán we resumed our way through the Jibbah B'sherri, "the village land of Bisherri," which lies on the western or seaward face of the Lebanon. This is the heart of the Maronite region, and like Jezzin, farther south, and Sadad, to the north-east, it produces a manly, independent race, fond of horses and arms, with whom I am not ashamed to own community of faith.

After we left the Patriarch's we found a dreadful road. Our horses had literally to jump from one bit of rock to another; but I was told it might have been worse, for we were in the Kasrawán country, the worst in Syria. It consists of nothing but *débris* of rocks—fields, valleys, mountains, all of large jagged stones. The horses were dead beat long before we had half done our day's work, and we had to struggle forward on foot. Night found us still scrambling in the dark, worn out with fatigue and heat. I felt as if unable to make one more step. At last, about 9 p.m., we saw a light, and we hoped it was the camp. We had yet some distance to go, and when we reached it we found a wretched village of a few huts. It was so dark that we could not find our way into the shed-like dwellings. We had lost our camp altogether. At last, by dint of shouting, some men were brought out with a torch and welcomed us in. Tired as I was, I saw the horses all groomed, fed, watered, and tethered in a warm spot. We were able to eat a water melon, and were soon sound asleep on our saddle-cloths "in the open."

Our old Dragoman, Hanna Misk, was as hard as a nail. He ate, drank, and slept when he could, and when he could not he was just as contented and never the worse. He and his Rahwan used to go any distance with their amble, and never took anything out of themselves. Every kindness, luxury, or consideration in the camp was always conceded to me, being a woman, and I tried to repay it upon the sick or the beasts, first out of humanity, and secondly that every man might feel content with his "mount."

The next morning's road was as bad, not for the time or the distance, but very little of the Kasrawán goes a long way, both for man and beast. The scenery, however, was wild and beautiful. After a few hours we found our camp pitched in a lovely spot, Afka. There arose before us a steep wall of mountain, with picturesque rock caves, three waterfalls bounding out of them and joining the foaming, rushing river. The spot is called M'gharet Afka (Cave of the Nahr Ibrahim). It evidently represents the "sacred lake and grove" of Venus Aphacitis,

which a modern writer places in "Coële-Syria, between Biblos and Heliopolis, near the summit of Mount Lebanon"—an impossible situation. Pagan votaries used to throw into the cave water, which suggests the famous fountain of Vaucluse, gifts of gold, silver, and bronze; of linen and of "byssus," or fine cloth. The yearly festival was suppressed by Constantine.

Here we ought to have arrived last night, but neither man nor beast could have done it in the time. Here we breakfasted, and then resumed our second bad day in the Kasrawán. The horses were weak from unnatural action—I mean doing the work of goats, springing from ledge to ledge. We passed Arab black tents, and the dogs rushed out to defend their camp, when the Sais entrusted to carry my little gun was brutal enough to send its contents into one of them, wounding without killing it. The poor beast ran yelping into his master's tent, who took him in his arms. It made my blood boil all the evening, and I should have been delighted if they had peppered him back. It was one of those cowardly acts which Syrians of his class commit. If he had been alone he would have been frightened to death of the Arabs, but under cover of Consular protection he took advantage to do an act of insolent cruelty. Passing other tents later, I stopped and bought a fine pup of Kurdish breed, and carried it on the saddle to our camp.

The next morning we rode to the top of Jebel Sunnin (above sea-level 8555 feet), one of the three highest points in Syria, and we had another six hours of the Kasrawán, which is what the Syrians call a "Darb Jehannum" (road of Gehenna). All this day I found what is commonly called the Jericho rose, and the ground was covered with what appeared small white snail-shells. It was pleasantly cool, and there was a little Khan which gave the best Leben I ever tasted. We were so thirsty that it seemed as if we could never drink enough. I could not help laughing, after draining off my third bowl, when the poor woman, in spite of Arab courteousness and love of pressing one to eat and drink, was obliged to utter a loud "Máshálláh." We were still surrounded by amphitheatre-shaped mountains, with the points to the sea and Sidon. The sunset was splendid, and the air was cool and pleasant. We debated whether to camp or to go on, but the place was so tempting, in ledges of corn-field with a running stream, that we ended by remaining, and we were repaid by a charming evening. I doctored a poor girl with ophthalmia, and left with her remedies and directions. She came to see me afterwards, at Bludán, quite well.

August 3rd.—We rode quietly down the mountains, and my husband made a second ascent to another high point, a continuation of Sunnin (6825 feet high), called Jebel el Kunaysah. We enjoyed the grand view and the pleasant road, though it was as steep as a railway bank; and we came to another little Khan, where we breakfasted. On the descent we could perceive Zahleh, in a hollow, like eggs in a nest. It contains 12,000 or 13,000 of the fanatical fighting Catholics before mentioned. If the Druzes chose to plant guns round the edge of the nest, the poor eggs would be very soon smashed; but they fortunately have no cannon. The Zahleh men are a fine, brave race, and have always kept their independence; their town is the largest Christian settlement in Syria. It is pitched upon the two sides of a valley or ravine, the river and gardens filling up the narrow floor. Being on the roots of the Lebanon, it has a good view of the Buká'a plain. The Anti-Lebanon, which rises on the opposite side, bounds its horizon. Miss Ellen Wilson, the lady I mentioned in connection with Miss Fanny James as being a lone, unprotected woman with a dangerous mission to perform, asked us to her house, and we accepted her hospitality instead of remaining in our tents. I wished to put her on a friendly footing with my co-religionists and our religious houses, and we went round and visited them together.

Miss Wilson had in her establishment a bright little girl, native of the Lebanon, born of Greek Orthodox parents—poor but respectable people of the agricultural class. They have a large family of six children, for whom the father provides from vineyards, fields, or silk-worms. She was then about seventeen, the best native type of my own sex I have seen. She was particularly interesting to me, for she was then all Syrian nature revealed, with its virtues and faults budding. She wore her hair in two long, thick, black plaits, confined by a coloured kerchief; she had a pretty, round, baby face, with that peculiar flat back to the head, and immense length from the eyes to the chin, which some painters admire; large black eyes and long lashes, which were the beauty of her face, dark brown complexion, small nose, and big pouting lips, with two rows of large white teeth, which, until then, had never known or wanted a tooth-brush. The Syrian figure is not generally remarkable for beauty, like the Egyptian; in fact, perfect nature is rather angular. It is never teased by corsets, but only a tight-fitting simple cotton dress. The little girl accompanied me to the Turkish bath, which was most comfortable; the divan was laid out with white cloths for the *siesta* after it, and all the refinements of flowers, incense, lemonade, and coffee,

and Narghilehs were carried out, whilst the marble entrance was slightly darkened. There we sat and chatted in broken English and Arabic.

August 4th.—The Káim-makám (Governor), with the Kadi and his son, dined at Miss Wilson's with us, and some young men came up after dinner and recited complimentary verses in Arabic of their own composition. The Governor appeared to be well fitted for his very difficult post, and the Kadi was brother to our old friend, Dr. Meshaka.

August 5th.—Miss Wilson and I visited the Jesuits, a monastery of fifty or sixty fathers—Mr. Palgrave's old quarters. We then went to see Noah's tomb at Mu'allakah. It was in a room of 104 feet 10 inches long, 10 feet 2 inches broad, and 8 feet 3 inches high. The tomb itself was the same length as the room. If all were of those dimensions, I wonder how big the Ark was? On our return we took the girls down to dine in our camp; that night poor Miss Wilson was taken ill with a fever, which, it appeared, had been through the school.

August 6th.—I went to the sacraments at the Maronite chapel. We took coffee at the priest's house afterwards, and we then visited the Governor's wife and all the notables—Umm Selím, Bayt Jeddaun, Bayt Abu Farah, and many others. We also inspected the Latin church and the bazars, and afterwards we received calls at the camp.

Sunday, August 7th.—The Káim-makám came with an escort to take me to High Mass at the Greek church, after which we breakfasted at the Bishop's, a civilized and educated prelate. Here we met all the Church dignitaries. Then we went to the Súk, which, however, contained only vegetables. In the afternoon we had a Presbyterian service at the schools, and an Arab man-teacher preached. The Greek church is very handsome, with marbles from Italy, paintings from Munich, and one fine Spanish Madonna. Zahleh has 18 churches, 11 schools, 700 scholars (Catholics), 16 corn-mills, and five telegraph-wires. There is only one Moslem family, and only one English person—Miss Wilson.

August 8th.—The girls dined in camp with us, and we had sword-dancing and music for them. Captain Burton was unfortunately seized suddenly with the fever, from which Miss Wilson had recovered, and had to lie down; his head, face, and neck were scarlet, and it was difficult to walk him up the hill, where we put him to bed and doctored him. I nursed him all night, and caught the complaint. I cannot say what we both suffered, in spite of every attention from everybody in the house.

Previous to my falling sick, Miss Wilson told me that my little friend who accompanied me to the bath had need of change of air, and that the Bludán air for a month would be good for her. By this time the girl and I had taken a mutual liking, and we were both glad of the offer. The only stipulation was, that she was never to be taken to a Catholic church, and having made the promise, I have kept it in all honour. My husband soon shook off his fever; but I did not, and I fancied I could not get well unless I went home to Bludán, so at sunset on the 11th of August our horses were made ready. I was lifted out of bed and put in a litter. We wound out of the town, descended into the plain, and began to cross it. After an hour and a half I did so pity the men who had to carry my litter that I begged to be allowed to try to ride. I told Selím to be quiet. We went at foot's pace till one o'clock a.m. in a bright moonlight across the plain. Then we passed rugged defiles, where once or twice the horses missed their footing, and struck fire out of the rocks in their struggles to hold up. At two in the morning I felt that I was going to drop out of my saddle, and cried for quarter. The tents were hastily half pitched, and we lay down on the rugs till daylight, when we started again, and reached Bludán before the sun was hot.

I felt so very happy to get home that I thought I was cured, but the next day parched skin, burning eye-balls, bursting head, dried tongue, throat, and chest, warned me back to bed, when a constant succession of fainting fits and a horror of food lasted me three weeks. I would not take quinine, preferring to trust to my own good constitution. I believe that those strong remedies are the principal causes why many women come out of the tropics mere wrecks. I used to hear the incessant clatter of hoofs, and constant arrivals of people condoling with Captain Burton upon my death. I gathered that when I was carried out of Zahleh in the litter I lay so still that everybody thought my corpse was being carried home to be buried. The news had spread far and wide, and I had all the pleasure of hearing my own praises and lamentations.

CHAPTER XIX.

DISAGREEABLES IN DAMASCUS — MY PATIENTS — CONSCRIPTION — VILLAGE
SQUABBLES—MOUNTAIN LIFE AGAIN—VINEYARD HARVEST—MOSLEMS
AND CHRISTIANS.

ABOUT this time the Bayt et Tell, one of the two houses of Zebedani Shaykhs, came up to take refuge with us. They had been somewhat harshly made responsible for a defaulter, and, through enemies blowing up their coals, the Government had allowed soldiers to fetch them to the Diwán, which means to prison, till their case could be tried. The weather was fearfully hot. The confinement, and expense of getting food, would have been terrible. Rashid Pasha was absent at Jerusalem, and left Holo Pasha acting Governor-General. A friendly note to him obtained the favour of the Bayt et Tell remaining at large, on our being responsible for their appearance when needful.

Upon the 26th of August, Captain Burton received at night, by a mounted messenger, the two following letters from Mr. Wright, Chief Missionary at Damascus (No. 2), and from Mr. Nasif Meshaka, Chief Dragoman of the British Consulate (No. 1). I give them as they were written :—

No. 1.

DEAR SIR,

The Christians in Damascus are in great alarm ; most of them have left for Saidnayah, and others are about to leave elsewhere. Their alarm was occasioned from the following facts :—signs of crosses were made in the streets in the same way which preceded the massacre of 1860. On the 23rd instant a certain Mohammed Rashid, a Government Inspector (Teftish), being in disguise, caught a young Jew, twelve years old, in the service of Solomon Donenberg, a British-protected subject, making signs of crosses in a cabinet of a Mosque at Súk el Jedid. Yesterday another young Jew, in the service of Marco, a French Jew, was caught also. Both of these two boys were taken to the Government ; being under age, they were at once released by order of Mejlis Tamiz Hukúk. It is believed that the Moslems are the authors of these signs, either directly or indirectly, to stop the Government from taking the Redif (militia), which is managed in a very oppressive manner, that is, leaving many families without males to support them. Such kinds of Redif prefer rather to be hanged than

seeing their Haríms without support or any one to maintain them in their absence. A certain Nicolas Ghartous, a Protestant from Ain Shara, reported to me yesterday that while waiting on Mr. Anhourí, near the barracks of the Christian quarter, being dressed like a Druze, three soldiers of the same barracks came to him and said, "Yakík el 'íjl," a technical term used by the Druzes meaning, "Are you ready for another outbreak?" Ghartous replied, "We are at your disposal." The soldiers replied, "Prepare yourself, and we will reap our enemies from here to the Báb Sharki" (the Christian quarter), and thus they departed. Hatem Ghanem, a Catholic member in the Haurán, came here to recover some money due to him by Atta Zello of the Meydán Aghas. While claiming the money he was beaten, and his religion and Cross were cursed by his debtor, who was put in prison at the request of the Catholic Patriarchate. Twenty to thirty Redifs of the Meydán ran away to the Lejá, to take refuge there. The Redifs will be collected next Saturday, the 27th instant, some say at the Castle of Damascus, others at Khabboon and Mezzeh. The report is current that on that day there will be no work in town, and that there will be an outbreak. Although Ibrahim Pasha, the new Governor, arrived on the 22nd instant, he will not undertake his duties till the return of the Wali. The Government, as well as some Frenchmen, through M. Roustan, who is now at Jerusalem, intend to propose to the Wali to leave Holo Pasha to continue occupying his present function under the present circumstances. The Mushir left on the 19th instant. The Wali is absent. The Muffetish, whom you know his inefficiency, is the Acting Governor-General. Consuls are absent (that is, the French and English). The presence of the high Functionaries, and especially the Consuls, is a great comfort to the Christians in general.

No. 2.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just got in from Rasheiya, and before I sat down several Christians and one Moslem came in to ask if I knew what was coming. They seemed to be very much afraid; but, except that people don't act logically, I see no reason for fear. The fear, however, does seem *very* great. I know nothing. Any English of us here should be ready at the worst to fight our corner. Many thanks for your prompt action in our affairs. It is something to have

"One firm, strong man in a blatant land,
Who can act and who dare not lie."

It appeared that one of these eruptions of ill feeling which are periodical and epidemic in Damascus, resulting from so many religions, tongues, and races, was about to simmer into full boil. The chief hatred is between the Moslems and Christians; the rest are fond of stirring up both, for they reap all the benefit. It appeared that a slaughter-day was expected on the 27th of August—all the chief authorities, by an accidental combination of affairs, were absent, as well as the Consuls, and therefore there would be nobody to interfere,

and nobody to be made responsible. This was the night of the 26th. Captain Burton and I in ten minutes made all our plans and arrangements, then saddled the horses and cleaned the weapons. We had never before been in a Damascus riot, but we supposed it would be like the famous affair of 1860. He would not take me into Damascus, because, as he said, *he* intended to protect Damascus, and he wanted me to protect Bludán and Zebedani. The feeling that I had something to do took away all my fever, and though I was before crawling about, I was now as upright and strong as a palm tree. In the night I accompanied him down the mountain. He took half the men, and left me half. When we got into the plain we shook hands like two brothers and parted. Tears or any display of affection would have cost us our reputation.

He rode in four and a half hours to Damascus, put up his horse, and got to business. When he stated what he had heard, the local authorities showed extreme surprise. He was on the best of terms with them all, and therefore said laughingly, "Now, gentlemen, which of you is to be hanged if this thing is not prevented? Mind, it will cost you Syria, and unless measures are taken at once, I must telegraph to Constantinople." This had the desired effect. "What," they asked, "would you have us to do?" He said, "I would have you post a guard of soldiers in every street, order a patrol all night, and I will go the rounds with Holo Pasha. Let the soldiers be harangued in the barracks, and told that on the slightest sign of mutiny the offenders will be sent to the Danube (their Cayenne). Issue an order that no Jew or Christian shall leave the house until all is quiet." All these measures were taken by eight o'clock a.m., and continued for three days; not a drop of blood was shed, and the flocks of frightened Christians who had fled to the mountains began to come back. There is no doubt but that my husband saved Damascus from a very unpleasant episode. Messrs. Wright and Scott, the Dragomans, and a few staunch souls who remained quietly with him, appreciated his conduct, and he received many thanks from those on the spot. But the feeling between Beyrout and Damascus is, as I have said, curious. Nearly all the Christians and Europeans had tried to leave, and the *diligence* was so much in request that a friend of mine could not get a seat for three weeks. Yet these people, as soon as they sighted the Mediterranean, blatantly vociferated, "Oh, we were not at all frightened! There was no danger whatever." One gentleman, who had lived for seven years safely on the coast, and who had then never ventured up to Damascus in his life, wrote me a pleasantly chaffing

letter, "hoping I had recovered my fever and fright," and giving Captain Burton and myself instructions how to behave with coolness in times of danger. I need not say that he was a civilian whose dislike to the "smell of powder" is notorious.

After I had parted with my husband I climbed back to my eyrie, which commanded the country, and as long as the ammunition lasted we could defend ourselves, unless overpowered by numbers. Of course, as it was my first year in Damascus, I had not the slightest idea what was going to happen, except by the horrible accounts my friends gave me of the massacre of 1860. But flying and excited stragglers dropped in every few hours, and from what they said you would have supposed, at least, that Damascus was deluged in blood, and therefore I expected that it would spread all over the country like a fire, and that eventually crowds of Moslems would surge up to exterminate us. I often laugh at all my preparations; but yet, even now, knowing Syria as well as I do, if I were living in any part of it, except at the Beyrout side of the Lebanon, which is always safe, if I were told that I was going to be attacked I should do exactly the same, and be glad to find that it was a false alarm. Twenty times you are threatened and it is a case of "wolf;" the twenty-first time you do not believe it, you are not ready, and are killed. Firstly, I collected every available weapon, and all the ammunition. I had five men in the house: to each one I gave a gun, a revolver, and a bowie knife. I put one on the roof with a pair of elephant guns, carrying four ounce balls, and a man to each of the four sides of the house, taking the terrace myself. I planted the Union Jack on the flag-staff at the housetop. I turned my bull-terriers into the garden to give notice of any approach. I locked up my little Syrian girl, who was naturally frightened, being a Christian and very young, in the safest room. My English maid, who was as brave as any man, was to supply us with provisions, attend to our wants, and be generally useful. When everything was done I consulted with our old Afghan Kawwás, Mohammed Agha, and he agreed with me that if they surged up in hundreds against our house we could not keep them off long with our small-arms, so we filled all the empty soda-water bottles full of gunpowder, and laid fusees ready to stick in and light, to fling them in amongst the crowd. I then rode down to the American Mission, and begged them to come up and shelter with me; and then into the village of Bludán to tell the Christians to come up to me on the slightest sign of danger; and, lastly, to Zebedani, whose population is nearly all Moslem. I gave the same offer of shelter and protection

to the handful of Christians of both Churches here, in the event of any sign of trouble. I rode on to the Shaykhs', and asked them how things would be if the news proved true, and the Moslems were to rise in our part of the country. They told me that there would be a fight. "Our half of the village will fight with you and yours," they said; "the other half will destroy the Christians here and at Bludán. It would be doubtful if they attack your house; but if matters are so bad as that, they shall pass over our dead bodies, and those of all our house, before they reach you." A brave speech, and kindly meant, but if anything had happened I should have been to the fore. Every night the chief Shaykh and his brothers came up and picketed in the garden, but I would not for the world have let them think that I wanted their protection against their co-religionists, and I only allowed it on the ground that they were permitted by the authorities to go free on my husband's responsibility. However, we waited and watched, we watched and waited, but no one came, except more flying stragglers with exaggerated news. I was never destined to do anything worthy of my ancestor, Lady Blanche Arundell, who defended Wardour Castle, for one midnight a mounted messenger rode in with a letter from my husband, saying that all was well, but that he would not be home for a week. During the three days we were in suspense, a very large vulture kept perpetually hovering over our house and sitting on the tops of the trees. The people said it was a bad omen, and I fetched my little gun, though I rather begrudged the cartridge just then, and when it was out of what they call reach, I had the good luck to bring it down. This gave them great comfort, and a boy climbed the tallest tree and hung the dead bird to it.

The following days were passed in small rides about the mountains, sometimes a long picnic in the mountains with my usual train, learning Arabic under shady trees by bubbling streams, or sitting in the vineyards eating grapes with the peasants. These villagers seldom kill sheep during winter, so they begin early to provide for cold weather. A flock is driven in by the Kurd shepherds, and those who want to buy choose one or two, the brown being considered the best. Each marks the sheep of his choice. If he has the means, the buyer fattens the sheep himself, but if he has not, the shepherd fattens it, and when it is killed they divide it. To fatten the wether, they tie it up in an outhouse, and it must not be frightened or startled, and feed it on fine grass and vine leaves for ten weeks. The first month it does not put on much flesh; the last month they force it to eat, and girls sit all day stuffing it with mulberry leaves, and giving it salt,

onions, flour or bran; they also bathe it twice a day. The Syrian sheep have a different tail from ours, more like a large flap of meat. An Eastern, when he sees English mutton without tails, thinks we have cut them off to eat. This appendage weighs 7 Ratls (about 35 lbs.), and the body about 28 Ratls (or 175 lbs.) altogether. When the sheep is cut up for use, they melt the tail like butter, and the proceed looks like white lard. They chop it very fine with two knives, like mince, and put it and all the fat in a big saucepan to dissolve. They cut the lean in slices, and hang the meat on ropes. It must all be done by "a pure man living on grapes," whatever that may mean. He must also neither smoke nor drink; he adds pepper and salt to the butter, boils it till clarified, and lets it cool. He prepares earthenware jars, with large mouths—boiled first in ashes, water, and fig leaves to cleanse them. He pours in the grease cool, till three-quarters full; the fourth part is filled with pepper to keep off animals, and covered with leaves. They then lute it with clay till it is wanted—this in winter is used instead of butter and meat, and they eat it in alternate layers of dried meat and fat, cooked together.* The first cost of the sheep is 180 or 200 piastres (100 piastres is 16 shillings), and, with economy, one wether so prepared will last a large family three months, though I think it is rather a case of "bread and point."

We went through the grape cure for a fortnight, *i.e.*, eating nothing but bread and grapes. I saw my patients as usual for two hours a day. People say that it is a very risky thing for amateurs to practise medicine; but I found that with some natural instinct about medicine, and a few good books, by dint of daily experience, by never using any but the simplest remedies, and not those unless I was quite sure of the nature of the illness, that I managed to do a great deal of good. I found that native doctors killed numbers, whereas I not only did not kill but cured. When a case was too complicated for me, I used to put the invalid on a mule, and send him down with a man to Beyrout, fifteen hours away. Our garden presented the strangest scene in the afternoon—fever patients making wry faces over quinine wine, squalling babies guggling oil, paralytic and rheumatic Bedawin being shampooed, and gouty old women having joints painted with iodine. One day I was late, and a Syrian girl, who had watched me like a monkey, and thought she knew all about it, ventured to administer doses to an old woman and a child; it resulted

* My husband tells me that this is the well-known "Kavurmeh," which, as travelling food, ranks with the North American "pemmican."

that the child drank the eye-wash, and the old woman rubbed her eyes with the oil of the male fern, but I never heard that they were much injured. They used to come to me for the most curious things. Perhaps one would point at his head. "Do speak, O thou silent one, I am not inspired." He would answer, "In the morning my heart goes round like that, and in the evening it goes round like that," making a circle with his hand like a wheel in different directions. They always speak of the heart instead of the stomach or the chest. "Kalbi bi-yuja'a" ("My heart hurts me") is the commonest complaint. Whoever wants to be charitable here must keep a chemist's shop in the house, well stocked with English drugs, packed in tins to prevent the sea and climate affecting them; and whoever wishes to succeed must multiply an English dose by four. My husband often, when he saw me unhesitatingly give a large dose, used to exclaim in an agony, "I know you will kill somebody." However, these are the only cases who slipped through my fingers.

A fine, strong young mountaineer, who had breakfasted on two Ratls (4 or 5 lbs.) of unripe Mishmush (apricots) at the mountain spring, and immediately showed cholera symptoms, was ill for seven hours when they sent for me. I found him clinging to the beams of the shanty, and literally shaking its walls, crying, "For the love of Allah, save me, save me!" But it was too late; all my efforts were unavailing, and he expired at the end of an hour.

The second was a small boy of two years old. His father, a Jew, begged me for some medicine, and carried it home; but he yielded to his fanatical neighbours, and conceived a prejudice to a Christian tumbler and Christian drugs. I said to him, "Your boy will die if he does not drink that;" but, religion getting the better of him, he dashed the tumbler and contents to the ground rather than defile his child. The boy did die at the hour I said, and the poor father has never forgiven himself. He was an only son, and that, to an Oriental Jew, was much like Isaac to Abraham.

The third was a poor youth who showed symptoms of cholera. I was not sent for till he was almost blue-black, and he expired before I raised the cup to his lips.

I received, however, a very equivocal compliment one day. A poor woman came to me to beg for medicines, and described her symptoms; the doctor was with me, but she did not know him. He said in French, "Don't give her anything but a little effervescing magnesia. I won't have anything to do with her; it is too late, and it risks reputation." I did as he bade me, simply not to seem unkind.

At twelve next day I sent to inquire after her; she was not better nor worse, but at four p.m. I was told she was dead and buried.

Soon afterwards a young man, about twenty, came to me, and said, "Yá Sitti! will you give me some of that nice white bubbling powder for my grandmother, that you gave to Umm Saba the day before yesterday. She is so old, and has been in her bed these three months, and will neither live nor die."

"Oh, thou wicked youth," I answered; "begone from my house. I did but give Umm Saba a powder to calm her sickness, but it was too late to save her, and it was the will of Allah that she should die."

Once a girl sent for me to a village, saying she had broken her leg. I had a litter constructed, hired men, and went down, meaning to send her to Beyrout. When I came near the place I met her walking. "How can you be walking with a broken leg?" With many tears she showed me a scratch on her knee that an English baby would not have cried for.

Some would come and ask me for a medicine to make them young again. Others had spots on their faces, others a sun-burnt patch. Several women wanted me to make them like Sarah of old. I gently reminded them of their ages, and that I thought no medicines or baths or doctors could avail.

"My age?" one screamed; "why, what age do you take me to be?"

"Well," I replied with politeness, "perhaps you might be sixty." (She might have been seventy-five.)

"I am only twenty-five," she said, in a very hurt tone of voice.

"Well, then, I must congratulate you on your early marriage, for your youngest daughter is seventeen, and she is working in my house."

When a child is born to a house, the mother keeps her bed, drinking strong pepper-water, eating chicken diet, and not washing her hands or face for forty days. The child goes through many wonderful operations, which are supposed to make it strong and healthy, and the skin impervious to chafes. Firstly, the nurse puts her finger down its throat to clear the passage, cracks all its joints, and moves all its limbs about in a gymnastic fashion; then she swaddles it. She boils sea-salt till it is very strong brine, and lets it cool. On the second day she washes the baby in this liquor, and when dry she mixes oil and Rihan (basil), and glues every joint, with the idea that it will never be sore afterwards, and powders it with basil. She then Kohls its eyes. These operations are in full vigour for eight days, and even for a month.

On the 3rd September the Russian Consul, M. Jonin, the pleasant colleague who went to Tadmor with us, came to pay us a visit. It was at this time that Holo Pasha sent me the leopard so often mentioned, as a mark of his esteem and appreciation of my husband's efforts in helping him to quiet Damascus. The people called him Abu Fâris (father of the horseman), because this animal, like the Indian cheetah, is used for hunting deer, and is usually carried on the rider's crupper. He grew in size and beauty, and became my dearest pet. He had bold, bad black eyes, that seemed to say, "Be afraid of me." He soon learned to know he was not to worry any of the household, but he delighted in fighting all my animals, particularly my Persian cat. There was an armed peace between him and the bull-terriers. He used to sleep on my bed, and on one occasion an English stranger, not knowing the house, walked into my room at *siesta* time, and found me asleep, with the leopard curled up on my feet. He ran off in a fright to my husband, to beg him to come quickly with his gun.

The Nimr used to hunt me round the garden, playing hide and seek in the trees. I always got the worst of it, but when he bit too hard I used to box his ears, which kept him quiet.

His end was that he worried the same baker who was once before bitten by the terriers, and who must have had something uncanny about him that brutes saw and humans did not. I shall always remain under the impression that Abu Fâris was poisoned out of fear by the villagers. When in the height of his beauty, he was playing one day in the garden; a Shaykh was paying me a visit under the lemon trees, and admired him much, and said, "I have often killed the Nimr in the Desert, but now that I see how it can be tamed, and how beautiful it is, I shall never be able to kill one again." Shortly afterwards he withered away, and nothing I did appeared to do him any good. He always lay amongst the horses for warmth, and one evening, about a fortnight after he had been ill, when I went round to take the last look at the stables, he crawled from under Selîm, and put his paw up to me. I sat down on the ground, and took him in my arms like a child, and in about half an hour he died.

September 4th.—We went off in a body at daylight, to accompany the Russian Consul on his way to Beyrout. This is the second European officer with whom the Governor-General has quarrelled, and whom he has succeeded in removing. M. Pilastri, Italian Consul, was the first, and he was only too glad to exchange for pestilential Bombay. It is now M. Jonin's turn, and possibly ours may come

next. The Wali is strongly supported by Aali Pasha, the fanatical and Christian-hating Grand-Vizier—now (1872) defunct; and whilst the Turks support their *employés*, European nations show their justice and liberality by throwing over men who cause trouble or give offence by doing their duty. The fault lies, however, not at home; all depends upon the representations made by the Consul-General at Beyrout, whose interests are mostly synonymous with those of the Wali in keeping down the Consuls at the Capital, to the Ambassadors at Constantinople, who are more or less obliged to trust to reports, not being on the spot to know the truth, and who are not in direct communication with Damascus, and who should always be men who know no timidity or weakness.

September 10th.—The Redif, or conscription, was in full force. Said Beg, a gentlemanly and enlightened Turkish officer, came round with a little Turkish subordinate. The Bludán village begged me to intercede for them. They told me that the whole community produced only twenty-five men, and that if these were taken they would starve. I rode down to Zebedani, to see these officers, who were quartered at the Shaykhs'. The sub. was there when I arrived, and received me sitting, with as much contempt as if I had been the village cat. I immediately seated myself and did not address him. The old Afghan Kawwás came up boiling with rage, and saluting me said, "If he does not get up in two minutes, Sitti, I shall give him the Kurbash (cow-hide whip)." "Not so," I replied; "but wait till his superior officer comes in." Presently a rustle was heard, and all put themselves in respectful attitudes to receive Said Beg. My little Syrian girl said to me, in an agitated tone, showing the attitude of the Christian before the Moslem, "Rise, Sitti, to receive the Beg!" "I rise" (said aloud, and somewhat pompously) "only for the Sultan." Presently Said Beg appeared, came straight over to me, kissed my hand with all the courtesy of a French gentleman, and, asking leave to sit by me, conversed with me for some time. This comforted the Kawwás, who thought I had been grossly insulted by the sub.; he came forward and saluted the Mir Alai, and told him how I had been received. The little man was ordered out of the room at once. I conclude he misbehaved elsewhere, as shortly afterwards Said Beg refused to employ him. I invited the Beg and all his suite to breakfast with my husband and myself. This was accepted, and I told him my trouble about Bludán. "Only twenty-five men," he remarked, gaily; "well, it would be a shame to touch them—and then they are your *protégés*; when I pass your village I will turn a blind eye to it." And so he did.

I did not then know what I learned afterwards, that Bludán being a Greek village, Said Beg could not have taken recruits from it. This is a fair sample of how Syrians like to keep you constantly at work using your influence in their behalf, usefully or uselessly, to bring themselves into notice. Said Beg's courtesy was not less pleasing on this account. He knew I was deceived, and under either aspect he would have behaved like a gentleman.

About this time, Miss Wilson sent to fetch away her Syrian girl; but an hour after we left Zahleh she had told me that she never meant to go back there. I assured her that it was against all rule for an English lady to go to the house of another and tamper with her dependants, and that it would put me in a very awkward position. She replied that she was determined to remain with me, or go home to her father. I explained the affair to Miss Wilson, who was naturally hurt, she having been like a second mother to the little girl; and I greatly admired the temper and resignation with which Miss Wilson met her disappointment. So she became part of my establishment. I have discharged my duties, in every detail, to the best of my power and with sincere affection for four years. I little knew when I undertook it what an awful responsibility it was to take an Eastern girl—another man's child—from under her father's roof and protection, away from her own land and the laws she has been accustomed to, to bring her to England, and a life in Continental towns. My attempt at benevolence is, I believe, rewarded by a faithful affection. It has taught me what the emancipation of the Syrian woman means, and what results it would bring to the world. If I am the means of her making a happy marriage, and I live to see her doing good in her own land to her own people, my object will be attained, and I shall be well repaid for my labours and anxieties.*

September 13th.—Rain fell, and we were so unused to it, that when the animals in the garden felt it they began to gallop as if mad with fright. A day of ill luck. We expected a muleteer with a load of provisions, some bottles of porter, found with great difficulty at Beyrout, and some fruit, eggs, and wine. He did arrive, but alone. He told us that his mule had dropped down dead, and all the things had been lost. It seemed so improbable that we detained him, and sent a Kawwás on horseback to the spot described; and true enough the mule was dead upon the road, the bottles of porter and wine were broken, and the eggs and fruit were all a pulp. He was too unfortunate

* Since I wrote the above lines my little *protégé* has married in her own land, and will, I trust, not disappoint my hopes (1876).

to punish, so we had to bear this gift of the "unlucky thirteenth" as best we could, and help him to buy another mule.

Although it may be said that everything was quiet, still there was a lurking ill feeling between Moslems and Christians ever ready to boil over. I made a point, since the 27th of August, of always riding down to Mass at Zebedani with a large train, as our presence encouraged the Christians, and gave them a little security. The Moslems were particularly respectful; they always rose up to salute in passing, and the Shaykhs even asked to accompany me to Mass. When they entered a murmur arose amongst the Christians—such a foolish proceeding on the part of fifty miserable dependants, among so many thousands. I said to my co-religionists, "The Shaykhs pay us a great compliment by wishing to attend our Church and hear our service. If you have the bad taste to object, I shall remain outside also." What seemed to elicit the loudest Máshálláhs was that the small Christian acolyte boys could read, sing, and chaunt the epistles from the book. They carried their good taste so far as to watch everything I did, and do the same, even to the eating of the *brioche*, the "bread of peace," not the Sacrament. I make this explanation because even so educated a lady as Miss W., when asked to dip her hand into the *brioche* basket, thought she was being invited to partake of our Sacrament. To the fanatical and uneducated Catholics her refusal meant, "I will not eat the bread of peace and goodwill with you." One Moslem woman asked to have the gospel read over her son's head. I fancy the idea was that the child would become my godson.

Every now and then there was a fight between a Moslem and a Christian. If my husband was absent they used to come and ask me to settle the differences. "We would rather come to you than go to the Diwán with our quarrel, for you have only one eye" (meaning you see straight and justly), "and one tongue, and you don't want bakhshish to back up the richest." My reply was, "If I settle your quarrel, will you promise to abide by my decision, even if I punish one or both of you?" "Yes, we will; we have tried you, and you have always been right." Then I used to settle it. This was made use of against my husband by some official enemy, "that I set myself up as a justice." I did no more than I would have done if I were Lady Bountiful at Grundy Castle-on-the-sea, in England, and were asked by villagers to settle a dispute, instead of going to the local magistrate. It is as charitable and useful an action to be a peacemaker as to feed the hungry or nurse the sick.

I will give a few samples of the sort of quarrels that took place. One day, at this time, a Moslem let his cows into a Christian's orchard. I asked the Christian what his orchard was worth.

"So much."

"Is that your only means of subsistence?"

"Yes."

To the Moslem: "You know that what this Christian says is true?"

"Yes; I do."

"How many cows had you?"

"So many."

"What are they worth?"

"So much."

"What are your means of living?"

"So many cows, so many orchards, so many vineyards."

"How many cows were in this poor man's orchard?"

"So many."

"And the damage done is so much?"

To the Christian: "Is all this true?"

"Quite true, Sitti."

To the Moslem: "Well, then, you must give so many cows to this poor man, the equivalent of what you have deprived him of."

It was done, and they both went away content.

Witnesses are sometimes necessary, but, as they can be bought for twenty piastres, or less, it is much better to make both enemies agree, if you can, upon the truth of each other's statements.

One day a Moslem woman and a Christian man fell out about a chicken. The man tore off the woman's ear, stole her gold ornaments, and beat her black and blue. They both arrived covered with blood—she, also, had managed to injure his features with a stone whilst she was being beaten. They accused each other so violently that at first I could not understand them; but as they asked me to settle their quarrel, and promised to abide by whatever punishment I chose, after hearing all sides, and the swarms of witnesses who crowded up out of the village, the man proved to be evidently in fault. It was so cowardly, and such provocation from a Christian to a Moslem woman at such an awkward moment. I asked the Shaykh of the village, who has the power of punishing, to give the offender a week's prison, but to see that he was fed at my expense. And he went to prison willingly, because he had consented to abide by my decision. When he came out he had to apologize to the woman, to restore her ornaments,

and to give her some money, which I supplied for the purpose. They were the most quarrelsome people, up in that peaceful looking village, I ever saw, and sometimes our garden was like Bedlam; but my acting "justice of peace" prevented small affairs becoming big ones, and saved long and troublesome petty trials at the Diwán.

Their ideas of equity were amusing. Zubaydah, the widow of a deceased Kawwás, a curious woman, for whom I have a regard, considers herself a British subject. She owns a share of a garden worth 950 piastres, out of the total value of 1200; and a poor Fellah has another part of 250. Neither can afford to buy the whole garden, so they offer it for sale, each to receive his or her own portion. She wants me to get somebody to put the Fellah in prison till he can pay her the 950, and take the garden off her hands. He wants me to compel some person, by force, to buy the garden from them at 1200 piastres. If I were the Harím of an Eastern, they would manage it by expending much of it as bakhshish. If I let them go to the Diwán, in one week they will own neither piastres nor garden; so the shortest way is to give the Fellah work, and to let him earn the 950 piastres to pay to Zubaydah, to keep the garden, and to make a livelihood out of it for his family.

One day, when my husband was away, they brought me a wild boar. I was sorely tempted, being in want of meat at times, but I had been too well trained to risk our reputation by eating pig in the sight of Moslems and Jews. So I exclaimed, "Take away that unclean food from my pure home," and I had the place washed where it had lain. Nevertheless I hungered and thirsted after brawn and rashers of bacon. We gave in entirely to these prejudices, a proceeding which may do good, and which cannot do harm. Besides, Moslems sometimes punish Christians by subjecting strange meats to strange indignities.

September 27th.—All my household, and the principal people of Bludán and Zebedani, went in a body for a picnic to the sources of the Barada. We had a Jeríd in the plain. We stayed during the great heat in the black tents of the Arabs, who danced and sang, and made impromptu verses in our honour—a practice in which they excel. They have the art of saying the prettiest things in your praise without seeming to wish you to hear it.

When Bedawin dance for you, the men will either form line or a squad, like soldiers. They plant the right foot in time to tomtom music, with a heavy tread and exclamation like that used by our street menders when the crowbar comes down with a thud upon the stones;

when they are numerous it sounds like the advance of an army. At last they burst out into song, which is impromptu, and varies every time, but I give a literal translation of that sung to-day :—

“ Máshálláh! Máshálláh! At last we have seen a man !
Behold our Consul in our Shaykh !
Who dare to say ‘good-morning’ to us (save Allah) when he rules ?
Look at him, look at the Sitt !
They ride the Arab horses !
They fly before the wind !
They fire the big guns !
They fight with the sword !
Let us follow them all over the earth ! ”
(*Chorus.*) “ Let us follow, let us follow,” etc., etc.

September 29th (Michaelmas Day).—We had no goose nor any meat, except a hedgehog which the dogs caught and killed. The Arabs roll it round in the mud, dig a hole, put hot braise into it, and bake it ; the mud and the prickly skin come off, and the flesh is as tender as a young partridge’s. In England it is gipsy food, and I can only say that the Rommany knows what is good. The flesh, however, like porcupine, is somewhat dry, and requires basting with butter or mutton fat.

September 30th.—Our cook fell ill. One of the dogs had snapped at his finger, and his hand and arm swelled up to a fearful size. He would not see any but an Arab doctor. I sent for the best quack and a priest, and sat up night after night trying to keep down fever. The case was beyond my skill, and he became worse and worse. I implored him to let me send him in a litter to Beyrout, but he would not hear of it.

It is now the vineyard harvest, the prettiest possible sight ; it is so pleasant to sit amongst the vines, to eat grapes, and to talk to the people. When I think of the difficulty of the poor little bunch of grapes in England, and I look upon these baskets the size of a bath, dropping over with large, luscious ripe fruit, each berry as big as a damson, both purple and white, with a crisp taste, and the bloom on, I long to send a balloonful to you in England. The people give me a basket constantly. Here the vines are pegged down to the ground, and cover large tracts. The owner or his family live with them night and day, and make loud noises to keep off wild beasts. This is done by striking a kind of jar, with a bit of parchment or skin drawn tight over it, like a drum.

Whilst the ill feeling was simmering between Christians and Moslems, I rode down as usual to Zebedani to hear Mass, attended only

by one servant, Habíb el Jemayl, a strong, brave boy of twenty, a Maronite of the Lebanon, who was devoted to his master and to me. I should not have feared to go alone, because from my husband's position and his influence in the country, anybody knowing that I belonged to him would have been afraid to molest me, even had they wished. Moreover, I had acquired the love and respect of the people, by my daily devotion to their necessities. My chief difficulty was to pass through the crowd that came to kiss my hand, or even my habit. This is a boastful saying, and would I were not bound to say it, but it must be, because my husband's official enemies misrepresented the facts home, and it has gone forth to the world that I flogged and shot the people. Many men despise a contemptible foe, but he was a wise man who said, "If you knew the value of an enemy, you would buy him up with gold." I have now an opportunity of stating what did occur, to lay bare the cocoon from which some person has spun for me a mantle full of thorns. If I am over-sensitive, pity me, for it hurts nobody but myself.

Zebedani, I have said, is divided between two houses, who, after a small fashion, may be called the local Capulets and Montagues—the Bayt et Tell, the good and friendly Shaykhs, and the Bayt el Z., a rich and lawless house. Between these two exists a blood-feud. You do not realize in England what that means. There is a quarrel between two families in which blood is drawn: after that it is a point of honour that one should watch the other in order to kill one every time they go out, on the principle of retribution, like "having the last word." This is called "Thár," and it not only involves families, but sometimes villages and tribes. The blood-feud, renewed after long intervals, and on all great occasions, may last for centuries. It is sanctioned by the Korán: "O true believers, the law of retaliation is ordained to you for the slain: the free shall die for the free." The Arab regards this revenge as his most sacred right and duty. His saying is, "Were hell fire to be my lot I would not relinquish the Thár." As the Bayt el Z. were a turbulent family, who killed the mules, destroyed the vineyards, worried the poor, and were the general bullies of the country, they were very troublesome to the Government, and it has been an old custom for the British Consulate to be friendly with the Tell Shaykhs.

One day I sent Habíb on an errand by another way, and rode alone through the village. As usual, every one rose up and saluted me, and I was joined by several native Christians. Suddenly Hasan, one of the Z.'s, a young man of about twenty-two, put himself before

my horse and said, "What fools you Fellahín are to salute this Christian woman; I will show you how to treat her." This was an insult. I reined in my horse; the natives dropped on their knees begging of him to be appeased, and kissing my hands, which meant, "For Allah's sake bear it patiently, we are not strong enough to fight for you. We are afraid of him, and yet we like you so much we don't want you to be insulted."

By this time a crowd had collected. "What is the meaning of this?" I asked. "It means," he replied, "that I want to raise the devil to-day, and I will pull you off your horse and duck you in the water. I am a Beg and you are a Beg. Salute me." You in England cannot comprehend the extent of the insult when an Eastern says this much to an Englishwoman. Fortunately Habib had heard some noise, galloped up as fast as he could, and seeing how I was engaged, thought I was attacked, and flew to the rescue. Six men flung themselves upon him, and during the struggle his pistol, or rather blunderbuss, went off, and an ounce ball whizzed past our heads to lodge in a plaster wall. It might have shot me as well as Hasan. The natives all threw themselves on the ground, as they often do when there is shooting. The brother of Hasan, a steady fellow, dragged him away. I rode on amid the curses of the Z. family upon Habib and myself. "We will follow you," they said, "with sticks and stones and guns, and to-night we will come in a party to burn your house, and whenever we meet an English son of a pig we will kill him." "I thank you for your warning," I said; "and you may be quite sure I shall not forget you." I went home, and waited till night to see if any apology would be offered, but none came. But the Shaykhs came up, and the priest, and a Christian *employé* who was collecting the Ushr (the tenth), and nearly all the Christians with one appeal said, "If you do not notice this, God help us; we must leave our homes—we are too few, and dare not stay there."

Having waited a reasonable time, I wrote an account of the affair to Damascus. The Wali, who at that time was not ill disposed towards my husband, behaved like a gentleman. Next day, when it was too late—I suppose they had wind of my last step—Saleh Z., the father of the youth Hasan, accompanied by the Amir Harfúsh and by fifty of the principal people, came up to beg my pardon. I treated them with the honours due to their several ranks; but I stood, and kept the others standing, and offered no pipes nor coffee. I observed that the young culprit and some of his male relatives were far from being sorry, but that his father and brother, well-disposed men,

had forced him and others to come and apologize. I therefore coldly replied that had they come yesterday the insult might have been atoned for, but that now the affair was in the hands of others, and must take its course.

I then dismissed them, but invited the Amir Harfúsh to remain with me, which he did, and discussed the matter over coffee the best part of the afternoon.

At night arrived at Zebedani a company of soldiers and two officials—Hanna Shalhúp of the Diwán, and Isma'íl Beg, Chief of Police; all quartered themselves on the Z's, already a punishment. I knew nothing of it in Bludán till the morning, when our old Afghan Kawwás told me that they had arrived with orders from the Wali to burn and sack the house. I was in my saddle in five minutes, and accompanied by all the men servants and the people of Bludán, hastened down to Zebedani. Before I reached the town I found the soldiers drawn up in a line to salute me. The two officials were more than kind and courteous. Every soul in Zebedani turned out on foot or on horseback to greet me, and all the surrounding villagers who had heard the news flocked in. I asked Mohammed, the Kawwás, the object of this grand ovation. "That is for you, Sitti, because everybody is so pleased with you, and because everybody is glad at the discomfiture of the Z's."

We went to the Shaykh's house, where I remained with Hanna Shalhúp and Isma'íl Beg. I told them exactly what had occurred, and I expressed great regret that the pistol had gone off in the scuffle, as there had been no intention of using firearms. Isma'íl Beg replied, "I only wish you had shot him; you would have rid the country of a bully, and the Government of great anxiety." Then I said to him, "Our Kawwás has told me that you have come to burn and sack the house. You surely will not do so; I could never get over such a thing. The Wali has, I am sure, sent you only to teach the people that his friends—and strangers too—are not to be insulted with impunity. I had an apology yesterday, and am quite satisfied, but in order to calm the fears of these Christians, and that the Z's may not boast that no notice was taken of their insult, I hope you will administer some slight punishment, for example's sake, to Hasan, who began the quarrel. They will have had fright enough at seeing how seriously the matter has been taken at Head-quarters."

The officers demurred very much at doing so little, but at last they assented to my request. But instead of taking only the original culprit, they led off eleven who had excited the people. The villagers

gave information only too gladly, and then they departed with their prisoners, who were condemned by the Diwán to six weeks of jail. I shall finish the story to the end, for it has a happy *revers de la médaille*. The term of punishment, during which the family often interceded, passed away. My husband would not move in the matter; he said the affair was the Wali's, not his, and that he would not be justified in interfering. The Governor-General added, "I don't care to let them out to begin all over again." At the end of some time, however, at my repeated entreaties, he discharged them. They confessed their fault, saying, "We even did more than what you accused us of."

To finish the story, the following summer I went back to Bludán, and the Z. family called upon me, and asked me to be friends with them. I saw a chance of doing one good thing for that neighbourhood, so I said to them, "We will be friends with you, and very staunch friends, but I must make a condition—perhaps the hardest I can ask you." They swore by the Prophet that whatever I asked them they would do. Then I said, "Make up your quarrel with the Shaykhs' house. Bury your Thár; and on such a day you will both come to our house and embrace, and we will all eat bread and salt together." They agreed, and I had no difficulty with the Shaykhs. The meeting took place three times—first at our house, neutral ground, then at the Z.'s, lastly at the Shaykhs'. Before I left Syria they were on the most comfortable terms, which, I hope, lasted after our departure. All the turmoil of that neighbourhood was at an end, and both vied with us in being good to the poor and protecting the handful of Christians. They often said, "If in future times any disturbance occurs, we will remember you, and save them for your sake."

Hasan and I also became great friends. After doctoring him for weak eyes, I asked, "What made you want to hurt me, O Hasan?" He replied, "I don't know—the devil entered my heart; the excitement of all that was going on made me want to begin a quarrel, and I was mad to see you always with the Shaykhs and never noticing us, and Kásim" (an unruly relation) "set me on, but since I have got to know you I could kill myself for it." This is the sense of what he said, though in his own language it was much prettier. The youth had an excellent heart, but was misled and intoxicated by the troubles of the times. When my husband was recalled there were none so sorry, none more anxious to obtain our return, and they were the first and foremost with all their people in coming forward with a letter of sympathy, signed and sealed with their seal.

My own mistake in this case, for I was also in fault, was the over attention paid to the Tell Shaykhs and neglect of their rivals. Syrians have the susceptibility of children; nothing easier than to hurt their feelings, and a chance word is rarely forgiven. The native proverb is—

“There are drugs for the hurt of lead and steel,
But the wounds of the tongue, they never heal.”

My excuse is that the Bayt el Z., justly or unjustly, bore an ill name, and that it was said to pride itself upon its hatred to, and persecution of, our Christian neighbours. Still, had I to live my life in Bludán over again, I should sedulously avoid all display of partiality.

I related the circumstances to our Consul-General, who had been told the story in this form:—That I had seen a poor Arab beggar sitting at my gate, and because he did not rise and salute me I had drawn a revolver and shot him dead; to which he wisely replied that it was very extraordinary if true. It was no poor Arab beggar who told that falsehood. They knew too well how they were received by me. When Mr. Eldridge heard me, he said that it was the right thing to do at that particular crisis of feeling in the Anti-Lebanon, that I had done perfectly right, that he was glad that I had acted as I had done, otherwise it might have been a very troublesome business. I also told Mr. K., of the Foreign Office, who visited Beyrout and Damascus; and he said the same, and so I hope will my reader.

We now prepared to leave Bludán, which was (October) becoming cool and windy, and we knew that ere long our mountain home would be blocked up with snow, fit quarters only for bears and wolves. The 5th was an unfortunate day. Our poor Jibrún (the cook) became so much worse that I had to send for the priest of Zebédani, to give him the last sacraments of the Church. As is often the case, after the mind is at rest, his illness changed for the better, and, after a narrow escape, he recovered sufficiently to return to his family. This same day we had a very high wind, and my English maid was blown, entangled in her crinoline, from the top of the stairs to the bottom. She received several injuries, and was also on the sick list for some time.

CHAPTER XX.

BREEZY TIMES—STRUGGLES BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG—"FAIS CE QUE DOIS, ADVIENNE QUE POURRA."

UNOFFICIALLY speaking of official things, we had rather a lively time, in an unpleasant sense, during these summer months. I always say "we," because I enter so much into my husband's pursuits, and am so very proud of being allowed to help him, that I sometimes forget that I am only as the bellows-blower to the organist, or the little tug to the splendid three-decker. However, I do not think that anybody will owe me a grudge for it, except the gentleman who complained to the Foreign Office that I had been heard to say, "I had finished my despatches"—meaning that I had finished the task of copying them. Imagine what sort of a mind the man must have for a post of trust and responsibility, what fitness to be an awarder of justice, who could find this nonsense important enough to note down against a woman, and twist the wrong way.

Captain Burton's appointment was conferred upon him by the Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, in November, 1868. He was absent in South America on "sick leave" after a severe illness. As soon as the news reached him he hurried back, and on arriving was desired by Lord Clarendon, who had succeeded in office, and who was most considerate about the unhealthy season, to arrive at Damascus in October.

During Captain Burton's absence, a few persons who disliked the appointment, and certain missionaries who feared that he was anti-missionary, and have since handsomely acknowledged their mistake took measures to work upon Lord Clarendon on the plea that he was too fond of Mohammedans, that he had performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, and that their fanaticism would lead to troubles and dangers. On becoming aware that he had lived in the East, and with Moslems for many years after his pilgrimage, Lord Clarendon, with that good taste and justice which always characterized him, refused to change his appointment until that fanaticism was proved. He had the pleasure of reporting to him a particularly friendly reception.

He wrote before he left London :—

"I now renew in writing the verbal statement in which I assured his Lordship that neither the authorities nor the people of Damascus will show for me any but a friendly feeling; that, in fact, they will receive me as did the Egyptians and the people of Zanzibar for years after my pilgrimage to Mecca. But, as designing persons may have attempted to complicate the situation, I once more undertake to act with unusual prudence, and under all circumstances to hold myself, and myself only, answerable for the consequences."

Though he had not received his Barat (*exequatur*) and Firman till October 27th, he exchanged friendly unofficial visits with his Excellency the Wali (Governor-General) of Syria. Then he was honoured with the visits of all the Prelates of the Oriental Churches, as well as by a great number of the most learned and influential Moslems, and of the principal Christians. Amongst them were his Highness the Amir Abd el Kadir, his Excellency the Bishop of the Greek Orthodox Church, the Syrian Orthodox and the Syrian Catholic Bishops, Archimandrite Jebara of the Russian Orthodox Church, the Shaykh el Ulemá (Abdullah Effendi el Halabi) the Shaykh el Melawiyyeh of Koniah, Ali Pasha el A'azam, and Antun Effendi Shami; Said Effendi Ustuwáneh, President of the Criminal Court of Damascus and its dependencies; Mohammed Effendi el Minnini, Vice-President of the Criminal Court of Appeal; the Mufti Mahmud Effendi Hamzeh, Shaykh Mohammed Effendi el Halabi, member of the Lower Court, and several others.

All these dignitaries evinced much pleasure and satisfaction at his being appointed H.M.'s Consul in their City. Some of them, indeed, earnestly requested him to interest the English public in forming a company for making railways through Syria, that being the sole means of bringing about the civilization of their country.

In conclusion, notwithstanding Abdullah Effendi being the most learned, influential, and orthodox Moslem, and though it is not consistent with his principles to call upon any Christian before being visited, he first came to the office in company with his brother, and after an interview of fifty minutes departed, with a promise to renew the visit.

The first shadow upon our happy life was in June—July, 1870. A gentleman who is an amateur missionary residing at Beyrout came up to Damascus, visited the prisons, and distributed tracts to the Mohammedans. It was the intention of the acting Governor to collect these prints, and to make a bonfire of them in the market;

place. Damascus was in a bad temper for such proselytizing. It was an excitable year, and it was necessary to put a stop to proceedings which, though well meant, could not fail to endanger the safety of the Christian population. The tract distributor is a kind, humane, sincere, and charitable man, and we were both very sorry that he had to be cautioned. He has an enthusiasm in his religious views which makes him dangerous outside a Christian town. At Beyrout he was well known, but at Damascus he was not, and the people would have resented his standing on bales in the street haranguing the Turks against Mohammed. I believe this gentleman would have gloried in martyrdom; but some of us, not so good as he is, did not aspire to it. His *entourage*, also, was not so humble or so kind as himself.

Captain Burton was obliged to give the caution, to do his duty to his large district, thereby incurring most un-Christian hatreds, unscrupulously gratified. Captain Burton, with the high, chivalrous sense of honour which guides all his actions, redoubled his unceasing endeavours to promote the interest and business of these persons, amidst the hailstorm of petty spites and insults; which justice and greatness of mind on his part they themselves were obliged eventually to acknowledge, however reluctantly. We are decidedly destined to stumble upon unfortunate circumstances. Since that, a gentleman told off to convert the Jews in one of Captain Burton's jurisdictions, insisted on getting a ladder and a hammer, and demolishing a large statue of St. Joseph in a public place of a Catholic country, because he said it was "a graven image." Why are the English so careless in their choice? and why have other foreign Consuls no *désagrémens* on this head?

The Druzes applied early in 1870 for an English school. They are our allies, and we were on friendly terms with them. As two missionaries wished to travel amongst them, Captain Burton gave them the necessary introductions. They were cordially received and hospitably entertained by the Shaykhs, but on their road home they were treacherously followed by two *mauvais sujets* and attacked, they were thrown off their horses, their lives were threatened, and their property was plundered.

Such a breach of hospitality and violation of good faith required prompt notice; firstly, to secure safety to future travellers, and, secondly, to maintain the good feelings which have ever subsisted between the Druzes and the English. To pass over such an act of treachery would be courting their contempt. He at once demanded that the offenders might be punished by the Druze chiefs themselves,

and 20 napoleons, the worth of the stolen goods, were claimed by him for the missionaries. The Druzes went down to Beyrout to try to pit Consulate-General against Consulate, and refused to pay the claim. He then applied for their punishment to the Turkish authorities, knowing that the Druzes would at once accede to his first demand—a proceeding approved of by H.M.'s Ambassador at Constantinople. After three months the Shaykh el Akkál, head religious Chief, brought down the offenders, who were recognized by the missionaries. They confessed their guilt, and the Shaykh, who was staying as a guest in our house, assured Captain Burton that he was perfectly right in acting as he had done, and that every Druze was heartily ashamed of the conduct of these two men.

In June, 1870, Captain Burton prepared a despatch for our Ambassador at Constantinople, on the system of defrauding the poor and of ruining villages by the Damascus Jewish money-lenders.

I will now try to explain how these matters stood.

In former days, when not a few Europeans were open to certain arrangements which made them take the highest interest in the business transactions of their clients, a radically bad system, happily now almost extinct, was introduced into Syria. The European subject, or *protégé*, instead of engaging in honest commerce, was thus encouraged to seek inordinate and usurious profits by sales to the Government and by loans to the villagers. In such cases he, of course, relied entirely upon the protection of a foreign Power, on account of the sums to be expended in feeing native functionaries before repayment could be expected. Thus the Consuls became, as it were, *huissiers*, or bailiffs, whose principal duties were to collect the bad debts of those who had foreign passports.

Damascus contained a total of forty-eight adult males protected by H.B.M.'s Consulate, and of these there are a triumvirate of Shylocks whose names I suppress. Most of them are Jews who were admitted to, or whose fathers acquired, a foreign nationality, given with the benevolent object of saving them from Moslem cruelty and oppression in days gone by. These *protégés* have extended what was granted for the preservation of their lives, liberties, and property, to transactions which rest entirely for success upon British protection. The case of No. 1, whom we will call Juda, is a fair example. He has few dealings in the City, the licit field of action. But since the death of his highly respectable father, in 1854, he has been allowing bills signed by the ignorant peasantry of the province to accumulate simple and compound interest, till the liabilities of the villagers have become greater

than the value of the whole village. A——, for instance, on the eastern skirt of Mount Hermon, owes him 106,000 piastres, which were originally 42,000. He claims 5,000 purses from the B—— family, upon a total debt of 242,000½ piastres, in 1857. We have not yet passed through a single settlement where his debtors did not complain loudly of his proceedings; and to A—— may be added C——, Q—— and D—— el X——, a stronghold of the Druzes. Some villages have been partly depopulated by his vexations, and the injury done to the Druzes by thus driving them from the Anti-Lebanon to the Haurán, may presently be severely visited upon the Ottoman authorities. The British *protégé* is compelled every year, in his quality of Shubasi (farmer of revenue), to summon the village Shaykhs and peasantry, to imprison them, and to leave them lying in jail till he can squeeze from them as much as possible, and to injure them by quartering Hawali, or policemen, who plunder whatever they can. He long occupied the whole attention, though it had other and more important duties, of the Village Commission (Kumision Mahasibat el Kura), established in A.H. 1280 (1863). For about a year a special commission (Kumision Makhsus) had at that time—1870—been sitting on his case, whose intricacies, complicated by his unwillingness to settle anything, wearied out all the members. At different times he quarrelled with every person in the Court—from the Defterdar, who is its President, to the Consular Dragomans, who composed it. Even felony was freely imputed to him by various persons. He was accused of bribing the Government Kátibs (secretaries) to introduce into documents sentences of doubtful import, upon which he can found claims for increased and exorbitant interest, of adding lines to receipts and other instruments after they have been signed, and of using false seals, made at home by his own servants. One of the latter publicly denounced him, but was, as usual, paid to keep silence. He is reported again and again to have refused, in order that the peasants might remain upon his books, the ready moneys offered to him for the final settlement of village liabilities. His good management had baffled all efforts at detection, whilst every one was morally certain that the charges were founded on fact. He corrupts, or attempts to corrupt, all those with whom he has dealings.

Captain Burton wanted to inform them that British protection extends to preserving their persons and property from all injustice and violence, but that it would not assist them to recover debts from the Ottoman Government, or from the villagers of the province, and that it would not abet them in imprisoning or in distraining the latter.

To such general rule, of course, exceptions would be admissible, at the discretion of the officer in charge of H.B.M.'s Consulate; in cases, for instance, when just and honest claims might be rejected, or their payment unduly delayed. The sole inconvenience which would arise to such creditors from their altered position would be the necessity of feeing the Serai more heavily; and even then they openly communicated with the local authorities, reserving the Consulate as a forlorn hope. The change might possibly have directed their attention to a more legitimate commercial career. Such a measure would have been exceedingly popular throughout the country, and would have relieved us from the suspicion of interested motives—a suspicion which must exist where honesty and honour, in an English understanding of these words, are almost unknown; and from the odium which attaches to the official instruments of oppression. Finally, the corruption of Damascus rendered Captain Burton the more jealous of the good name of the Consulate, and the more desirous of personal immunity from certain reports which, at different times, have been spread about others in office. He therefore wanted to post on the door of H.M.'s Consulate, Damascus, the following notice:—

Her Britannic Majesty's Consul hereby warns British subjects and *protégés* that he will not assist them to recover debts from the Government or from the people of Syria, unless the debts are such as between British subjects could be recovered through H.M.'s Consular Courts. Before purchasing the claims, public or private, of an Ottoman subject—and especially where Government paper is in question—the *protégé* should, if official interference be likely to be required, at once report the whole transaction to this Consulate. British subjects and protected persons are hereby duly warned that protection extends to life, liberty, and property, in cases where these are threatened by violence or by injustice; but that it will not interfere in speculations which, if undertaken by Syrian subjects of the Porte, could not be expected to prove remunerative. British subjects and protected persons must not expect the official interference of the Consulate in cases where they prefer (as of late has often happened at Damascus) to urge their claims upon the local authorities without referring to this Consulate, and altogether ignoring the jurisdiction of H.B.M.'s Consul. Finally, H.B.M.'s Consul feels himself bound to protest strongly against the system adopted by British subjects and protected persons at Damascus, who habitually induce the Ottoman authorities to imprison peasants and pauper debtors either for simple debt, or upon charges which have not been previously produced for examination at this Consulate. The prisons will be visited once a week. An official application will be made for the delivery of all such persons.

(Signed)

R. F. BURTON,

H.B.M.'s Consul, Damascus.

Damascus, June 20th, 1870.

I have already related how, on August 26th, Captain Burton received a letter from the Rev. W. Wright, and likewise one from the Chief Consular Dragoman, Mr. Nasíf Meshaka, which induced him to ride at once to Damascus (from Bludán, the summer quarter); how he found that half the Christians had fled, and everything was ripe for a new massacre; how he sought the authorities, and informed them of their danger; induced them to have night patrols, to put guards in the streets, to prevent Jews or Christians leaving their houses, and to take all measures needful to convince the conspirators that they would not find every one sleeping as they did in 1860. The Wali and all the chief responsible authorities were absent. The excitement subsided under the measures recommended by him, and in three days all was quiet, and the Christians returned to their homes. I affirm that, living in safety upon the sea-coast, no man can be a judge of the other side of the Lebanon, nor, if he does not know some Eastern language, can he be a judge of Orientals and their proceedings. Certain Jewish usurers had been accused of exciting these massacres, because their lives were perfectly safe, and they profited of the horrors to buy up property at a nominal price. It was brought to Captain Burton's notice that two Jewish boys, servants to British-protected subjects, were giving the well-understood signal by drawing crosses on the walls. Its meaning to him was clear. He promptly investigated it, and took away the British protection of the masters temporarily, merely reproving the boys, who had acted under orders. He did not take upon himself to punish them. Certain ill-advised Israelitish money-lenders fancied it was a good opportunity to overthrow him, and with him his plan of seeing fair proceedings on the part of British *protégés*; so they reported to Sir Moses Montefiore and Sir Francis Goldsmid that he had tortured the boys. His proceedings were once more proved just. The correspondence on the subject was marvellously interesting, but being official I cannot use it.

The Jews from all times held a certain position in Syria, on account of their being the financiers of the country; and even in pre-Egyptian days Haim Farhi was able to degrade and ruin Abdullah Pasha, of St. Jean d'Acre. In the time of Ibrahim Pasha, about forty-four years ago, when the first Consuls went there, a few were taken under British-protection, and this increased their influence. Then came the well-known history of the murder of Padre Tomaso. After this had blown over, all the richest people of the community tried to become British-protected subjects, or *protégés* of some foreign Consulate. In the time of Mr. Consul (Richard) Wood (1840), they were

humble enough. In the massacre of 1860 they enriched themselves greatly, and men possessing £3000 rose suddenly to £300,000. Then they had at their backs in England Sir Moses Montefiore, Sir F. Goldsmid, and the Rothschilds, who doubtless do not know the true state of the Jewish usurers in this part of the world. The British Consul became the Jews' bailiff, and when we went to Syria we found them rough-riding all the land. I speak only of the few money-lenders. When Captain Burton arrived in 1869, Shylock No. 1 came to him, and patting him patronizingly on the back told him he had 300 cases for him, relative to collecting £60,000 of debts. Captain Burton replied, "I think, sir, you had better hire and pay a Consul for yourself alone; I was not sent here as a bailiff, to tap the peasant on the shoulder in such cases as yours." He then threatened Captain Burton with the British Government. Captain Burton replied, "It is by far the best thing you can do: I have no power to alter a plain line of duty." Shylock then tried my influence, but I replied that I was never allowed to interfere in business matters. Then Sir Francis Goldsmid, to our great surprise, wrote to head-quarters—a rather unusual measure—as follows:—"I hear that the lady to whom Captain Burton is married is believed to be a bigoted Roman Catholic, and to be likely to influence him against the Jews." In spite of "women's rights" I was not allowed the privilege of answering Sir Francis Goldsmid officially; but I hope to convince him—even after four years—that he was misinformed. Religion certainly is, and ought to be, the first and highest sentiment of our hearts, and I consider it my highest prerogative to be a staunch and loyal Catholic. But I also claim to be free from prejudice, and to be untrammelled in my sentiments about other religions. Our great Master and His apostles showed no bigotry, and it is to them that I look for my rule of life, not to the clique I was born in. Many amongst us old Catholics, who live amongst our own people, and are educated men and women, go forth into the world and are quite unbiased against other faiths; we take to our hearts friends, without inquiring into their religion or politics. And if sometimes we sigh because they are not of our way of thinking, it is not from any bigotry or party feeling, it is because we love them, and we wish that we could give them some of our happiness and security. I appeal to my enemies—if I have any—to say whether I have any prejudice against race or creed.*

* Although a staunch Catholic, I am an ardent disciple of Mr. Disraeli—I do not mean Mr. Disraeli as Prime Minister of England, but the author of "Tancred." I read the book as a young girl in my father's house, and it inspired me with all the

At all events, I have an honest admiration and respect for the Jewish religion. They were the chosen people of God. They are more akin to us than any other faith. Jesus Christ was a Jew; the apostles were Jews. He came not to destroy the law, but to change the prescriptions necessary for the times. The Great Reformer was the connecting link between us. He made Christianity, or Judaism, for the multitude, a Syro-Arabian creed. He parted the Creation into two great divisions—those who accepted the new school, and those who clung to the old. We are of the former, and the Jews of the latter fold. It would be madness to despise those who once ruled the ancient world, and who will rule again—do we not see signs of their return to power every day? It would be more than folly not to honour the old Tribes of the chosen people of God. In Syria only the Jews, Druzes, and Bedawin can boast of their origin. In the world we know, only the Jews and Catholics can boast of antiquity of religion. An Eastern Jew cannot but be proud of his religion and his descent. As I turn over my old Damascus journal, my heart warms to think that some of my dearest native friends at Damascus were of the Jewish religion. I was on good terms with them all, and received sincere hospitality from them. At Trieste, again, the enlightened and hospitable Hebrews are my best friends. It is the Jews who lead society here, the charities, and the fashion; they are the life of the town. When I call to mind how many Jews I know, I like, and

ideas, and the yearning for a wild Oriental life, which I have since been able to carry out. I passed two years of my early life, when emerging from the school-room, in my father's garden, and the beautiful woods around us, alone with "Tancred." My family were pained and anxious about me—thought me odd; wished I would play the piano, do worsted work, write notes, read the circulating library—in short, what is generally called improving one's mind, and I was pained because I could not. My uncle used to pat my head, and "hope for better things." I did not know it then, I do now: I was working out the problem of my future life, my present mission. It has lived in my saddle-pocket throughout my Eastern life. I almost know it by heart, so that when I came to Bethany, to the Lebanon, and to Mukhtara—when I found myself in a Bedawi camp, or amongst the Maronite and Druze strongholds, or in the society of Fakredeens—nothing surprised me. I felt as if I had lived that life for years. I felt that I went to the Tomb of my Redeemer in the proper spirit, and I found what I sought. The presence of God was actually felt, though invisible.

Now that the author, who possesses by descent a knowledge that we Northerners lack (a high privilege reserved to his Semitic blood), has risen to the highest post in England, I shall incur the suspicion of flattery from the vulgar; but my honest heart and pen can afford it, and I see no reason to omit on that account what was written three years ago, when the Conservative Government was at a discount. Rather will I congratulate my country that, with the Eastern question staring us in the face, we have at the helm one of the few men in England who is competent to deal with it.

I have exchanged hospitality with, here and in the East, I do not know how to speak strongly enough on the subject.

But now let us turn to the dark side of the picture. Even those who are the proudest of their Semitic origin speak contemptuously of their usurers. And, let me ask, do we pet and admire our own money-lenders? Let a Damascus Jew once become a usurer, back him up with political influence, and see what he will become. He forgets race and creed; that touching, dignified, graceful humility changes into fawning servility, or to brutal insolence and cruelty, where he is not afraid. He thirsts only for money. The villainies practised by the usurers, especially the Shylocks in Damascus, excite every right-minded person to indignation; and if I had no other esteem for my husband, I should owe it to him for the brave manner in which he made a stand against these wrongs at every risk. He knew that no other Consul had ever dared—nor would ever dare—to oppose it; but he said simply, “I must do right; I cannot sit still and see what I see, and not speak the truth; I must protect the poor, and save the British good name, *advienne que pourra*, though perhaps in so doing I shall fail myself”—and he did. He is not what is called a religious man, but he acts like one; and if he did nothing else to win respect and admiration, that alone should give people an insight into his character, whilst I—like Job’s wife—incessantly said, “Leave all this alone, as your predecessor did, as your Consul-General does, and as your successor will do, and keep your place, and look forward to a better.” If the usurers had been Catholics instead of Jews, I should like them to have lost their “protection,” to have been banished from Damascus, and *excommunicated* as long as they plied their trade. More I cannot say.

One man alone had ruined and sucked dry forty-one villages. He used to go to a distressed village and offer them money, keep all the papers, and allow them nothing to show; adding interest and compound interest, which the poor wretches could not understand. Then he gave them no receipts for money received, so as to be paid over and over again. The uneducated peasant had nothing to show against the clever Jew at the Diwán, till body and soul, wives, children, village, flocks, and land, became his property and slaves for the sake of the small sum originally borrowed. These men, who a few years ago were not worth much, are now rolling in wealth. We found villages in ruins, and houses empty, because the men were cast into jail, the children starving, and women weeping at our feet because these things were done in the name of England—by the powerful arm of the British Consulate. My husband once actually found an old man

of ninety, who had endured all the horrors of the Damascus jail during the whole of a biting winter, for owing one of these men a napoleon (sixteen shillings). He set him free, and ever after visited the prisons once a week, to see whether the British-protected subjects had immured pauper Christians and Moslems on their own responsibility. One of the usurers told my husband to beware, for that he knew a Royal Highness of England, and that he could have any Consular officer recalled at his pleasure; and my husband replied that he and his clique could know very little of English Royalty, if they thought that it would protect such traffic as theirs. The result of this was that they put their heads together, and certain letters were sent to the Chief Rabbi of London, Sir Francis Goldsmid, and Sir Moses Montefiore. They sent telegrams and petitions, purporting to be from "all the Jews in Damascus." We believe, however, that "all the Jews in Damascus" knew nothing whatever about the step. They are mostly a body of respectable men—hard-working, inoffensive, and of commercial integrity, with a fair sprinkling of pious, charitable, and innocent people. These despatches, backed by letters from the influential persons who received them, were duly forwarded to the Foreign Office. The correspondence was sent in full to Captain Burton to answer, which he did at great length, and to the satisfaction of his Chiefs, who found that he could not have acted otherwise.

Captain Burton wrote:—"I am ready to defend their lives, liberty, and property, but I will not assist them in ruining villages, and in imprisoning destitute debtors upon trumped-up charges. I would willingly deserve the praise of every section of the Jewish community of Damascus, but in certain cases it is incompatible with my sense of justice and my conscience." They bragged so much in the bazars about getting Captain Burton recalled, that a number of sympathizing letters were showered upon us.

To conclude, the effect of their conduct in Damascus will fall upon their own heads, and upon their children. Do not purposely misunderstand me, O Israel! Remember, I do not speak of you disparagingly as a Nation, or as a Faith. As such I love and admire you; but I pick out your usurers from among you, as the goats from the sheep. You are ancient in birth and religion; you are sometimes handsome, always clever, and in many things you far outstrip us Christians in the race of life. Your sins and your faults are, and have been, equally remarkable from all time. Many of you, in Damascus especially, are as foolish and stiff-necked as in the days of old. When the time comes, and it will come, the trampled worm will

turn. The Moslem will rise not really against the Christian—he will only be the excuse—but against you. Your quarter will be the one to be burnt down; your people to be exterminated, and all your innocent tribe will suffer for the few guilty.

A Druze of the Haurán once said to me, “I have the greatest temptation to burn down A.’s house. I should be sent to Istambul in chains, but what of that? I should free my village and my people.” I begged of him not to think of such a crime. A sinister smile passed over his face, and he muttered low in his beard: “No; not yet! not yet! Not till the next time. And then not much of the Yahúd will be left when we have done with them.” I quote this as a specimen of the ill feeling bred over the interior of Syria by their over-greed of gain. And I only hope that the powerful Israelitic Committees and Societies of London and Paris will—and they can if they will—curb the cupidity of their countrymen in Syria.

CHAPTER XXI.

GIPSYING AGAIN.

ON the 10th of October half the servants, with the English maid, the pet animals, baggage, and furniture, were sent direct to Damascus under escort. Captain Burton and I left Bludán to return to our winter quarters at Salihíyyah by a longer route. Hanna Misk attended, with four servants, nine mules, and muleteers. The Shaykhs and Begs accompanied us, and great demonstrations of affection were made, of sorrow for our departure, and of hopes of our return next year, by all the inhabitants of Bludán and Zebedani.

We had a delightful ride across the Anti-Lebanon, through a mountain defile, to Ain el Bardi, where we found Arab black tents, and flocks feeding by the water. I have so often to speak of these Black Tents; the best picture I have ever seen of them was sketched by the Viscountess Strangford, and forms one of the illustrations of her charming book, "Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines."* Here we spent the heat of the day. This tribe wear red jack-boots of soft leather, with dangling tassels, white baggy trousers, and a Kumbaz like a white dressing-gown, under a green cloak; a red and gold Kufiyyeh, or kerchief, falling over head and shoulders, is fastened by the usual Aghál, or fillet of camel's hair. The Chief has bristly mustachios, like Bluebeard's, small black peering eyes close together, and a short, sharp address, which has been so often compared to the bark of a dog. We rode on all the rest of the day through the rough defile, with here and there a smooth place for a gallop. We crossed the French road, and passing through part of the Buká'a plain we encamped after dark at Mejdél Anjar. Jibrún being ill, we had also made the mistake of bringing no cook, each of us fancying we could manage it ourselves; but we were so very tired that, though the horses were duly looked after, the dinner was reduced to indigestible Baydh Mukleh (fried eggs). Next morning we inspected our country. Mejdél is a little village situated on a hillock, which stands alone.

* This book was very popular at the time it was published, and I am delighted to see a fresh edition just announced.

On the top is a temple, a little gem, built by Herod Agrippa in honour of Augustus. There was a graceful broken column, which I felt grateful to certain pilgrims for not having carried away with them. Below is the ruin of Herod's palace, and at twenty minutes' ride lie the ruins of Chalcis. From the temple we had a magnificent view. We could see the greater part of the Buká'a, walled in at either side by the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, dotted with its seventy-two villages. Anjar is bisected by the Litani river, falsely called the Leontes. Having feasted our eyes, we rode down to the square ruins of Chalcis in the plain. We watered the thirsty horses, but the liquid was bad and muddy. We then rode on to Neby Za'úr, and climbed up the hill, but the keepers of the Tomb refused to let us in. Captain Burton was not with us; however, by dint of bakhshish I obtained leave to measure it, and to carry off bones and skulls out of a dry well hard by, which appeared to be the local burying ground. With the sun beating cruelly on our heads, we went along the French road. At one o'clock we arrived at Shtora, the halfway house, where we pulled up and asked for a drink of water; I fainted, and slipped out of my saddle, so instead of going on I was put to bed, and all next day my head was too bad to rise. On the 12th we started again, and for a long while galloped along the carriage-road, ascending the Lebanon; near its summit we suddenly turned off to our left, across a mountain called Jebel Báruk, in the territory "El Akkúb." A long scramble of six hours led us to the village of Báruk, a Druze stronghold, in a wild glen on the borders of their territory, which we were now entering. We did not find our tents; but it no longer signified, for we were amongst friend and allies, who would treat us like brothers, so we went off at once to the Shaykh's house.

The Druzes have been so much written about by Baron de Sacy, by Colonel Churchill, and by a host of others, that it becomes me to say but little. They are, *par excellence*, the race in Syria. A fine, manly people, that hails us as cousins, tall and athletic, that can ride, shoot, and fight. They are honest and plain-spoken; every man is a natural born gentleman, and, without being taught, he instinctively behaves like one. The Druze house to which I first went was painted black inside; it had a flat, raftered ceiling, and straight, tall columns down the middle, from roof to ground. They conform to the national religion, the Moslem, but in speaking to you or me they would appear to be particularly taken with our respective faith; they have a secret creed of their own, which, although women are admitted to the Council Chamber, is mysterious as freemasonry. Of course, many

nonsensical tales are told about them by good Moslems. Some say they worship Eblis; Christians, the bull-calf (El Ijl). Their women wear a long blue garment and a white veil; the whole face is hid except one eye. Over our coffee I asked them if it took long to decide which was the prettiest eye. This small joke amused them, or they pretended to be amused, and they repeated it one to another. They are faithful wives and good mothers, and they keep clean and comfortable homes. The whole race, men and women, are respected and feared by the other creeds, who are proud to be able to say that they are friends with or know the Druzes. The men as a rule are tall, broad, stalwart, and muscular, with limbs of iron, like Highlanders; they have good heads, which run up rather high at the back, fine foreheads, large black eyes, alternately soft and glaring, black hair cut close, long beards, dark, straight eyebrows, and curling eyelashes, brown complexions, with a little colour, straight noses, large but well-shaped mouths, with full under lips, showing white teeth and well-set throats. They have proud and dignified manners; their language is full of poetry, and they use fine similes. They are good riders and fighters, they play the Jerid well, and they lift weights after the manner of our Northerners. They wear red jack-boots, pointed at the toe, woollen socks, green cloth baggy trowsers, brown waistcoats, buttoned up; green jackets, braided and slashed, and large white turbans—for out of doors, either a black Aba embroidered with gold, or a big, loose, fur-lined cloak, reaching to the ground.

October 13th.—We had an easy day riding through the mountains, with splendid views. On the road we stopped at a stronghold which looked like an ancient Convent, and visited a charming old Druze chief, Mulhem Beg Ahmad, who keeps up a little state. I have the happiest remembrance of this day. He was a splendid specimen of a greybeard, and still bears the reputation of a perfect dare-devil. When he fights he vaults into the saddle, takes his bridle in his teeth, and charges down the mountain with his musket to his shoulder.

He gave us a charming breakfast, served in the *Líwán*, and we were waited upon by his sons. He threw his cap in the air, and drank to my health a dozen times.

After this we rode on to Mukhtára, which is the focus and centre of the Lebanon Druzes. There resides their princely family, now represented by a woman, the Sitt Jumblat.* Mukhtára, in the territory of Esh Shuf, hangs on a declivity in the wildest mountain

* I write the name as it is pronounced: properly it is *Ján-pulád* (Life-steel).

scenery. The house of the Jumblats, a Syrian palace, resembles a large Italian *cascina*, nestled in olive groves that are, so to speak, the plumage of the heights. Whilst we were still in the barrens, and long before we sighted Mukhtára, we met a band of horsemen coming to meet us, in the rich Druze dress, armed with muskets and lances, the sons and retainers of the house. They were splendidly mounted, especially the sons, the youngest of whom had a black mare which made me infringe the tenth commandment. She was simply perfect.

Whilst riding along a narrow ledge with a deep drop on the right, my horse Harfúsh, who was unusually vicious and tricky, wanted to bite a mare close behind him. The ledge was too narrow for such pranks; he put his right foot over the side and trod in the air. I hardly know why both did not roll into the depths below, but I picked him up, and we righted ourselves in a second. I was very careful to show no emotion, and went on with my conversation, which I had addressed to the man in front of me.

We descended into a deep defile, and rose up again on the opposite side. The whole way was lined with horsemen and footmen, and the women trilled out their joy-cry. Ascending the other bank was literally like going up stairs cut in the rock. Arrived at the house, we were cordially received by the Sitt Jumblat, with all the gracious hospitality of the East, and with the well-bred ease of a European *grande dame*. She took us into the reception room, when water and scented soap were brought in carved brass ewers and basins; incense was waved before us, and we were sprinkled with rose-water, whilst an embroidered gold canopy was held over us to concentrate the perfume. Coffee, sweets, and sherbet were served, and then I was shown to a very luxurious room.

Next morning the Sitt devoted the time to business, and, as a token of confidence, explained her long-neglected affairs and grievances, the settlement of which, however, unfortunately did not belong to my husband's jurisdiction. The room was filled with grey-bearded, turbaned scribes, with their long brass inkstands. After receiving visits from all the teachers of the American and English schools, we sat down to a mid-day meal, equivalent to a dinner, perfectly dressed, and in very good taste. After this there was a *Jeríd*, which lasted about two hours, in which the sons and their fighting tribe displayed grace and skill. We then visited the schools. One boy, who did not appear to be more than ten years of age, was married. Imagine a married boy of ten in an English school! I also noticed one very handsome lad, with an expression that made me think he would be a

trouble to his mother. We visited the village and all the premises attached to the palace. The stables, which are solid and extensive, like tunnels with light let in, contained fifty or sixty horses, mostly all showing blood, and some quite thorough-bred.

At nightfall we had a second dinner, and afterwards all the retainers and others flocked in. There were dancing and war-songs between the Druzes of the Lebanon and the Druzes of the Haurán, ranged on either side of the banqueting-hall. They also performed pantomimes; one was of a man dressed like a woman, dancing and balancing a jug upon her head, as if she were going to the well. Then they sang, and recited tales of love and war, till far into the night.

On the 15th we mounted early, and accompanied by all our friends, we rode to Dayr el Kamar, a large village in the territory of El Manásif. Then we went to B'teddin,* now the palace of Franco Pasha, Governor of the Lebanon. We were not less surprised than pleased with our reception: the improvements effected by this excellent Governor were quite exceptional in Syria. The old palace of the Amir Beshír Shaháb, a heap of ruins, is at present the finest building in Syria and Palestine. Franco Pasha had thoroughly learnt the lesson of civilization which preaches the gospel of the school and the road; he has opened educational establishments for adults as well as children, and besides schooling he teaches handicraft and trades—shoe-making, tailoring, and carpet and rug manufacturing; he has finished, with little expense, a carriage-road from B'teddin to Baklin; he projects another to Dau Bridge, and he hopes to open a communication with the French road at Khan Mudayraj, a work begun by Daoud Pasha; he was teaching a band of music, which already played pretty well; he had planted thousands of trees, chiefly pine; he meets every case with liberality and civilization; he was a religious man, and Allah and the Sultan were his only thoughts. Everything he did for the natives' good, he told them that it came from his Master and theirs, so that "May Allah prolong the days of our Sultan" was ever in the people's mouth. It would have been happy if a few more Franco Pashas were distributed about Syria and Palestine.

This remarkable man and his family received us *à bras ouverts*. His five hundred soldiers were drawn up in line to salute us. The family consisted of his wife and seven children, an aunt, a French tutor and his wife, and several secretaries. After our reception we were invited to the divan, where we drank coffee. Whilst so engaged

* The word is written Bayt ed Din (house of religion); others make it a corruption of Ibteddin.

an invisible band struck up "God save the Queen;" it was like an electric shock to hear our national hymn in that remote place, we who had been so long in the silence of the Anti-Lebanon. We sprang to our feet, and—don't laugh at me—I burst into tears. After this gracious and delicate compliment, they played the Turkish national hymn.

Then Franco Pasha showed us his repairs, his schools, and all the works he was engaged upon. We dined with the family, and were served in European style. Having seen everything, we parted with them to ride back to Mukhtára. That day established a lasting friendship, which existed till Franco Pasha's death a year ago, and I hope still exists with his family, though we have lost sight of one another.

As I turn over my old journal I have to notice throughout that all the good people, the upright ones who worked for Syria and wished her well, are either dead or departed; and the others are permitted to live on and flourish, amidst the scorn and hatred of the nation, suppressed and hidden through fear. I suppose this is part of poor Syria's destiny.

On the way back we met with the Amir Mulhim Rustam. We then went to the house of the principal Druze Shaykh of Mukhtára, where we were received in the usual charming manner. We washed our hands in rose-water, we were sprinkled with perfume, and we were offered coffee, sherbet, and trays of fruit and sweetmeats. We received several native Christians on arriving at the palace, and sundry Druze chiefs of the Haurán. The latter are wild-looking men; they wear huge white turbans, red or green coats, and massive swords. The Druzes, with their usual good taste, chose the chief Christians to dine with us this night, so the Sitt could not appear, as she had to veil before them; so after dinner I retired to the Harím.

She has two sons, the eldest married. His wife was a pretty young creature—a gentle brunette, dressed in a red and gold skirt, bodice and sleeves of white, and a jacket of other colours, with a profusion of jewellery. She looked like a fancy picture of Zuleika. The other son was a handsome youth, ingenuous and manly. He told me that there was only one girl whom he could marry, according to his rank, race, and creed. I thought it rather "hard lines," but he seemed to take it as a matter of course.

On the 16th we received a visit from the Amir Mulhim Rustam. Young ladies of England! this is the only real "Prince of the Lebanon" left, so remember his name; for unless he goes over to

England to look for a wife you will not be Princesses of the Lebanon. I know so many Syrian "Princes of the Lebanon" who have deluded my fair compatriots into the romantic idea of marrying them. You may still find scions of old houses whose glory is departed, but you will live in a very poor and very matter-of-fact way, so you may as well do it in England, where you can be comfortable. At any rate, insist upon going to Syria before the fatal knot is tied, and see your future home and family. Then, if it is a real affection, carry out your romantic project, and be prepared to suffer for it. If you see a Syrian with a handsome face pervading society in a green and gold jacket, and wearing a fez, admire the costume, and be hospitable and kind to the wearer, but do not fall in love and marry. This is what will happen if you neglect my advice: you will arrive at a mud hut in the Lebanon, and from morning to night you will be surrounded by native women, who look upon you as a "dispensation of Providence." The life is so different; you must lose your English independence, and sink to the level of the Eastern rule for women. You have no person educated according to your ideas to exchange a thought with, even after you know the language; and you will sorely want, after a year, either to return home or to throw yourself into the sea. If you are unhappy enough to have children, you would not cast off the father, and you would weep yourself into a destiny very like being buried alive, and that, too, with a lord and master who has not sufficient education to be companionable.

I feel once more in the preaching vein—such is the fatal result of writing a book. After lecturing young ladies, I now turn round to English wives who may travel in the East.

Before the Eastern world, not only observe the same reserve towards your husband as you would to a stranger, but also treat him as a Master. It sounds to you absurd, but Orientals will make comments on the free and easy manners of European wives, and any one who knows the East takes not a little trouble to preserve her good name. I have seen English women who were as familiar with their husbands in Syria as if they were in England, and worse still, who rather assumed the upper hand. Both lose caste. Let it be understood by the attitude you assume towards each other that you are his *confidante*, his *camarade*, his friend; but before others you must salute him at a distance, even if you are parting for months. You must not think of taking his arm; you must obey his slightest look, and show in every way that he is your superior. By acting according to custom, both are respected, and considered a happy couple. By acting accord-

ing to the customs of the ordinary classes of Europe when in uncivilized places, the woman does not raise herself, but lowers her husband.

And now a word to the philanthropic of my sex. You who travel for a little while in Syria, and are possessed by a mania to adopt a biped sample of the Holy Land, and to transplant it to your English home, pause awhile. It may answer your expectations, far more likely it will not. If it does not, let me lay the future before you. I will suppose that you adopt, as most people do, a Christian boy. Are you prepared to accept him for a master, and to leave him all you possess, or at any rate, to provide for him for life? The Syrian Christian is one to whom if you give an inch he will take many ells. He will act the "porcupine and the snakes;" he will shortly be owner of the house, and make you feel as if you were staying there on a visit. You will find that you have invested in a most luxurious and expensive article. He will press you for money or presents, be there ever such a difficulty of gratifying him, and he will always contrive, be you ever so loving and generous, to make your gifts seem mean in comparison with those of others. He may vow affection and faith to you, and be ready to nurse you through a sickness, or swear to die with you, yet all the time he may be keeping a journal, in order to fall upon you should some accident make it his interest to do so. Worshipping you all the while, he will ill treat you, and be rude to you, and seek a quarrel with you every day, because he says he loves you, and is "intimate" with you, and you are like a mother to him, and he will tell you it is not worth while to be on such terms unless he can do as he likes. But he will be charming, and ready to run errands for a person who keeps him sternly in order, and who would not even say "thank you" for his services. Yet you have not the heart to copy that person's manner towards him, because you brought him out of his country.

Then the climate ruins your charming boy. From being a hardy child who could rough it in mountain or Desert, and sleep on the ground, Europe, especially England, makes him so dyspeptic that his life and your life are burthens. He becomes so delicate as to be able to eat or drink only the choicest and daintiest things in large quantities, to sleep luxuriously and long, to dread every breath of wind, and to imagine that he has every earthly disease. All the servants must wait upon him, and, as he treats them like slaves, nobody will stay with you. The Eastern system of intrigue is carried into your English hearth, and you come out of no friend's house without a sense of something uncomfortable which you cannot define.

He also has very ill-defined ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, and grows to fancy that "what is yours is his, and what is his is his own." The transformation in the emancipated nature takes place, insensibly to you for a long time, until cruel speeches and reproaches, which make you blush for his coarseness, surprise and awake you from your dream of having one devoted, faithful thing all to yourself. All that charmed and fascinated you is gone, and a page of life seems skipped over, as if the individual had dived down a charming Eastern, and come up at a distance, after a period, a mis-shapen European, with all the faults, and without the virtues or education, of Europe. The poor boy hardly earning a living, who kissed the hand of the smallest Moslem official, who stood up before every European, will now dream that he was a prince, and that he has rather lowered himself by consorting with you. He will vote all your friends "cads," except those with titles. He will tell stories out of the "Arabian Nights" about his family position and home luxuries in Syria, which he is always regretting, and he will detail these things to strangers before your very face, and appeal to you for their truth. You may devote much of your time to educating him, giving him good example, reading to him, trying to teach him refined manners and speech, but you will ever find him more adept at copying the servants'-hall vulgarities, the swearing of the stable boy, the coarse language of the sailor; he, the same lad who appeared so high-minded in Syria.* Still, there are good qualities left, and they might reappear in his native land, once more brought under his own rulers, amongst his own people. Then you reproach yourself too late; you know it is your own fault, that you cannot put back what you have done for your own gratification; you are probably by this time sincerely attached to your *protégé*, and will cling to him for better for worse, and you can only patch up what you have done by devoting your life to him, by saving an independence for your victim which will place him in a good position in Syria after your death.

Love the Syrian, and work for him as much as you can upon his own soil; but do not be so cruel as to transplant him—he will succeed no better than the miserable tropical plants in our home conservatories. And may I never in my life, much as it is my duty to advocate it, see the railways and civilization carried into this country, that will destroy all that is beautiful in the Syrian nature.

The Syrian Christian has the same virtues and vices as the lower

* It is only fair to state that I never adopted a Syrian boy, but that this is what I have always seen, and what I have ever been told by those who have done so.

and middle class Irish. The temperament is all sunshine, or thunder and lightning within ten minutes. They are never childish; they know by instinct instead of learning. They are capable of loving and of being faithful to you, but they never forget the shadow of a slight, even unintentional. A trifle, of which you are unaware, turns a long attachment into instant hate. But they have much keener brains than the Irish—a calculation and a knowledge of business in money matters, an eye to putting themselves forward for vanity sake, in every child, that would startle a lawyer. There is a little “dodge,” it may be a harmless one or not, in everything they do, in everything they say, which after living amongst them for a year or two you know as well as they do, but which at first you would never suspect. You cannot puzzle them more than by being perfectly straightforward, truthful, consistent, and careless of their small intrigues.

It is only fair to state that I know charming Christians, and Syrians of all denominations, without grave faults, and that I am now describing the race *en masse*. All the attributes which I apply to Syrians, good or bad, vary in proportion to the race and creed. The Sadád Christians and the Druzes, if one may judge, have the greatest amount of good and the least evil. The Afghan, the Kurd, the Mogháribeh, the Bedawin, are superior to the City Moslems, and the City Moslems are superior to the Jews and the City Christians.

Living for some time amongst these races gives you such keen instincts that you seem almost to yourself to be perpetually clairvoyante. But it is as painful as too much light, and at last you would almost give anything to be deceived—to be what the Germans call “*dumm*.” When you return to Europe, every one’s thoughts and intentions are seen as through a pane of glass; their rough, honest, coarse attempts at deception are like the gambols of an elephant, the little “dodges” barefacedly deceive you, detract you, and ridicule you before your face; whose ill-bred perpetrators say with confusion, “I did not think you would see that,” only because you were too refined and well-bred to laugh and offer to help them through their clumsiness.

It is so amusing to encourage the Syrians in their own country, just to see what their nature will prompt them to. Take a Mountain or Desert native, and make him or her perfectly at home with you, just to see how soon the grand, courteous manner will wear off. In about ten minutes he or she will have asked for thirteen or fourteen things—each costing at least £50—saying, “I love you so much that I sit here thinking what more I can ask you for,” in the full, child-like

confidence (as we go to Allah) that all they ask they will obtain. They will then run round your room and pull everything to pieces, look in your drawers, sit gazing in the glass, playing with your powder, your perfumes, your cold cream, until they have put it all on in the wrong places, "because" (they wind up) "it is delightful to be so intimate with you." I have had many a half-hour's amusement in this way, only I always put toilette articles on purpose. Of course, I do not allude to the people who live in towns, who are accustomed to Europeans, but to the children of Nature, of the wilds.

How very sorry we were to part this day. The Sitt Jumlat and I formed a friendship which, if our lives last, I hope some day to enjoy again. We often met, and we used to write to each other. Her letters would begin, "My dearest sister," and were full of those pretty things which only an Eastern can say, such as, "My eyes sought you for many days till my head ached. When will you come to repose them, that I may not see your empty place?"

We were accompanied out with the same honours as those with which we were ushered in, and at a certain point we all took different ways. Captain Burton and Hanna Misk went to visit Ali Beg Jumlat, and I rode along a mountain path, a very fair specimen of South Lebanon. I took it very quietly, and occupied five hours in reaching Jezzin, my night's halt, arriving at 3 p.m. I passed through or by the following places—Ain Kunni, Ain Makhtúr, Harat Jendel, Bathir, where I stopped to rest by a stream with Yúsuf Beg, a distinguished Maronite chief. Then we rode past Kala'at Miyeh, a castle, Bayt Man, the tomb of Neby Misha and his sister, and that of Islaika, a Mohammedan saint, and Neby Ayúb, and Druze prophets on two mountain sides. Ali Beg, whom Captain Burton went to see, lived at Baderhan, on the mountain tops, but I passed under it; Kassín was on my right, and Zeba'ah Niha, with Kala'at Niha, its castle.

Jezzin is a pretty village, with houses, not huts; it contains 5000 inhabitants (Maronites), three churches, and Sisters of Charity. So far, then, it is more civilized than many a European place that has hunted them out. Every Empire, City, Town, or Village that sends away its Sisters of Charity must have a serious moral disease, that of wanting to cast off its God. Who can tell us it is an advantage to any country to suppress the Sisters of Charity—to suppress any *good* woman? The Sisters of Charity are heaven's own angels. Why not suppress all institutions for the poor and distressed, and the hospitals; tax air, light, water, sleep, and every human comfort, and tell us it is

a blessing? The *Sœurs de Charité de Saint Vincent de Paul* are the Grand Order connected with the French Army and Foreign Missions. This army of holy women numbers sixteen thousand, who are spread all over the world, doing the corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

CORPORAL.

To feed the hungry,
Give drink to the thirsty,
Clothe the naked,
Harbour the harbourless,
Visit the sick,
Visit the imprisoned, and
Bury the dead.

SPIRITUAL.

To counsel the doubtful,
Instruct the ignorant,
Admonish sinners,
Comfort the afflicted,
Forgive injuries,
Bear wrongs patiently,
Pray for the living and the dead.

This is their business, with a simple, holy rule of life—an active, hard-working career for others, and total abnegation of self. Oh that this were the *Suttee* of all woman-kind! What a band of holy widows we should have!

The Sisters of Mercy are to the Sisters of Charity what the Militia is to the Army, the *St. Vincent de Paul-ites* being the “regulars,” and having branch houses all over the world. The head-quarters are in the *Rue du Bac*, in the *Faubourg Paris*. Its officials are as follows:—the Reverend Mother, or Abbess, the Father-Superior-General, and a council of ten members and twenty-six secretaries.

These determine the arrangements all over the world. This establishment is to them what the Horse Guards is to the Army. A Sister may have resided in one house for years, got attached to her convent, her cell, her *camarades*, her patients; we will suppose that to-night the *cachet bleu* (which has just issued forth from the *Rue du Bac*) arrives, and, within two hours’ notice, she and her habit and breviary are on their way to Chinese Tartary, or Central Africa, with a small detachment.

The discipline and obedience are perfect. A Sister may be ordered to wash up plates or darn linen for ten years, at the expiration of which she may be suddenly ordered on board a plague-ship, or under the fire of an enemy, or between hostile armies, to bind up wounds and whisper the consolations of religion to a dying man, and she must obey with equal calm and willingness. Is there not a charm about the uncertainty of the morrow in these active orders, far superior to the contemplative order, whose members know that should they be alive this day fifty years, they will be doing at this very same hour what they are doing at this moment? The Sisters of Charity, when professed, take the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and charity.

“ J’ai vu l’éclat du monde et sa richesse ;
J’ai contemplé sa gloire et ses honneurs ;
Mais, à ta voix, ô Divine Sagesse,
Je repoussai ses biens faux et trompeurs.
La croix devint ma sainte jouissance,
La pauvreté le trésor de mon cœur ;
Ma liberté la douce obéissance ;
L’humilité mon unique grandeur.

“ Ah ! que j’exerce un touchant ministère !
Je dois du pauvre adoucir la douleur.
De l’orphelin essuyer la paupière,
Faire couler les larmes du pécheur ;
Je l’affermis à son moment suprême,
En lui montrant son divin Rédempteur,
Qui s’est fait homme et qui mourut lui-même ;
Pour expier sa faute et son erreur.

“ O grandeur de la charité !—
Oh ! que Jésus la récompense !—
Il ennoblit par sa présence
La douleur et l’infirmité ;
Et le haillon sur le pauvre jeté
Couvre à nos yeux le Dieu de Majesté.”

BY A SŒUR DE CHARITÉ.

The Káim-makám, or local Governor, is a scion of the house of Sheháb. The Kadi, the priests, and all the notables came out to meet me, and when the others arrived we had a merry dinner and pleasant evening, with the best of hospitality, in the house of Yúsuf Beg.

October 17th.—I started next day separately with Yúsuf Beg. We rode over a very bad country for four hours, crossing the mountain Jebel Rihán to Mashgharah. It was oppressively hot, and I was so overcome with drowsiness, that on reaching a fine shady walnut tree I dismounted and slept. It was all hard work, ascents, windings, descents, as steep as a bank, and narrow ledges with deep drops, and pointed rocks, which always tired the horses severely. Mashgharah is a pretty village, with good water. The two mountains are covered with green up to a certain height. On the side of that to our left the village is situated, and the river runs in the hollow between them. The water is delicious, and we went straight to the Ain for the benefit of our thirsty horses. In this poor little place there were actually three shops, where we bought pottery, baskets, and gaudy handkerchiefs. The Shaykh begged of us not to pitch our tents, but to go to

his house, where we had a supper of rice and chickens. We were Captain Burton and I, Hanna Misk, three Begs, a deputy from the absent Káim-makám, the priest, the Shaykh, and several others. I saw forty intrigues around the bowl of rice that night, all dipping the hand into the same dish, and silently making plans one against another. All the men of the party slept on the divans of the reception room, and I returned to the Harím.

October 18th.—Captain Burton was in the saddle betimes, with Hanna Misk. I rose at leisure, breakfasted with Yúsuf Beg, and then had a slow ride of five hours over bad country, across El Shuf el Biyad, Jebel ed Dahar, and Wady et Taym, to Rasheyyah. This town is situated on two high hills, where there is no water. Scarcely were our tents pitched when, without any provocation, the Greek Orthodox party fastened on our Maronite boy, Habíb. About two hundred of them set upon him, and I saw their priest cheering them on from the roof of a house. Druze chiefs came from all parts to visit us, and thus we were able to settle the assault on conditions highly favourable to us.

On the 19th we rose before daylight to ascend Mount Hermon. It was easy enough at first, but gradually became more difficult. I was well mounted, and rode up three-quarters of the way. We reached the summit at 10.30 p.m., when we breakfasted, and inspected the three-headed mountain. The highest, which shares with Tabor a claim to be the scene of the Transfiguration, we made our resting-place. We put up a Kákú, or pile of stones, for a remembrance, and we found a cave. The view was beautiful. We could see the outlines of Damascus, and Jayrúd, Nebk, Kutarfí, the Lejá, the Haurán, Kunatra, the Sea of Galilee, Tiberias, the mountains of Samaria, Ajlún (Gilead), Balad es Shakif, B'sharah, Carmel, Acre, Tyre, Saida (Sidon), and Beyrout.

The only live animal was a large hare startled from its form on the ascent. We read and wrote, slept and smoked, and talked over plans of camping up here in the cave for a week, the only difficulty being water. Later in the afternoon we came down sliding with poles, tumbling over loose stones, and laughing proportionately at our disasters. We had hardly a shoe left in the party, and our garments were torn to rags. When the steepest part was over, we diverged slightly to the left, and came to a little piece of water bordered by stones and wild thyme, where our poor horses drank their fill, it being their first chance to-day. My second horse, Harfúsh, had a colic, and nearly died. We rode down in the dark, and only reached our tents at bedtime.

October 20th.—We rose late, as it rained hard, and breakfasted with Druzes, and Hamad Nofal of El Kufayr arrived—a good specimen of his race. We paid a number of calls, one to the Greek Bishop, Matran Misail, of Súr and Saida, a very charming and civilized prelate. We saw all over Rasheyyah, and attended to School business for the Missions.

Shaykh Yúsuf Zaki, a funny little old man, and Hamad Nofal dined with Captain Burton, Hanna Misk, and myself, in the school-room, where they also slept. I preferred the tents, though it was very cold. I will never sleep in a house when I can find a tent, unless the wind is too high.

October 21st.—Captain Burton started early by a route of his own. The Greek Bishop called upon me, so politeness obliged me to set out late.

We had a very painful mountain descent. Poor Jiryus, the Sais, a burly fellow from Nebk, walked by my side for a mile, and then kissing my hand with many blessings, for I had always been good to him, and made him the good groom that he was, he threw his arms round Selím's neck, and kissed his muzzle; then he sat down on a rock and burst into tears. He had been dismissed for disobeying orders. My heart ached for him, and I cried too. Shaykh Ahmad and I descended the steep mountain side, and then galloped over the plain till we came to water, and Bedawin feeding their flocks. He gave one fine savage a push, and roughly ordered him to hold my horse and milk his goats for me. The man refused, and made a stand just as sturdily. "What!" I said very gently; "do you, a Bedawin, refuse a little hospitality to a tired and thirsty woman?" "O lady!" he replied, quickly, "I will do anything for you, you speak so softly, but I won't be ordered about by this big Druze fellow." I was pleased with his manliness. He took my horse, ordered the others to milk the goats, and let our horses drink at the stream; and then we all sat by the water in good humour again. I left them with a good bakhshish, and galloped on for four or five hours, till we came to a pretty spot below Hasbeyyah. Our camp was by a river fringed with green and bushes, and on the hill above us stood the town.

Early in the morning (22nd) our divan was arranged under the trees near the river, and Salím Beg Shems came to visit us, with two fine gazelle dogs, which my bull-terrier showed a disposition to worry, though they were fourteen times his size. He breakfasted with us, and we amused him by showing him our guns and pistols. We then rode up to Hasbeyyah with him. The soldiers turned out to salute

us. We visited first the Serai, where we had coffee and pipes. Then I visited the Harim of Salim Beg Shems. A number of schoolmistresses and teachers came to see us, this being a branch of the British Syrian establishment, and we visited the schools in return. The roads or paths were exceedingly bad. We then went to look at the Sources of the Jordan, which are under a rock projecting like a slanting slab, a water about the size of a minute garden-pond. The place is green with figs and oleanders, growing in extensive clumps upon the sand strip, and were now covered with their beautiful pink flowers. The Sources of the Jordan are usually marked on maps and guide-books at Banias. I wonder why? We then visited the bitumen mines belonging to Hanna Misk. It is wonderful how much he does with very poor resources. His arrangement for letting men up and down was very dangerous. It consisted of a rickety basket, with a single half-worn-out rope. My husband, in spite of my entreaties, insisted on going down, but the proprietor was much too wise to do likewise. There was no ventilation below, and the whole thing was worked as it might have been 500 years back in England. Considering all things, the accidents were few. The little bits were all put into large boxes and melted down; there were large cauldrons simmering night and day, and nothing appeared to be wasted. We gave the miners a sheep, and there was great merry-making.

Our camp was curious and not uninteresting. This time, being pitched upon a low ground close to a river, with burning heat by day and cold dews by night, I got fever, and next day, when they made an excursion to the village of Hamad Nofal, I was unable to move. They put a divan under the trees by the water, where the shade was pleasant and refreshing, and I lay in a kind of stupor all day, until they returned at night.

October 24th.—By dawn I heard a noise as if of quarrelling, and thinking it was some of our servants, I called out from my tent, “Uskut ya hú” (“Hold thy tongue, O he”); but it appeared that it was Shaykh Hamad and Hanna Misk quarrelling about the corn.

Shortly after the Shaykh came to my tent, asked leave to enter, and informed me in a very dignified tone that he wished to go home. A hint had been given to me of what was going on, so I laughed and explained, refusing to allow him to depart. We rode slowly for five hours along the Wady et Taym—slowly, for I was really very ill,—breakfasting under the trees; and as soon as our camp was settled at Banias under a grove of olive trees, I went to bed with ague and fever, which lasted all night. I was very glad to find our tents there—roughing it on the ground would have been very trying.

October 25th.—We were not idle to-day, for much was to be seen : the ruins of the old town, the present village, the castle on a height, the Cave of Pan. The temple which Herod erected to Augustus Cæsar is demolished, but there are traces of it. The Cave of Pan is large, and has a fig tree growing out of a crevice. The ground is covered with dry, cakey mud. Here the Sources of the Jordan appear for the second time. The first I have mentioned near Hasbeyyah. The water trickling from beneath this cakey mud disappears under big stones ; then it bubbles up, separated into eight or nine streams. We bathed and drank, and brought water away in bottles. Above the cave is the tomb of a daughter of Jacob (?). When we returned to the tents, we beheld at no great distance some other tents, flying the English flag. We immediately hailed each other, and paid mutual visits. We accompanied the new-comers to the cave and fountain during a magnificent sunset. They gave us an invitation to dinner, which we accepted, and enjoyed our evening very much ; but I paid for my dissipation by a night of fever. My sleep was partially broken by a foal which would remain in my tent nibbling in the sacks of corn, and lashing out her little hoofs at my bed every time I ventured to remonstrate.

October 26th.—We were both of us up and off early. Our new acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, kindly sent me “Lothair” to take on my way. We saluted each other with a discharge of small-arms from our camps as we went our ways. Ali Beg Ahmadi and his cavalry came to escort me, and Shaykh Hamad and many others remained with me. Captain Burton, Hanna Misk, and the Christians rode off by another path betimes.

We had a delicious gallop over the plain of Ghyam, which is part of the Ard el Húleh, through which runs the Jordan, and over the plain of Abbs, another portion of the same, cultivated and rich, but full of swamps. This river valley of the Jordan is flanked by the mountains. Before us was Mount Hermon and the Kunayterah, and the waters of Merom, and beyond that—though we could not see so far—we knew lay the lower Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. The ride did me good. At last we came to the tents, an encampment of thick matting and sticks, guarded by the most uncouth, bearish, hyena-ish dogs I ever saw. Here we stopped and drank milk with the Bedawin. I found a man at death’s door ; I gave him some Warburg’s drops, and a little bottle with directions. He afterwards came to me strong and well, and with a heart full of gratitude.

It was a tantalizing day. The lake appeared at no great distance,

and instead of riding straight to it we diverged all day, up and down, in and out, to avoid the marshy, rushy places. This, too, under a burning sun, without a breath of air till night, and I actually found my good strong horse flagging. What a rich land this would be if properly drained and planted; now it teems with luxuriant rankness, as does all the valley of the Jordan, and fever and death. We pitched our tents under a large tree, divided from the lake by papyrus swamps,—a most unwholesome spot, where we were punished by flies and mosquitoes, and the tents were full of crawling things. We all got headache at once. However, we pitched and prepared our tents, and groomed our horses, meaning to move on next day.

Bahret el Húleh, the waters of Merom,* also called Lake Semachonitis, a small, blue, triangular lake, is the first of the three basins of the Jordan.

Our dinner was amusing. We had all sorts of people at it. We sat round the dish of rice and chicken, plunging our hands into it—Bedawi fashion—all at once. They are very dexterous in rolling balls of rice in their hands, and then they shy them at their mouths, catching them and swallowing them as a dog does a bit of bread. They vie with one another who can make and toss the largest ball; in the same manner they feed their camels. At first I used to leave the dinner hungry, which taught me to use my hands better. Many choice morsels of fat were put into my mouth by those who were privileged to pay me the compliment.

We passed an awful night, and could not sleep for many reasons, the stifling heat being one. Then came a hurricane of wind, torrents of rain, and thunder and lightning, which discomfited me, because we were camped under the only tree in the plain. It was very dark, and the mosquitoes and fleas were legion. We spent the dark hours in holding our tent-poles against the wind, and in digging trenches outside to let the water off.

October 27th.—The same weather continued all this day, with fearful storms of thunder and lightning. There was no food for man, and none for the horses, which was much worse. Every one was ill, and nobody was able to move or work. I turned all the mares, mules, and donkeys loose, to pick their own living, and muleteers and Sais led the horses with long halters to green patches. We spent the day reorganizing our baggage, and tidying the tents. The beds were filled with water, and everything became a mass of unsavoury black mud. The trunks had constantly to be removed, the crevices filled

* The waters of Merom are chiefly mentioned in Scripture in Joshua ii. 5, 6, 7.

up, the tents made "taut" with ropes and waterproofs. No dry clothes were to be had. I piled up some trunks and sat at the top of them, and devoured "Lothair" at all the times that were free from work. I remember how curiously the descriptions of the refined houses of England read, whilst sitting amid black mud in the centre of desolation, surrounded by feverish swamps. Yet the life was of my own choosing—my own seeking; it suited me, with all its drawbacks. We must have some moments of inconvenience, and I would not have exchanged it for the old life.

October 28th.—We were up betimes, and finding the encampment so unpleasant, I begged of my husband not to abide there. Leaving tents and baggage to strike, pack, load, and follow, we collected a few followers, saddled our horses, mounted, and waded them through the water, scrambled over stones and slippery rocks, in and out of mud and slush for two hours, till we touched the mountain roots and began to ascend the sides. We climbed for two hours and a half, and arrived at a large Arab encampment of seventy-two tents under a rich Shaykh, Hadi Abd Allah. He instantly gave us hospitality—barley for our horses, and food for ourselves. The Bedawin were all yellow and sickly, and, even up at this height, dying like sheep of fever, from the miasma arising out of the plain. They had lost many children—a doubly deep sorrow when sons. One boy was dying as I entered. Our tents came up to us that day with all our belongings; we stayed with the tribe, and I doctored them all round with quinine and Warburg's drops. For those not too far gone I left remedies and directions. To those who were incurable—especially children—I gave the only benefit in my power—I baptised them. I never use my water-flask till the last moment, as I know that who is born in a faith will live in it. But when the last moment arrives, I endeavour to give to all our hope of heaven.

Our next encampment was also very interesting. The Amir Hasan Faghúr, of the Fazli tribe, is really an Arab Amir, and I believe the only Bedawi Amir in Syria. He heard of our being in the neighbourhood, and came with some of his tribe to invite and escort us to his camp, about five hours away. We had a delightful ride, ascending the Jebel Haush, through a forest of stunted bushes, and at last we arrived at its summit—a plateau with a camp of three hundred tents. The Bedawin came out to meet us, mounted, and armed with their lances. The reception-tent was about fifty feet long, and contained two divans, each twenty-five feet long. The retainers immediately cleared a space for our camp; corn was brought, and our horses were

picketed. There was an excellent dinner on a large scale in the Amir's tent that night, lambs and kids roasted whole, stuffed with pistachios and rice, bowls of Leben, unleavened bread, honey, and butter of their own making. Bowls of clear, sparkling water stood for us to drink. Wine or spirits they do not know. We were divided into several groups, the principal people composing ours, and every group having their own dish.

I often think with regret of the strange scenes which became a second nature to me: of those dark, fierce men, in their gaudy, flowing costumes, lying about in various attitudes, the fire or the moonlight lighting them up; the divans and the pipes, the Narghilehs and coffee; of their wild, mournful songs, of their war-dances, and of their story-telling, in which love and war are the only and blending subjects. There is something in an Eastern man's voice peculiarly seductive. The women's are shrill, discordant, and nasal; they put your teeth on an edge, and *vous agacent les nerfs*. The commonest Moslem, Druze, Kurd, Afghan, or Bedawi, has a soft yet guttural accent, that comes from the chest, in which there is passion and repose—it is rich and strong, but restrained; it becomes music when reciting, and tells upon the ear like the sighing of the distant wind, or like the gondolier serenades of Venice as they come floating along the water, under the shimmer of the harvest moon. I have heard that rare voice but once or twice in Europeans, and that was because they had lived in the East, or had Tuscan mothers; and there is a laziness and yet a virility in the Spanish voice that reminds me slenderly of the Oriental.

The Easterns have also a magnetic power which they fortunately ignore, as a horse his strength, or they would use it dangerously. It is natural to them to exhale electricity, and those susceptible to mesmerism should be aware of it. This is also a rare European quality, but I have met with it, in which case I often suspect Semitic blood.

Bedawi women dress in a long blue skirt with large hanging sleeves; the long hair floats down the back; some tribes tattoo blue patterns on their lips, faces, and bodies, but the tribes paint differently, as all have their separate device. They wear nose-rings—generally in one nostril—and all the ornaments they can get—chiefly of glass—bought in the towns. If a woman has a child, a husband who can afford it gives her a camel to suckle the babe, which she returns when the child is weaned. The women rise with the light, feed the sheep, milk the camels, and do all the work. In the morning the shepherds and slaves drive off the flocks; the women make bread by turns, and

it is eaten hot, with draughts of camel's or goat's milk. In the evening the food consists of a hodge-podge of rice or "Burghol" flour and milk. Some are told off to repair the tents, and spin the staff of sheep-wool or camel-hair. The fighting men are lazy, but if news of a *Ghazu* approaches the camp, they spring to their horses, and are gone in an instant. The shepherds, who are the outposts, give a *Sihar*, or peculiar cry, and they scud away in all directions. The women catch the colts, and then begins a life and death struggle, with a general "bolt" for the vanquished, especially if it is a "Thár," or blood feud. A quiet *Rahíl*, or march, follows sudden news of an approaching danger. The order is given for to-morrow, to collect their stragglers. They strike tents, pack up, and move in close line by night without speaking; and unless a baby cries or a colt whinnies, they would pass an enemy close and never be heard.

They are very romantic, and have desperate love affairs. It is their invariable custom, which, curiously enough, does not spoil the race, to marry first cousins, counting only on the father's side. The eldest male first-cousin claims his eldest first-cousin as his right. He will, however, allow her to marry if he does not want her, especially if he gets a mare, or some camels, as a *douceur*. Foster brothers and sisters become blood relations.

The woman of the settled Arab, in all classes of life, as a rule lives thus:—the husband rises in the morning, she brings his soap and water, and he washes his hands and face. She gives him his breakfast and *Narghileh*, and then he goes out. If he is good he will look after his fields, his vineyards, his silkworms, his shop, or whatever he has. If he is not a steady man he will lounge in the bath and smoke with his friends, neglecting his business. She cleans her house, prepares the evening meal. On his return she must bring him water to wash his hands and face, and she will sit on the floor and wash his feet. She gives him his coffee, sherbet, and *Narghileh*. Then she brings his dinner, and whilst he eats she stands and waits upon him, with arms crossed over the breast, and eyes humbly cast down. She dares not speak unless he speaks to her, and does everything to please him. She then gives him his coffee and pipe, and leaves him to spend the evening as he pleases. This sounds cruel, but when the pressure of the master's presence is taken off the Eastern woman, she is not half so nice in the common classes. Then she sits in a corner of the room on the floor, and takes the remainder of the dinner with her children, and most probably she sleeps with them. Besides all this, the poorer orders must not only do the whole housework—

lighting fires, boiling water, and cooking dinner—but clean the house, attend to the children, wait on the husband, draw and carry water on her head, break the wood for three or four hours, milk the cows, feed the sheep and goats, drive them to drink, dig the fields, cut the corn, make and bake bread—in fact, all the hard drudge of both man and woman.

The higher classes of large towns who have grown sufficiently rich, and scraped up a European idea or two, pride themselves on doing nothing but dress, paint, lounge on divans, with Narghilehs and coffee, sweets, scents, and gossip, and spend several hours in the Turkish bath; they grow fat and yellow, waddling and unwieldy. There is much of this in grand Syrian life. They only see the men of their family, just like the rest, unless they love *en cachette*, and then, if they find an opportunity, may converse with uncovered face; but woe betide the lovers if the police or the relatives get wind of it, through a servant or an enemy. If a husband comes back to a home made uncomfortable by a careless, foolish wife, he will apply the stick to her without remorse, but not brutally or injuriously, and if she answers or uses foul language, he will pick off his shoe and strike her on the mouth. But do not be squeamish, my British readers—read our own police reports, and think the Syrian husband an angel. There are no gouged-out eyes, no ribs broken by “running kicks,” and no smashing with the hammer and the poker. This is simply a neglected man asserting his rights with a few stripes in the privacy of his house—not a shameful street brawl under the influence of drink.

The Bedawin pride themselves on having much more intelligence and refinement, romance and poetry, than the settled Arab races; they have an especial contempt for the Fellahin. One day a Bedawi threw this in the face of a Christian Fellah. They had some high words about it, upon which the Bedawi said, “Well, thou shalt come to our tents. I will ask my daughter but three questions, we will note her answers. I will accompany thee to thy village, and thou shalt ask thy daughter the same three questions, and we will compare her language with my daughter’s. Both are uneducated. My daughter knows naught but nature’s language. Thine may have seen something of towns or villages, and passers-by, and have some advantage over mine.”

They first went to the camp.

Bedawi father—“O my daughter!”

Girl—“Here I am, O my father!”

Father—“Take our horses and picket them.”

The ground was stony, and she hammered at the peg.

Girl—"My father, I knocked the iron against the stone, but the ground will not open to receive her visitor."

"Change it, O my daughter!"

At dinner her father knew he had rice on his beard, and that the girl was ashamed.

"What is it, O my daughter?"

"My father, the gazelles are feeding in a valley full of grass!"

He understood, and wiped his beard.

"Wake us early, O my daughter!"

"Yes, my father."

She called him—"My father, the light is at hand."

"How dost thou know, O my daughter?"

"The anklets are cold to my feet—I smell the flowers on the river bank, and the sun-bird is singing."

Thence they went to the Fellah's village. It was now his turn.

Fellah—"My daughter!"

Girl—"What do you want, father?"

"Take our horses and picket them."

The ground being hard she hammered uselessly, and losing temper threw down the stone, crying—

"I have knocked it so hard, and it won't go in."

"Change it then, girl!"

At dinner he purposely dropped some rice on his beard. She pointed at him, began to laugh, and said, "Wipe your chin, my father."

On going to bed he said, "Wake us early, my daughter!"

"Yes, father," she replied.

"Father," she called at dawn, "get up; it is daylight!"

"How do you know, my daughter?"

"My stomach is empty, I want to eat."

The Fellah was obliged to acknowledge the superiority of a Bedawi household over his own.

I wrote a very literal specimen of a few of the verses that used to be recited in camp on these delicious evenings; but as the Arabic lines will be useless to an English reader, I give only the translation

"Ali, all the Bedawi girls love you;
Their first-born and even the camels want you;
Ah! they would still love you if you goaded them,
So offerings from Homs and Hamah came to you.

"Ali, the glory and the Lion of our Desert,
Who spreads our grounds with silk and velvet;
Ali, who rules the lion and the tiger in peace,
And who put the mustachios on a level with the beard.

"The eyes—O Allah!—longing after him,
Full of sorrow—my heart after him;
Accursed be the sleep of my eyes after him;
He fled, and left me no happiness.

"The tears flow down my cheeks like two rivulets,
A little ship sailed on my tears;
Right he who couples death and exile,
The longing eyes find not their lover.

"Tears fall down my cheeks like a stranger's,
And my tears sailed the little stranger ship;
I want thee not, O life! in this strange land,
The longing eyes find not their lover."

To continue my story of travel. When we went to our tents we lay down on our respective rugs, and I had put out the light, when my husband called to me from the other side, "Come quick, I am stung by a scorpion!" I struck a match, and ran over to his rug and looked at the place he pointed to; but there was a mere speck of blood, and I was convinced it was only a big black ant. He did not mind that, so I lay down again. Hardly had I done so when he called out, "Come quick again, I know it is a scorpion!" I again struck a light, ran over, plunged my hand inside the shirt near the throat, and drew it out quickly, with the scorpion hanging by its crab-like claws to my finger. I shook it off and killed it, but it did not sting me, being, I suppose, unable to manage it a third time. I rubbed some strong smelling-salts into his wounds, having no liquid ammonia; he was very pale, so I ran off to the provision-box, where I fortunately found some Raki. I made him drink it, to keep the poison away from the heart. He then slept, and awoke in the morning quite well.

The Harím was numerous. They all had brown faces, tattooed blue, and their lips dyed blue. From them I learnt the "skeleton of the camp," which the men were too proud and self-concentrated to show grief for before us. The Amir's daughter, a beautiful girl, aged seventeen, and engaged to be married, had died the day before our arrival of fever. Yet, true to his Eastern stoicism, philosophy, or fatality, he had been able to smother his grief, to summon his best men, and come out with all that pomp to invite and escort us to his

camp, to prepare this reception for us without ever letting us suspect a trouble; and he and the brothers and the lover were the most prominent and attentive to our comforts and amusements. I then learnt that the Bedawi of this encampment were dying in their tents of fever, like the others, though they were in the purest air. So I got out the medicine chest, and performed the same offices for them that I did for Hadi Abd Allah's encampment.

Our next move was to Mejdal Esh Shems, in the district called Iklim el Bellam, passing Birket er Ram, or Lake Phiala, a little round lake, of which more hereafter. Our cavalcade was large, and we had a splendid ride. Mejdal is a village beautifully situated, high up on the declivity of a mountain defile. It is a Druze stronghold, fighting and turbulent. We were, as usual, received and treated like relatives. Our next move was a ride of three hours over stony mountains to another mixed Druze and Christian village—Bayt Jenn,—where we pitched our camp at sunset on a cold bit of ground. Captain Burton went to a house, because it would have offended the Shaykh to refuse his hospitality. I always preferred the tents to the “stiffness” of a room. After supper I asked leave to return to my own quarters, and slept well, in spite of damp and wild dogs.

The women here wore antique earrings of gold and stones, and many-coloured beads and coins. The head was covered by a fez or Tarbush, and to it were attached long, black, silken-braided plaits, to look like hair, ending with knots and piastres and chains below the waist. It looked very nice, especially on a pretty girl or a young child. Whilst here we received an invitation to a Druze wedding at Arneh, only two hours farther, a village at the foot of Jebel esh Shaykh (Mount Hermon), and just above which rise the sources of the Awaj, which waters El Kunayterah. Captain Burton went off a different way. Whenever we separated, the object was to get information of both routes to our meeting-place, and thus to save time and to learn more. On meeting we used to join our notes together.

Shaykh Hamad and I and others did our work very leisurely, walking and riding, and after two hours we descended a steep, and beheld Arneh in a hollow at the foot of Hermon. From afar we could see and hear the festivities. It was the marriage of the Shaykh's daughter. All the fighting men came out of the village with guns to meet me, and we came in for a very gay affair. Firstly, all the surrounding Druze villages, about ten in number, arrived by troops, and each was received with honour. The different costumes and coloured dresses were very interesting. We had dancing in the open air, and

then some wandering mountebanks performed. Next the bridegroom, a boy of fifteen, was carried by two men, who made a cat's-cradle with their hands, upon which he knelt, putting an arm round each neck. When the sword-dance was over, I was invited to the bride's house, where all the Haríms were assembled. Every woman was dressed in her best costume and jewellery; all were singing, dancing, and snapping their fingers like castanets. The bride came to receive me very naturally, and with a modest simplicity. She was a pretty Druze girl of fifteen or sixteen. The long black hair fell down her back, surmounted by a red fez and silken plaits. She had on a Damascus embroidered jacket, a white silken skirt, showing the bosom and black bodice, a broad red belt, which descended behind like a modern pannier, or little tunic; Turkish trowsers of white linen, clasped at the ankle; a short black tight-fitting skirt surmounted them, covered with silver dangling things, so that whenever she moved she jingled like a charger in his trappings.

The bridegroom was a small, plain boy in red boots, black tunic and surtout; purple waistcoat, a fez tied on with a silk bandanna, and a huge cotton comforter round his neck, as if he had a cold; in the girdle were a Tasbih, or Masbahah (Mohammedan rosary), and a dagger half a yard long. She was very picturesque; and though he was rich, he decidedly had the best of it.

The other women wore white veils and "wedding garments," which were over their ordinary robes, and were of bright and different colours. The men were a blaze of fezzes, jackets, silk belts large, trowsers, and boots, all as red as red could be. I need not say that there were nomen in the Harím; even the bridegroom was not admitted. Whilst we were in the midst of our Harím fun, the girls blew out all the lights, and we were left in the dark. The bride ran and threw her arms round me—for protection perhaps,—and then commenced such a romping and screaming, and pinching and pulling one another about, like school-girls. This was evidently considered a great frolic. Then after a few minutes they lit the candles again. At last the bride, robed in Izár and veiled, mounted the horse *en cavalier*, and went round to pay her last visit to her neighbours. Coming back, the bride and the bridegroom met in the street, both parties from opposite directions. She stood up in her stirrups three times, but still veiled and covered, to show herself to the people; and he was carried between two men as before. Then we returned to her father's house, where she sat on a kind of raised dais in the fainting attitude which I have before described. Every few moments she slowly

raised her hands to her veil, lowered it, showed us her face, and replaced it. After this had been done three times, she came down, and a space was cleared. The women sang to music, and she danced for us with great grace, and told us whole pantomimes. There was a brusqueness in her dancing equal to the Spanish women's, yet poetry and passion were there too. We all know that Arab dancing can be made vulgar, but it is only the low who do this, to amuse their fellows; and this girl's dancing was beautiful.

I was curious to see how they would comport themselves towards each other if the pair were allowed to meet, and thought it a pity that the bridegroom should not see her to such advantage. I do not think that Druze or Moslem wives dance before their husbands after marriage, so I asked if it might be allowed on account of my being there. This great privilege was conceded; the bridegroom was allowed to come into the Harím and to see his bride dance. She modestly went up and kissed his hand, and then, averting her face, they never looked at each other again. I could see that she was glad of the chance of showing herself to advantage before him; but, dancing with a handkerchief in either hand, she always contrived to hide her face from him. He returned in about an hour to his father's house and men friends.

At midnight we formed a procession to take her to the bridegroom's house, with music, singing, dancing, snapping of fingers, and loud cries of "Yallah! Yallah!" which lasted till 2 a.m. Then the Harím proceeded to undress the bride. We were up all night, watching, and joining different branches of the festivities.

Eastern domestic usages appear to us very public, even in the most private matters. The greatest fun seems to be preparing the bride for the wedding, which lasts several days, perhaps a fortnight. The Turkish bath, the diet, the plucking of the eyebrows, the Henna, and the hosts of cosmetics, are studies in which the Harím takes the greatest delight. Old women are always employed in these matters, and it is wonderful how they can have learnt or imagined all they know.

The next day the bridegroom paid us his farewell visit at a very early hour. We set out again, and breakfasted at a small Druze village, Rímeh, where it was very cold, with wind and rain. We found in a stable a stone with an inscription, which Captain Burton thought worth a visit. We then had a mountain ride, and arrived at Búkkásim, a small settlement on the borders of the Druze territory. Here our escort were to take leave of us; and one of the Shaykhs, as

fine a specimen as could anywhere be seen, expressed their universal sorrow. What would be almost a love speech in Europe, is in their language only an honest and affectionate expression of good fellowship; it is said between man and man, and before a whole tribe. "Allah be with you and your house," they said to me when they kissed my hand; "I would we had never seen you, for the sake of this parting. If you loved a stone I would put it in my bosom, and if you hated the moon I would not sit under its rays." This meant, in our prosaic tongue, "Your enemies are our enemies, your friends our friends." As we rode away I could see them for three-quarters of an hour, standing on a high rock to watch us out of sight, one or two of them with their faces buried in their mare's necks. These are the manners that make Europeans seem boorish and cold.

Jendell is perched on a height, and we had a dreary ride over never-ending hills, and finally reached the skirt of the Damascus plain, El Ghutah. Katana is a Moslem village, with a brook and trees, a little patch of verdure, surrounded by far-stretching wastes. We took our *siesta* by the water, and were sorry to be out of the Druze country.

We now had three hours' gallop, without drawing rein, over the barren plain, which brought us to Mizzeh, the village I have before mentioned as being on the borders of the Damascus oasis, with one side looking on the sand.

There I lost Kubbi, my donkey, who was running loose like a dog. We constantly passed caravans outward bound, and as I never looked after him I did not miss him. He probably recognized some old friend in a passing troop, and turned to follow. Our Afghan Kawwás tracked him, and brought him back next day, though the man who had taken possession of him did not want to give him up under £20. No matter what Mohammed had to do, he did it thoroughly. If Captain Burton wanted a culprit that had run away, he said, "Bring me So-and-so, Mohammed!" "Eywallah, yá Sidi Beg!" ("Yes, by Allah, my Lord Beg!"), he would go off saying, "if he were in Jehannum I will have him out." Once he brought a man struggling and kicking under his arm, and put him down before his Consul, saying, "There he is, your Excellency."

We reached Mizzeh with burning eye-balls, and throat, chest, lips and tongue parched with feverish thirst. You who hunger and thirst for a face you love, think you behold it, and you may form some idea of the sensation of gliding out of the furnace of the waste into cool

shades and bubbling waters. My house seemed a palace, and my welcome was warm.

2nd of November was the usual day of settling, unpacking, paying off troops of camels, mules, donkeys and hired horses, of cleaning weapons and saddlery, of drawing horses' shoes, of bran mashes, and of littering the stables with soft bedding. Kubbi now relieves guard, and does the town work.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WEDDING OF THE WALI'S DAUGHTER—THE DAMASCUS SWAMPS—
 MOHAMMED DUKHI'S CAMP—SAFETY OF LETTERS AT BEYROUT—AN
 OFFICIAL VISIT—HOW I TORE OFF THE DIAMONDS—THE MEZRABS—
 MOHAMMED AGHA, THE KAWWÁS-BASHI OF THE CONSULATE—THE
 FAMINE OF THE WINTER 1870-71.

ON November 14th I was invited to the Wali's Harím, for the wedding of his daughter with the son of Saîb Effendi. It was a great occasion, and a more splendid Eastern wedding I was not likely to see again. It lasted five days and nights, the men celebrating it in one house, and the women in another. The Seraglio consisted of the Koranic maximum, four wives and two assistant wives, besides the Wali's mother, sisters, aunts and cousins, with all their slaves. The other great Haríms were likewise invited, and we mustered several hundred. It was a grand sight. My friend and I were amongst the *intimes*, and were treated *en famille*. The dresses were wonderful in richness and gaudiness: diamonds blazed everywhere; but there was one very remarkable usage which took my fancy. The best women dressed in a plain Cashmere robe of *negligé* shape, and wore no ornaments, but loaded all their riches on one or two of their slaves, as if to say, in school-girls' parlance, "Now, girls! if you want to see my things, there they are. I have them, but it is too great a bore to carry them myself; and you can inspect and turn Mirjánáh and Hassúnah about as much as you like."

Our amusements were those which I have described a dozen times. Some days we had native music, singing and dancing, followed by *tours de force* by a German strolling mountebankess, and her tiny son; this they thought very clever.

About twelve o'clock at night on the eve of the wedding, a long procession of female relatives, friends, and slaves wound into the large hall, where we, the invited, all sat around the walls. Every woman in the procession bore branches of lights. The bride was in the middle, supported as usual on either side. She was a beautiful girl of about

fifteen or sixteen; her magnificent chestnut hair swept in two great tresses below her waist, knotted and studded with pearls. She was dressed in velvet, *couleur sang de bœuf*, encrusted with diamonds and pearls. She wore a velvet fez, also half hidden by precious stones; diamond stars were glued to either cheek, the chin, and forehead, and they were rather in the way of our kissing her, for they scratched the face. She was a determined, spirited-looking girl, as well as beautiful, and she had been crying bitterly because she did not want to be married. She had never seen the happy man; she doated upon her father, and she was happy at home. She used to ride as well as any man, Turkish fashion, in Izár with veiled face, and I suppose she thought that this tiresome marriage would spoil all her girlish frolics. She came in with the procession, and sat on the divan, receiving all our congratulations, looking rather like a naughty child that would like to scream and kick.

On the marriage-day we were up betimes. The Harím had begged of me to wear an English ball-dress, that they might see what it was; so I said—"I will do what you ask, but I know you will be shocked." "Oh no," they replied; "we are quite sure we shall be delighted." So I wore a white *glacé* silk skirt, a turquoise blue tunic and corsage, the whole affair looped up and trimmed with blush roses, and the same in my hair. They turned me round and round, and often asked me if I were not cold; if it were true that strange men danced with us one after another, and put their arms round our waists; and if we did not feel dreadfully ashamed; and if we sat and ate and drank with them. I described a European ball by interpreter, for they spoke Turkish, which was greeted with choruses of *Máshálláhs*.

By my side, and more thorough-bred looking than anybody, like an Oriental queen, was my English friend who resides at Damascus, and the charming young wife of Signor Castelli, our Italian Consul, whose *toilettes* were fresh from Italy. The marriage was a simple but most touching ceremony. We were all assembled in the great hall; the Wali entered, accompanied by the women of the family; the bride advanced weeping bitterly, and knelt and kissed her father's feet. The poor man, choking with emotion, which he could hardly suppress, raised her and clasped a girdle of diamonds round her waist, which was before ungirdled. It is part of her dower. No one can unclasp it but her husband, and this concludes the ceremony.

Shortly afterwards she was borne in a procession to the bridegroom's house; her own father and his father received her at the door.

The young man then knelt and kissed his father's feet, and embraced his father-in-law; he handed up his bride, still veiled, to a bower-like throne, decorated in Christmas-tree fashion, where she sat and received the kisses and congratulations of all the women present. After about half an hour she was conducted to a private room by a female relative, and he by a male relative. The door was shut, and the band played a joyous strain. I asked what was going to happen, and they told me that the bridegroom was allowed to raise her veil, to unclasp her belt, and to speak a few words to her, in the presence of both relatives. This is the first time they have seen each other. What an age of reward or punishment must be concentrated into that one moment for an Eastern woman.

After this *grande émotion* they are conducted back. The guests do not retire until midnight, and then they are left to themselves.

This marriage proved happy. I visited them two days afterwards, according to custom, and two months later I saw that they were really attached to each other; indeed, he would have been very hard to please had it been otherwise. I must not forget to say that, when the Wali was entering the Harim, the women ran and fetched a shawl to cover me. The precaution was useless; considering he had received part of his education in Paris.

November 19th.—We rode over to Jobár and Jeramáneh, to meet Mr. Wright. On starting, as we meant to go further, we had a small escort of free-lances, headed by Mohammed Agha, brother of Da'ás of Jayrúd, who had volunteered for Palmyra. Our object was to ride across the Ghutah and the Merj, or Damascus, plains, into the Wady el Ajam. The swamps marked on the maps as a day's journey from Damascus are, the Bahrat el 'Utaybah, the Bahrat el Hijánah, Bahrat Bálá, and the Matkh B'rák. *En route* we passed through El Rassúleh, where are the ruins of a Christian church, fourteen and a half steps, a cross on a corner stone, and an inscription on a column.

It was Saturday, and Mr. Wright, having parochial duties, reluctantly took leave of us here; we had our guns with us, and we were able to get a shot at wild duck now and then.

Our escort soon perceived that we were riding far out into the Desert, towards the direction where the dreaded Mohammed Dukhi was known to camp, and they began those well-known feints of making their horses curvet, prance, and wheel in circles, as if they had suddenly become unmanageable. Every round became so much larger, that they dropped out of sight one by one. Mohammed Agha, the Jayrúdi, was cleverer; he pretended to cast a shoe, and to stop to

put it on. Towards sunset Captain Burton and I found ourselves left alone with our personal attendants.

We reached the encampment of the Wuld Ali next day. When first they saw the two dusky figures galloping across the sand, they rode out to meet us with their lances couched, but as soon as they were close enough to recognize the man they hail as "Akhú Seba," they lowered their weapons, jumped off their horses, and kissed our hands, galloped in with us, and held our stirrups to alight. I need not say that we received all the hospitality of Bedawi life. We, however, had one disappointment. Mohammed Dukhi, the Chief of the tribe, was absent on a *Ghazu*; but he had left his brother-in-law, Shaykh Salih et Tayyár, in charge, and we were his guests. The former rules some 5000 spears; he is a curious mixture of savagery and civilization, and he has progressed far enough to become a Freemason. Bedawin are usually truth-telling as the modern model Anglo-Saxon. This man has learned all the falsehood and intrigue of City life, and his composite character, for he fights bravely if required, makes him the plague of the Damasceenes. Shaykh Salih, on the other hand, is an honest, open-hearted Arab. My husband's object was to patch up a peace between the Wuld Ali and the Mezrab tribes, and Mohammed Dukhi, probably scenting the plan, rode off to the next section of the camp, and gave out that he was on a raid. We visited the lakes, and they were all dried up; the only sign of them was a piece of water in the sand about the size of a small duck-pond. What, then, becomes of the Barada and the Awaj, the said ancient Abana and Pharpar? * They have been partly drawn off, and partly evaporated before reaching their basins at 'Utaybah and Hijánah.

We had a delightful ride after leaving one encampment for another. The ground was as smooth as a billiard table; it was a soft and breezy day, neither too hot nor too cold, rare in these latitudes. Salih et Tayyár and his relatives accompanied us. As we mounted my husband whispered to me, "Let us show these fellows that the English can ride; they think that nobody can ride but themselves, and that nothing can beat those mares." I looked round, and saw their thorough-bred mares with very lean flanks, and I did not know how it would be with our half-breds; but ours had the advantage of being in first-rate condition, full of corn, and mad with spirits, so I gave my usual

* Captain Burton considers the identity of the Barada with the Abana "not proven," and that of the Awaj and the Pharpar doubtful in the extreme. Mr. Porter speaks of a Wady Barbur, which has some similarity of name. There is a Jebel Barbúr, but the name is not, that I know, given to any water.

answer to everything he says or does, "All right! wherever you lead, I'll follow."

As soon as the "Yallah" was uttered for starting, we simply laid our reins on our horses' necks, and neither used spur nor whip, nor spoke to them—they went as though we had long odds on our ride. We reached the camp in one hour and a half. Salih et Tayyár and his men came up an hour and a half later. Neither we nor our horses had turned a hair; their mares were broken down, and the men were not only scarlet and perspiring, but they complained bitterly that their legs were skinned. "Yá Sitti!" said Salih et Tayyár, "why, El Shaitan himself could not follow you." "I am so sorry," I replied, "but our Kaddishes (garrons) would go, and *we* wanted to ride with *you*." This was all the difference of food and condition, for there is no question of the advantage of "blood" that their mares had over our horses.

An incident occurred on our return, which I quote, anent the safety of letters in Beyrout in 1871.

About twelve days before, I had written a letter of a somewhat private nature from Damascus to my husband, who was in Beyrout, detailing a local matter which I thought he ought to know. I dropped it into the Damascus post. He never received it. Riding home from Mohammed Dukhi's camp, at the edge of the Desert is a Moslem village, where we stopped to drink coffee. I saw on the ground in the courtyard a dirty envelope that looked like my own handwriting, with the Beyrout postmark upon it. I picked it up, and found my own letter, all crumpled. It had been opened, and read, and dropped out of somebody's pocket. The date showed it to be twelve days old. It had gone by the Damascus post-office to Beyrout, as the stamp showed; it had been opened, and sent back to some one in Damascus. And Providence was good enough to give me a warning: strange things do happen to those who trust in God. After that time I never wrote to my husband, whilst in Syria, except with a kind of cypher of my own. It is very difficult to comment upon this and other similar occurrences, without pointing too markedly at the offenders; and a general remark would only have the effect of hurting the feelings of, and casting a slur upon, a community of innocent and honourable people. Such an act in a native would be less reprehensible, because laws of honour are not ground into him from the hour of his birth, and it would be still less so were he silently encouraged by a smile or a shrug from a European.

I feel that I am talking a strange tongue to readers in England,

where such an act as opening or destroying private letters would never be dreamt of amongst gentlemen; and which would banish any woman from society. Still, in the Levant it does occur; and any Europeans who are honest, fearless, and straightforward by compulsion or custom, but not by Nature's gift, become, after a long residence, much like Mohammed Dukhi. At first they shudder at the felonious idea. By slow degrees the atmosphere of intrigue infects them; they see those around them imitating the natives, and they end in an assimilation. The moral of this is, that the *average* man or woman should not be stationed too long in the Levant at a time. Three years out of and one in Europe, is the best mixture. Be it understood that this kind of person is happily the exception to the rule; but in all large English communities abroad you may generally meet one or two who keep all the rest on the *qui vive* unpleasantly. Besides, many are born, bred, and educated out of England, yet unfortunately inherit their English name from their parents, who settled abroad.

On the 22nd December we heard accidentally that an old friend of the Consul-General's, Mr. K——, had come on a visit. We thought it in good taste to meet him, and invite him to Damascus before his leaving Syria, and so went down to Beyrout. On Christmas Eve I heard midnight Mass at the Convent of the Dames de Nazareth. All the young girls attended in white dresses and veils, and sang very sweetly, and we went in a body to Holy Communion. My husband and I ate our Christmas dinner with the Consul-General, and were introduced to Mr. K——. M. Abcarius, the Consul-General's Dragoon, told me an amusing story about myself. A certain Jewish usurer of Damascus had assured him that his wife met me at the wedding of the Wali's daughter; that I had torn her diamonds off her head, flung them on the ground, and stamped upon them, saying they were made out of the blood of the poor. He added that the story had gone the round of Beyrout. I must confess to having been much amused. What a pleasant person I must be to invite to a party. Small untruths may sting, but when they rise to such heights they are quite harmless. In England there is often a little fire to raise a smoke, but in the East the smoke is but the breath of the calumniator. The usurer only hoped, by telling such a story whilst an official visitor was there, to do my husband some injury. I diverted myself by taxing the inventor with it next morning—he pretended to rend his beard and bite his fingers with rage, and he tried to lay the blame upon a brother usurer. I must explain to my reader what did really occur. In the midst of

our amusements the wife wanted to go through her husband's business affairs with me, from beginning to end, and I already had heard them a dozen times, till I knew them like my *Pater noster*. I said to her, "What have we women to do with business? Let us be friends and enjoy ourselves *now*; let us mind our 'Bayt el Múni'" (meaning our domestic affairs; literally the store-room, in which every Eastern woman keeps her stock of provisions for a year), "and leave business to our husbands." I congratulated myself afterwards that I had not invited her to come and talk in my room, for who then could have proved that we had not had a "set-to"?

Our fortnight at Andrea's Hotel in Beyrout was happily spent. It was like a little season to us; the society, comforts, and civilization, the sight of the sea, and the sea-baths, were enjoyable, to say nothing of the great hospitality we received. Invitations came every day to breakfast at one house, lunch, dine, or sup and pass the evening at others. Much of my time was spent in long rides in the beautiful pine forests that spring up out of the sand. The Comte Léon de Perthuis, and a band of young friends, used to make parties, and great amusement they were. We used to race, and come an occasional "cropper" on the soft ground.

On the 3rd, Mr. K——, having accepted our invitation, left Beyrout for Damascus, *via* Ba'albak. I met him at Shtora, the half-way house, and travelled with him in the *diligence*. At the last station, El Hamah, we found the Wali's carriage, and a troop of soldiers as a guard of honour. Mr. K—— and I drove in it to our house. The next morning was devoted to business at the Consulate. Mr. K—— apparently found all just, straightforward, and satisfactory, and he paid his official calls with my husband. Business over, I accompanied him to visit Abd el Kadir, and also to see something of Damascus.

On the 7th, we were fortunately able to show Mr. K—— our best sight, the Hajj, which I minutely described last year. It occupied several hours in the morning, and later in the day I took him to see the Great Mosque, Ali Beg's house, the Gate on the bazar roof, Melek es Said's buildings, and the Khan of Asad Pasha.

At night I gave a large *soirée* in his honour, knowing that every one would like to meet an official visitor from England. I asked all my friends and acquaintances. It was a new thing, as *soirées* are not the custom, except among our handful of Europeans. Mr. K—— was obliged to own that, in its way, it was unique: he never saw such a party as the one I was able to assemble. To begin with, the thirty-six

racés and creeds and tongues have a striking effect. Grey-beard Moslems of the Sayyid race twirling their rosaries; fierce-looking Druzes, and a rough Kurdish Chief and his party; a few sleek usurers, a Bedawi Shaykh sipping his coffee. My particular care, however, was that every one of the fourteen castes of Christians should be represented; the missionaries, all the Consulates and their Staffs—in fact, everything appertaining to public life or local authority, culminating in the various Church dignitaries, Bishops and Patriarchs. The triple-roomed hall which composes a Damascus sitting-room, with fountains in the middle, lighted with coloured lamps; the bubble of the water in the gardens; the sad, quaint music in the distance; the striking costumes; the hum of the Narghilehs; the Kawwâses, in green, red, blue, and gold, gliding about with trays of sherbets, sweets, and coffee; and the suppressed guttural conversation which, no matter how great the crowd, soothes instead of worrying the nerves—all combined to make the quaintest scene. Every one was introduced to Mr. K——, and each party had their little private conversation with him. Every one spoke to him, he told me, in the warmest and kindest manner of us—with one exception. Having, unfortunately, sharp ears, I had no great difficulty in knowing that the exception was a Polish converted Jew, who had lived in Damascus for one fortnight.

The next morning we went up the mountains of Salihíyyah, to the bazar, to the house of SS. John and Thomas of Damascus, to Straight Street, to the house of Ananias, and the scene of St. Paul's basket, and, in short, all that could give our visitor an idea of the city. An amusing event occurred, which, small as it is, serves as an illustration of what I have said concerning the knowledge an English gentleman, landing fresh from home, has of Easterns. In the garden opposite ours there was a large wooden door, or *porte cochère*, perpetually swinging on its hinges. We had grown so used to it that, perhaps for want of sounds, we should even have missed it, but it naturally kept Mr. K—— awake the first night. The garden belonged to an old woman. I sent to her to say that I should be obliged if she would have her gate fastened. She returned an answer that she could not, for it was broken. I sent back telling her to try to mend it before night, and the reply was that it had been broken for years, that it would cost fifty piastres (ten francs), and she had not the money to spare. Next night Mr. K—— slept well. At breakfast he remarked the circumstance, and asked how I had managed about the door. "If you will look out of the window," I answered, "you will

see it in our courtyard. I sent two Kawwâses to take it down yesterday at sunset." He put on that very long official face with which all who are in the service of H.M.'s Government are fatally familiar. "Oh! but you really must not treat the people like that. Supposing that they knew these things at home?" "Suppose they did," I said, laughing. I had already ordered that after Mr. K——'s departure the gate was to be replaced and mended at my expense, that very day. Which do you think the old Kurdish woman loved best of us two Giaours?—the one who, from some high official motive which she could not understand, would let the door break his rest, or the other, who took it down and slept, and put it up in repair for her, as she could not have afforded to do? The proof is, that the next time the old woman saw me, she ran out exclaiming, "O thou light of my eyes! thou sunbeam! come and sit a little by the brook in my garden, and honour me by drinking my homely coffee; and Allah grant that thou mayest break something else of mine, and live for ever! and may Allah send back the great English Pasha to thy house, to bring me more good luck."

At 3 a.m. on the 9th January (1871), a mounted escort, with torches, and the Pasha's carriage, came to convey Mr. K—— and myself to the *gare* of the *diligence*, and we reached Beyrout that evening. Mr. K—— resumed his visit to his friend. On the 11th the Consul-General gave a dance, which we much enjoyed, and on the 14th Mr. K—— took his departure from Syria.

On the 16th arrived Mr. F. R. Hogg, Postmaster-General of Calcutta, who had been robbed by the Bedawin in the Desert from Baghdad to Damascus—a very rare event in Captain Burton's time. He remained a few days, and joined our riding parties. On the 22nd January I wanted to return to Damascus, although hardly able to travel. A hurt in my upper lip had swollen so much that it made me unfit for exertion. The weather was intolerably cold, with deep snow, and a bitter, driving wind. I went to the *gare* at 3 a.m., and found no place vacant except the box-seat, exposed and uncomfortable. I knew that it would be intolerable, with my pain, for fourteen hours, especially in the mountains; but as I had pledged my word to be home that night, I took it. After an hour I turned round and said, "Will any one take ten shillings to change places with me?" My "sporting offer" was accepted by the son of a Pasha; but though he took the money first, he only remained one hour outside, and then, saying it was more than he could bear, he came in again.

On the 2nd of February we went to breakfast with Omar Beg and

his charming wife, who had now come down from the Desert of Karyatayn, and had taken a house in Damascus. We passed a most agreeable morning looking over the collection of Palmyrene *tesserae* made for her father, M. Mordtmann. We also visited the stables, and measured the thorough-bred Arab mare before spoken of.

On the 4th we attended a most interesting council of war at the house of the Mezrabs. Mohammed Dukhi had, with characteristic futility, changed his mind, and come down to Damascus to return our visit. This meeting was to settle a dispute between the tribes of Mezrab and Wuld Ali. The two Chiefs were present, with several followers. There had been a fight, and Ed Dukhi had robbed the Mezrabs of camels, horses, and everything. Captain Burton wanted, if possible, to obtain a part restoration, but Ed Dukhi was too slippery, and though everything was promised nothing was done. One point of honour, however, he religiously kept: when the time came to eat bread and salt together, he sprang into his saddle and rode away. By that we knew that he did not mean friendship with the Mezrabs. We met afterwards at the Consulate, where all business was driven out of his head by the sight of a blue-eyed, fair-haired daughter of Erin. It was tried a third time, but my husband understood by the Shaykh's manner that he was supported by the local Government. This was impolitic on the part of the authorities, as Ed Dukhi owed them no allegiance, and the Mezrabs had been faithful allies. The latter were once offered £10,000 to allow a certain renegade, O'Reilly, who called himself Hasan Beg, a free passage, in order to raise the Desert against the Turkish Government. The Mezrabs returned the blank cheque, and gave the Government warning, and Hasan Beg and his followers were captured. I cannot forgive this man of fighting name for kissing the Pasha's boots when he was arrested, as the Bedawin assured me he did to beg his life; and as I was not present, I will give him the benefit of a doubt.

On the 12th I bought a new Rahwán, a strong Kurdish pony, beautifully made, with a broad forehead and wide muzzle, and slit ears—that which did seventy-two miles in eight hours. The Rahwánji trains by putting two iron bracelets, with bells attached, above the fetlocks. In this case the Rahwán was perfect, and the man came only to train *me* to a new style of riding. You must sit still in the saddle, with knees high and advanced, and with a low hand draw in the reins, till the Rahwán carries his head high.

On the 16th of February our fine old Afghan Kawwás, Mohammed Agha, had a party, to which he invited me. I must say a few words

about this man, who was the treasure of the British Consulate of Damascus. He first distinguished himself at Multan, when aged about twenty, in Nicholson's Horse, when he was called Mohammed Ali Khan, and where he was severely wounded. During the Russian war he accompanied Colonel F. Walpole to the Crimea, where he first met Captain Burton, and was again wounded at Balaklava. At its close he accompanied an English officer to Salonika, and saved his life, but was severely wounded a third time. He made his home in Damascus about twenty years ago, and became Kawwás of the Consulate. In the time of Mr. Rogers, Captain Burton's predecessor, his camp at Tell es Salihíyyah was attacked, and all his people fled from him except Mohammed, who for the fourth time was severely wounded. He served through the Abyssinian campaign, and returned to Damascus, where he served Captain Burton. He was his right-hand man during that time. Those two could speak three languages that nobody else understood : Afghání, Hindostani, and Punjábí. He fought and was dangerously hurt, for the fifth time, at Nazareth, when my husband, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, he, and three servants, had to defend our camp against some 150 furious Greek-Syrians. On the 23rd of October, 1873, after Mr. Vice-Consul Green had succeeded my husband, an assassin, Abdullah el Kakari, shot him down at the door of the Consulate, wounded for the sixth time. Mohammed caught him, and, with one arm broken by a bullet, held him down till assistance came.

One day after we left, a Shaykh, in a Court of justice, stood up and publicly cursed our Royalty in Mohammed's presence. The pious man supposed British influence to be at a low ebb. The Kawwás forcibly stopped his mouth with his fist ; the Court raised a hubbub, but the old brave drew himself up, laid his hand on his revolver, and cried out to the President of the Court, " If you permit that man to curse my Queen, I'll shoot him dead before your face." The Shaykh and the Kawwás were both condemned to prison ; but, of course, Mohammed's sentence could not be carried out. This Kakari even threatened to kill the Consul the moment he came out, and was confined in a rickety prison, whence he could escape whenever he liked. Why is he not sent to the Hellespont? Mohammed was a brave and chivalrous Moslem. He threw in his lot with the English in the East. Every Englishman who met him knew his courage, ability, and faithfulness, and all will join us in mourning his loss. He has often been the one trusty companion of solitary explorers among the wild hordes of Central Asia. His last journey was to accompany Consul-General

Richard Wood and Mr. Green to Ba'albak, where he died of fever on 6th July, 1874. He was brought back to Damascus by his fellow Kawwáses and relations, and buried in the City he had chosen for his home. This brave man never recovered the Wakhábi's shot, and felt keenly the neglect of the British Government.

As I am quoting from my journal of 1869-'70-'71 in 1874, I must remark that in noticing his life and announcing his death, the Damascus correspondent of a London paper said, "He keenly felt the neglect of those he had served;" and also, "he was wounded in defending Burton and Drake at Nazareth." The writer, I am sure, never intended to cast a reflection upon us: nevertheless he has done so. At Nazareth "Burton and Drake" did not sit down and allow Mohammed to fight for them, but all three, with three servants, defended themselves, and were wounded. Mohammed received a stone in a tender place, and was ill long after the others had recovered. With regard to the first statement, if meant for us, I can only say that during our time Mohammed was treated more like a friend than a Kawwás. My husband made him Kawwás-Bashi, with an extra badge of honour, and increased his pay. When he was sick after Nazareth, during two months the doctor attended him once or twice a day, and we paid all the expenses of his illness. When my husband applied for a fine to be levied on the Greeks who attacked us, he made Mohammed's share treble that of the other servants. Ever since we left, the kindest letters have passed between us. It is true that we were unable to obtain a pension for him, as he requested us, but this was no fault of ours. I trust that somebody who carries more weight will urge it upon the Government to make an allowance to his wife and children, and to prove, at least, that England knows how to value fidelity and bravery.

To resume my journal. I went to Mohammed's party (16th February, 1871). It consisted, on both sides, of gorgeous dresses and trinkets, and the usual physical comforts. At the men's side this was interspersed with rude native plays, mostly impromptu, and games, such as imitations of different animals. All these assemblies, with their coloured lanterns throwing a mysterious light on the quaint, wild figures, form a scene of which one never tires, and each time it seems a fresh pleasure.

On the 17th February, Ali Beg Ahmádi and some Druzes arrived, and we rode to Burzeh and Mizzeh. We used to pass the evenings listening to them reciting poetry, stories of Ali or of Antar, their war parties, their victories, their love stories—all in that low, musical,

guttural utterance which will ever live on my brain, and sough in the ear of my imagination as a luxurious lullaby.

On the 25th March, Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt-Drake arrived from England. One of our native visitors had been praising himself, with that Eastern vanity which is so delightfully refreshing and amusing, because it is so free from guile. He would say, "Did you ever see a man so handsome as me, so big and tall, so strong, so clever, and such a good rider, or who can fight or shoot like me? I am famous amongst my own people." "Well," I replied, laughingly, "you are here, but I assure you, you would be quite a little man amongst most Englishmen. For instance, there is one coming to-night, and you shall judge." Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake was about six feet four inches. When he arrived, my friend gazed up at him with big, black, wondering eyes, and when nobody was looking, slid up to me and whispered—"Máshálláh, yá Sitti, but he is as big as a camel!" His boasting ended abruptly. Next day we made a picnic to Abraham's Sanctuary and the Forty Sleepers on Jebel Kaysún.

About this time my husband also arrived, with his fingers and toes frost-bitten, having been seventeen days out in the northern Desert, taking Homs and Hamah *en route*. He was for some days unable to bear a shoe. I kept the affected places constantly saturated with arnica and water on a rag, and they shortly recovered.

On the 17th March we were agreeably surprised by the arrival of Lord Stafford and Mr. Mitford, and we devoted the next few days to showing them the principal things at Damascus.

This had been an unhappy winter, owing to the famine. It was, rather, a scarcity which might have been averted. All the wheat and corn had been bought up cheap, and sold dear; the ovens, save one, were closed to oblige men to buy bread from that one. Corn was locked up in the face of the patient, starving, dying multitude. Crowds round the Serai called down the vengeance of heaven, and alternately begged for mercy; round bakers' shops were starved, pinched, and hunger-stricken wretches. Bakers were so poor that they had to buy a bag of flour, half-ground barley and wheat sweepings, bake it secretly, and sell it, before they could afford another. The animals were walking skeletons. This went on till it rose to the price required by a few whose fortunes were made, and they are now flourishing, as the wicked seem always to do. I could not find it in my heart to scold an Italian peasant for what he said to me the other day: I was lecturing him for leading a bad life, and asking him how he could expect Providence to help him whilst he continued to offend

Him—he answered me so naïvely, “Ah! signora benedetta, il diavolo è tanto ricco.” No thunder and lightning came down on this occasion to crush the oppressors and open the barns. I used to save all the money I could, and, telling a Kawwás and men to accompany me with trays, I used to order a couple of sovereigns’ worth of bread, and distribute it in the most destitute part of Salihíyyah. Your heart would have bled had you seen the ravenous hunger of the people, who would jump upon our men, tear the trays down, and those who loved each other best would tear the bread out of one another’s mouths. I have sat by crying, because I felt it a mockery to bring so little; and had I sold all we possessed I could not have appeased our village for a single day. I wonder if those who literally murdered the poor, those who kept the granaries full, and saw unmoved the vitals of the multitude withering for want of bread, ever think of it from their high and prosperous stations!—I suppose not. I often think of those strange words of the Bible, “He that hath much, more shall be added unto him; and he that hath only a little, that little shall also be taken away.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR HAJJ TO JERUSALEM.

IN March, 1871, Captain Burton desired me to meet him at Jerusalem by sea, as he was going by land. When I reached Beyrout to embark for Jaffa, the sea was running high, and there were hurricanes of rain and wind, thunder and lightning. The sky was dark, with the wind veering all round the compass; all advised me to wait for another steamer. My little Syrian girl was with me, and as she had never yet been on board a ship, and seeing a boat capsize with two men passengers who were attempting to embark alongside my steamer, I preferred seeing them rescued to doing likewise.

My stay afforded me one pleasure, if not two. Cook's party had arrived, and I lived as much as I could with them, lunching and dining every day at their *table d'hôte*. There appeared to be about 180, and they afforded me infinite amusement and instruction. They come like locusts into a town, and it is hard work for *habitués* to find board and lodging during their stay. The natives used to say, "Ma hum Sayyáhin: Hum Kukíyyeh" ("These are not travellers: these are Cookii"); yet too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Cook and his institution. It enables thousands, who would otherwise stay at home, to enjoy *l'éducation d'un voyage*; and travel is a necessity for the "narrow insular mind." It will open up countries now hardly accessible; a party of "Cook's" will not be plundered or maltreated, where an individual would hardly be able to enter. It will grow instead of falling off, and every year will see a fresh development.

But the "caravans" are menageries of curious human bipeds.

Surely the enterprising Mr. Cook must advertise for his incongruous assemblage, and then pick and choose the queerest. He must also have a hard time. Some quarrel with him because it rains, others because they tumble off their horses, and all have their grievances. One was that they were called at half-past 5 a.m. and at 6 the tents were struck. One lady was known as the "Sphinx." It appears that

her bower falling at the stroke of six disclosed the poor thing in a light toilette, whence ensued a serious quarrel. I took a great interest in her. She wore an enormous brown mushroom hat, the size of a little table, caked all over with bunches of brown ribbon. Riding was a great exertion to her, and her "friends" said that she had always four men in attendance, two at each side of her saddle. Then there was a rich vulgarian, who had inveigled a poor gentleman into being his travelling companion, and who kept up the following specimen of conversation at the public dinner-table:

"You wine, indeed! I dare say! *Who* brought *you* out, I should like to know, at no end of expense? *You*, who never dreamt of seeing these back countries!" Every line ending with "no end of expense," several times repeated, like declining brays. I longed to drop a little caustic into Dives, but I was afraid of poor Lazarus being paid out for it afterwards. All that I saw would fill a chapter, but it would be unfair to write one; there were doubtless nice, quiet, well-behaved people amongst them, only these had no attraction for me. To be quite fair, if we took 180 people of different temperaments, characters, and habits from any part of the world and jumbled them together, we might feel perfectly certain that when those unaccustomed to travel felt hungry or thirsty, hot or cold, tired or sleepy, and other hardships attendant upon out-of-door life, the worst part of their character would rise to the surface, and when skimmed off, that better things would lie underneath. If I were a young person about to be married, I should try to organize a travelling expedition with the object of my affections, and if possible with all my future family-in-law. Taken in time, it would be useful to many a young couple, for whom the honeymoon comes too late. I have often been forced to imagine, "How I shall pity that man's wife if ever he marries," and *vice versâ*. Mr. Cook is obliged, with a large caravan, to make certain rules which must be kept with military precision. Every now and then some one who is unused to any kind of restraint resents, and quarrels about it. Mr. Cook takes it all so quietly and good-humouredly, never notices or speaks of it, nor loses his temper, but goes quietly on his way, carrying out the programme, as a nurse should act towards a fractious child. I have often thought, What a knowledge of human nature he must have acquired, and what curious experiences he must have had!

My second pleasure was receiving some very pretty and complimentary verses, to which I have always intended giving a prominent place, because pretty compliments are so rare. Not knowing at the time from whom I had the honour of receiving them, I thought it

best to send my husband's thanks. Captain Burton afterwards became acquainted with the author, who has written and published several interesting poems. These are the lines in question :—

À MADAME BURTON.

Madame, tout le monde à l'envi vous admire ;
L'Arabe croit revoir la reine de Palmyre,
Qui seule brava Rome et la remplit d'effroi.
La légende nous peint sur un blanc palefroi
Les amantes des preux du "Roman de la rose,"
Mais sous ce ciel riant où l'homme est si morose.
Faisant pâlir l'éclat des Dâmes du Manoir,
Vous passez le Liban sur un haut coursier noir ;
A votre vue, alors, l'enfant de l'Arabie,
S'ecrie, en son extase : "Allah ! c'est Zénobie !"

Pour moi, dont le cœur tendre est navré chaque jour
De l'état de la femme esclave en ce séjour,
Je me plais à trouver en vous sous cette zone
La fille libre d'Ève en superbe amazone ;
Et comme on vante en vous, l'esprit et le savoir,
Madame, accordez-moi le plaisir de vous voir.

(Signed) D'AMBLÉON.

The next steamer was an Egyptian, bound for Jaffa, Port Sa'id, and Alexandria, and though I have passed the best part of fourteen years in ships, going from one country to another, I can give this one the proud distinction of being the worst. She was very small, very dirty and odoriferous, with half-made beds and unclean sheets, no stewardess, and no accommodation. She nearly rolled round in the water, which did not comfort the deck-passengers and the cattle with which they were intermingled. The cabins were scarcely big enough to turn in. It was no fault of the captain, or of anybody employed on board, who made up in civility and kindness for what we lacked in comfort. The weather was not much better ; however, it was impossible to delay any longer, and one can bear almost anything for twenty-four hours. We had a horrible night, and felt very sea-sick. Mohammed Agha went as a deck-passenger, which he affirmed was far pleasanter than my first-class cabin, and I longed to be a drover, and to lie down amongst the cattle.

Jaffa is a peculiar place for landing, as they know who have been there. The surf is tremendous. There is a natural breakwater, formed by a reef of rocks, against which the sea lashes with fury,

The passage is extremely narrow, and the mistake of a yard dashes the boat on the rocks. The sailors have to shoot through a gap with such precision, that if there is the least bad weather you may ply between Beyrout and Port Sa'id for a week. Once inside the rocks you are quite safe. There was a doubt whether we could land, or whether I must be carried on to Port Sa'id, another twenty-four hours' sail; but at about mid-day I was delighted to see fourteen boats coming off. The rollers were big; my poor little girl clung to me in a fright, but behaved very well. It was an ugly experience for the first sea voyage.

In going over Bible lands with the Bible, I may remark, for those who know only the translation used by the Church of England, that I have read and used both Catholic and Protestant with equal care.

The English Bible authorized by the Roman Catholic Church, commonly called the Douay, is a translation from the Latin Vulgate, of which the Old Testament, with the exception of Psalms, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, and the 1 and 2 Maccabees, was translated from the original Hebrew by St. Jerome; and the Psalms, or Psalter, and the New Testament, are older Latin versions than St. Jerome, but more or less carefully revised by him. His work of translating and revising occupied thirty years of his life, from about A.D. 390 to 420, when he died where he had lived, at Bethlehem, on the spot where our Saviour was born.

The Protestant English Bible is, it must be admitted, far superior as regards the purity and elevation of its style; in fact, no book can compare with it. But it must be remembered that what the Douay and Rhenish translators aimed at was an exact reproduction of the Latin Vulgate, and that they expressly disclaimed any attempt to remove its difficulties, or to clear up its obscurities; they prefer to leave the very words of the Latin translation from the Hebrew in all passages which had no exact English equivalent.

The Protestant Bible excludes, as apocryphal, Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, and 1 and 2 Maccabees; whilst the Catholic Church admits them as being of equal authority with the rest.

To those who are interested in tradition, I would recommend reading with discretion the Apocryphal New Testament, which contains thirty books, at different times attributed to the Evangelists and the apostles. Some of them are found in the works of Jerome and the early Fathers of the Church, such as Origen (210 A.D.). These sub-

scriptural works, however, have never been invested with canonical authority by either Catholics or Protestants, nor are they intended 'to be received as canons of faith.

Still, they have been used for the instruction and edification of the laity, and I, for one, knew and believed much of their contents before I was out of the nursery, though I had never heard of the Apocryphal New Testament.

It must be remembered that 1, 2, 3, and 4 Kings in the Catholic translation of the Bible are called in the authorized version 1 and 2 Samuel and 1 and 2 Kings; that 1 and 2 Paralipomenon are called 1 and 2 Chronicles; and 1 and 2 Esdras are called Ezra and Nehemiah. The Canticle of Canticles is known as Solomon's Song; and the names Osee, Abdias, Micheas, Sophonias, and Aggeus are spelt Hosea, Obadiah, Micah, Zephaniah, and Haggai.

Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, and the Books of the Maccabees are counted apocryphal.

As I hope to be read both by Catholics and Protestants, I have quoted from the books of the Old and New Testaments, by both their Catholic and Protestant names, and have so headed all my texts where the names differ. I must request Catholics to take their Bibles, as, in deference to what I can but consider prejudice, I have not used what a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is pleased to call "that emasculated version of the Scriptures called the Douay Bible."

The order of the books of the New Testament is the same, except the last; we say the Apocalypse of St. John the Apostle for "Revelation."

I earnestly wish that we Catholics should all receive the same Bible education as Protestants do, and that we should know by heart chapter and verse for every single circumstance, as well as being versed in the substance of the Bible through epistles, gospels, church offices, and sacred history. I hope it may become the rule of every new school or college. Foreign Catholics are often utterly ignorant of the words of Scripture. It should be the base of every Christian education of all denominations.

Many of my co-religionists will say that this is a Protestant sentiment. It is a yearning for the rudiments of religious and historical education. I will give one example of what I mean. A highly educated gentleman, professing the Moslem religion, said to me after I married, "You were brought up in a convent?" "Yes." "Of course, then, you know your Bible well?" "Oh yes," I answered, thinking I was speaking the truth. "Well, then," he said, "will you

tell me what it means 'to baptize for the dead'?" My countenance fell, and I was very much confused, for I had never even heard of it. I then began to read both Bibles assiduously, and the Apocrypha besides, and all the ancient plays and traditions, and the early Fathers. Being an old friend of my husband's, he found for me the desired information. The Marcionites were heretics, who lived at Sinope, A.D. 150. Marcion came to Rome, and believed in principles similar to the Manichæans. When a man died, one of the Marcionites sat in his coffin, and another asked him if he were willing to be baptized, and he answered, "Yes," upon which he was baptized. These heretics quoted Paul, 1 Corinthians xv. 29: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?" in support of this practice; but it is clear from this text that they did not originate it; it was objected that the act was foolish and useless, since if it was valid a person might be baptized for a Jew or a Greek, and so effect his conversion without the will of the recipient. The same friend found a portrait for me of Marcionites baptizing for the dead, from a book on the Inquisition, printed at Madrid in 1845.

Jaffa (Joppa) is a pretty, fez-shaped town, set upon a hill-side. From the ship it looks as though a child had built it with a pack of cards. The country is verdant with palm, cactus, and orange groves. There is a bright little German colony, separate from the town, which contains a small, unpretentious hotel, very clean and comfortable—the best I have seen in Syria—with good dinner and beds. The people look like the lower order of Bedawin of our part of the country, and bear the same relation as the common tramp to the real gipsy; all is untidy, dirty, and pell-mell. The acting Consul (Kayath) came to visit me, and the authorities were extremely civil. The women of the Bedawi Fellahin—who are mostly in rags—wear, in lieu of the face kerchief of our district, nose bags covered with cowries, coins, and beads. This peculiar ornament is sometimes triangular, and sometimes oblong.

Jaffa owns a triple marble arch, with a fountain in each, covered with carvings and inscriptions. It was built by the Governor, Abu Nabu. All the roofs are domed, like our Khans. The natives believe that this town existed before the Deluge, and that Noah built the Ark here; that Jaffa being destroyed by the Flood, was restored by Japhet, who gave it a name.*

* My husband reminds me that at Joppa Perseus slew the dragon which threatened Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus; the place is noted on Etruscan urns

The hall where Napoleon I. (1799) poisoned his men who were dying of the plague, rather than abandon them to native cruelty, is in the Armenian Orthodox Convent; at the same time, and for the same reason, he put to death 4000 Albanian prisoners of war. It was a horrible alternative. The house of Simon the Tanner, near the sea, close to the light-house, was once covered by a little Church, now a Mosque.* I will adopt the plan of giving the Bible text chapter or verse in small print with my descriptions, that those who want to recall the passage to memory may have no trouble; those well versed in Scripture may pass them over. I always kept my Bible in my saddle-pocket, and found the greatest delight in reading the chapter upon the spot where the events referred to took place. Here St. Peter brought Tabitha to life.†

We remained twenty-four hours at Jaffa, and after hiring horses, we rode on to Ramleh. The gardens about this town, and for some distance beyond it, are exceedingly blooming. We passed through orange trees, citrons, and pomegranates. In about ten minutes we arrived at a fountain, overhung by sycamores and cypresses; it is also of marble, and built by the same Abu Nabu. Close to the fountain lies a garden, in which, it is said, was the house of Tabitha (Dorcas).

We soon entered the plain of Sharon. Here Samson burnt the harvest of the Philistines, by turning out 300 foxes with fiery torches tied to their tails.‡ The first village we passed was Yazur, containing a Wely with nine domes, where an Imám Ali is buried. Here we left the road to Gaza on the right, and afterwards the route to Lydda on the left. The chief villages we saw were Sakíyeh and Bayt Dejján and Maktalah, so called because it used to be a great place for brigands. The last village was Sarafand (Moslem), close to Ramleh. Near here, according to some, was Geth, or Gath, a Philistine stronghold, the country of Goliath; others identify Geth with a village called Geath, thirty-six miles from Jaffa, on a hill north-east of the Sharon plain.

The whole ride was green and pretty, and the country was

by palm trees. The skeleton was exhibited at Rome, and its dimensions are given by many writers (Pliny ix. 4, Mela i. 11, and Strabo i. and xvi.). Captain Burton believes the dragon of St. George, which M. Clermont-Ganneau connects with Dagon, the fish-god of Lydda, to be a direct descendant from the classical monster. In Syria three distinct places, one of them already mentioned, near Beyrout, are shown where the fight took place, and where the skeleton is buried. What a fine fortune a single vertebra would yield!

* Acts x.

† Read Acts ix. 36-43.

‡ Judges xv. 1-6.

covered with a carpet of beautiful wild flowers; we could look down upon the sea, and we saw all around a fine tract of grass meadow-land, cultivation, and groves of oranges and other fruit trees. We loitered long in the plain of Sharon, which is sixty miles long by twenty-four broad, undulating and fertile, and we crossed it from west to south-east. We reached Ramleh early, and went straight to the Terra Santa Monastery of Spanish and Italian Franciscans. The monk who acted as porter received me at the door somewhat stiffly, but when he knew who I was, he altered his manner, and ran to call his Superior. The truth is, every evening people arrive and ask for hospitality, and are not all so polite as they might be, and therefore the good Fathers are not expansive until they know with whom they have to deal. They put my Syrian girl and me into a clean bedroom, with embroidered muslin curtains and chintz tops.

Ramleh is the ancient Arimathæa, the country of Joseph and Nicodemus, who had the honour of burying our Saviour. It once boasted a Castle, walls with twelve gates, and large markets; now it is a dirty village of 4000 inhabitants, chiefly Moslem. Close to it the Crusaders fought that great battle in which fell the Comtes de Blois and De Bourgogne, and when Comtes de Bourges and Conrad were taken prisoners. Baldwin alone escaped by hiding in the long grass, and thus reached the City, where he was saved by an Arab Amir. Ramleh, for a time, was the head-quarters of our Cœur de Lion. The Crusaders built a Church dedicated to St. John the Baptist: it is now a Mosque, called Jámia Khiyáb ed Dín. We visited it, and the "White Mosque" (Jámia el Abiad), and we went to the top of the tower, 113 steps high, dedicated to the Forty Martyrs. We enjoyed a beautiful view: firstly of the ruins beneath us, which may have been the Templar monastery, or an old Khan; of the village and olive groves, of the plain, and of the distant sea, with an Eastern sunset. We also visited the Convent Chapel, which covers the house of Nicodemus. At night the Monastery was full, and we were served by the Monks. When I saw the company assembled in the refectory for supper, I did not wonder at the porter receiving me with such caution. They snorted and grunted and spat, and used their forks for strange purposes. Indeed, if I had not been hungry I could not have eaten, though pretty well seasoned to living with all kinds of people.

We started at 9.30 next morning. This day decidedly we "left dull care" at home. We had delicious weather, and we were exhilarated by our near approach to Jerusalem. We occupied seven and

a half hours on the road, loitering two and a half, and riding five—reaching the Holy City at 5 p.m. We passed two *cafés* on the road, impromptu gipsy sheds, where we found good Turkish coffee and Narghilehs; and here and there we were tempted by shady olive groves, and by fields of marigolds, poppies, daisies, and chamomiles, to dismount and sit awhile. The country, after leaving the plain of Sharon, was hilly and ridgy, and villages or houses dotted the surface at a distance from the road. I will not mention every village, guard-house, or well, but note down the principal objects of interest. Later we passed Kubáb (Koba of the Talmud), on the borders of the territory between the Israelites and the Philistines. To the east we saw the village of Bayt Nuba, City of Nob, of the priests,* where the high priest, Ahimelech, gave the bread of proposition, or shew-bread, to David, because he had no other, and also the sword of Goliath, and where David feigned madness before Achish, king of Gath. It is the same Nob where Saul, out of jealousy of David, slew every living thing, even to the animals.†

We soon after passed a little hill and stream called El Latrún, where the plain of Sharon ends, and the highlands of Judæa commence. The hill is covered with ancient ruins. This is supposed to have been the native place of Dismas, the penitent thief. Once there was a church, and also a castle, which was a lurking-place for robbers. Ibrahim Pasha razed it to the ground, and the church also disappeared. Close to El Latrún is Emmaus; residents at Jerusalem have opined that Emmaus, also called Nicopolis, Gofna, and El Latrún, were one locality, El Latrún being the stronghold where Vespasian left 800 men to guard Judæa. At Emmaus are the ruins of an old church dedicated to the seven Maccabees, who, with their mother, suffered martyrdom under Antiochus, B.C. 168.‡

* Read 1 Kings or 1 Samuel xxi. 1-15.

† Read 1 Kings or 1 Samuel xxii. 18, 19.

‡ 2 Maccabees (Protestant Apocrypha) vii.

Once for all, allow me to state that I make no pretensions to topographical study, nor did I weigh the respective merits of disputed places. Those who wish ampler information upon the subject will read the American Dr. Robinson, the larger Dictionary of the Bible, and especially the journal and the various publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund—that Society which has done so much honest, original, and valuable work upon what is popularly termed “half-nothing.” In my humble way, I must be content with the identifications of my ecclesiastical informants, and local Moslem and Jewish teachers. Some of the former are modern, many are ancient, and possibly, despite all neologism, they may in the end prove true. I prefer to believe what the people living on the spot say, because I think that, if a holy site were suddenly changed, the fact must be handed down from father to son, like other frauds.

The next thing of interest is Dayr Ayyúb (Convent of Job), an abandoned monastery; and soon afterwards we reached Báb el Wady (Gate of the Valley), where the first "shanty"-*café* is situated, and where we stopped for half an hour. Shortly afterwards we passed the ruined Mosque of the Imám Ali, whose Wely we saw close to Jaffa. The next place worth noticing was Karyat el 'Inab (Village of Grapes), now Abu Gush, from its ancient Chief, a famous brigand, who used to blackmail travellers, till Ibrahim Pasha put a stop to his doings in 1830. This is the ancient Baalah of the tribe of Judah, Kariathiarim, Kariath-baal. In the house of Abinadab was placed the Holy Ark, when the Philistines gave it up, and it remained there twenty years, until David transplanted it to Jerusalem, 1033 B.C.* There was once a church here, dedicated to St Jeremias; its convent was destroyed, the monks were massacred, and the building is now a stable.

We see a high mountain called Suba, long thought to be ancient Modin of the Maccabees, where Simon erected the sepulchre of his family. My dear and venerable confessor, Fray Emmanuel Förner of our Terra Santa monastery of Damascus, found in 1866 a place six miles east of Lydda called Mádyáh, where, he says, St. Jerome places this town. It is situated on a little hill, with a good view of the sea, from which would be seen to advantage the pyramids that adorned the sepulchre, and there are still the ruins of an ancient town, of which all the fine stones and marbles have been transferred to Lydda. There were mosaics, and wells cut in the rock, and a half-ruined rectangular building which would repay excavation.†

We next rode up the steep ascent of Kastel, to one of the principal heights of Judah, and to the north we saw Neby Samwíl, the ancient Ramathaim-sophim, the birth-place of the Prophet Samuel. Soon after we perceived Ain Karím, and St. Jean dans les Montagnes, of which I shall have to speak later. We then passed the torrent of Terebinth, where David took the five stones to put in his sling, and killed Goliath in this valley.‡

We passed by Liftah, the village whose fruit gardens are watered by the Ain Liftah. This is supposed to be the Ain Nephtoah of Holy Scripture, which gives its name to this settlement on the borders of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin.§

I have said that in writing my pilgrimage I shall cling to all the old traditions with regard to sites, and the legends or facts which,

* 1 Kings or 1 Samuel vii. 1, 2; 1 Paralipomenon or 1 Chronicles xiii. 5, 6, 7.

† 1 Maccabees xiii. 25-30; 1 Kings or 1 Samuel xvii. 40.

‡ 1 Kings or 1 Samuel xvii.

§ Joshua xv. 9.

according to us, have been handed down from father to son, since history began, to the present day. I take what is believed among the natives, and what is confirmed by the Church.

Science and excavation will doubtless throw new lights on our old traditions, which, like the kaleidoscope, will delight the eye of many ; but in these matters I hope and think the mass of the world will hold to the ancient way. It grates upon my heart to hear such asseverations as these :—"Emmaus ; oh ! Emmaus changes its site every year." "*That the Sepulchre !* how absurd to suppose the Sepulchre could be so near to Calvary ;" and no one doubts the sites except the English. I have seen every kind of Christian kneeling at our Saviour's tomb, except my countrymen, and they remain outside in the church, gazing at the chapel which encloses it, and staring at the people kneeling three times as they approach it, as if they were watching some wild Hindoo practice, or the Da'aseh at Cairo.

Long before we reached Jerusalem we thought we were entering the Holy City, either on account of some old broken arch or bit of wall ; but it was only a prelude, during which we were wound up to a pitch of expectation. This increased as we viewed eastward the Mount of Olives and the Valley of the Cross (Wady Musallabah) to the right, where are the Greek Orthodox seminary, the Convent of the Cross, and the Convent of St. Elias. To the right, in the distance, we saw Bethlehem, and, like an immense wall on the horizon, the Moab mountains.

At last I reached the crescent of a hill, upon which is a guard-house, and I beheld Jerusalem beneath me. At the sight I reined in my horse, with my face to the Sepulchre, and gazed upon the City of my longing with silent emotion and prayer. Every Christian bared his head. Every Moslem and Jew saluted. It is the custom for Catholics at this spot to recite the Psalm "*Lætatus sum in his*" ("I rejoiced at the things that were said to me : we shall go into the house of the Lord"). All present, though of different faiths, now had a tie in common, and we all remained silent for several minutes.

Of all journeys, the most interesting to a Christian is a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to the Sepulchre of his Saviour. The *savant* has a wide field for his researches, and the pious pilgrim cannot take one step on this sacred soil without finding a monument, a sanctuary, or a site which he reveres. Jerusalem is holy for the Jews, who, in the day when they were the chosen people of God, had their Temple here, and who still honour the stones which remind them of what they were. She is holy for the Christians, who were here redeemed. She is holy

for the Moslems for the sake of Omar's Mosque enclosing the Dome of the Rock, and for the midnight journey of Mohammed on El Borák. Personally speaking, I am going there to follow my Redeemer through His three different lives, to instruct myself, as well as I am able, at the Fountain Head, with the Book in my hand, and to draw therefrom strength and grace. I would realize the scenes of His public life, instructing men and curing maladies, and His three years' mission for the sons of Adam: His private and hidden life at Nazareth as the son of a carpenter, in poverty, obscurity, and obedience to Mary and Joseph, with common joys and sorrows like ours, with labour, hunger, thirst, cold, heat, fatigue, and privations such as we have—an eighteen years' retreat in the interior of His family, dating from His teaching the Doctors in the Temple at twelve, to His commencing His public career: and I would try to understand something of His intercourse with His heavenly Father, the divinity which remained with Him upon earth, and of which He so often conversed with His disciples, and meant us to meditate upon. In one word, I ask for no vision or extraordinary thing, but I would realize, in a sensible manner, the invisible presence of my Saviour.

I feel almost unworthy to write upon a subject so full of thrilling interest as that of Jerusalem, and I wish to do so with purity of heart, with humility, with prayer and fasting.

The first buildings which met our sight were those of the extensive Russian colony, growing and prospering as they do all over Syria. They consist of Episcopal palace and Chapel, a Cathedral and Hospice, Hospital, Doctors' Quarters, Pharmacy, and Convent of Russian Sisters. All was begun in 1860, and completed in four years. We leave these buildings on our left as we ride towards the Jaffa gate, also called Báb el Khalíl, outside which are stalls, horses, donkeys, and a motley crowd, including lines of the most pitiful lepers. The Gates of Jerusalem are open from sunrise to sunset, except this, which is opened sooner and shut an hour later. On Friday, the Moslem Sunday, all are shut from 11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., the Mosque hour, on account of a prediction that the Christians will retake Jerusalem on a Friday, whilst the Moslems are at prayer. We went to the Mediterranean Hotel, where we had engaged rooms, but being a day late they had been let. A little disappointed, I rode on to the Damascus Hotel, and was afterwards exceedingly glad—I had come for a devotional pilgrimage, and not to mix with the Frankish world. The Damascus Hotel was comfortable, very quiet, central, and close to everything we wanted to see. In the evening, instead of being surrounded by com-

patriots, which is sometimes a pleasure, but not here, I was able to sit on a terrace and realize the dream of my life—I believe, the dream of all our lives.

The sun is setting on the Mount of Olives, where our Saviour's feet last touched this earth; the Mosque of Omar glitters its rosy farewell; the arch of Ecce Homo lies beneath us; the cross of the Sepulchre catches the ruddy glow; out yonder are the mountains of Moab, purple and red in the dying day, and we know that between us and them, deep down, lies the Bahr Lút (the Dead Sea).

This evening my husband arrived with the horses, and the Sais and Habíb, and we found a good place for stabling close by. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, who was with us, had an attack of asthma. He told us that whenever he entered Jerusalem he felt ill, that the whole time he was in it the atmosphere excited and irritated his nerves, and that as soon as he left it he began to get better. We thought, as he was so young, only four and twenty, that he had outgrown his strength, and would get over it.

It would be useless for me to attempt the history of a place so well known as Jerusalem. I merely insert these few dates for the convenience of my readers' memory.

Jerusalem means "vision of," or more literally, "he sees peace." Her ancient name was Salem, and she was founded by Melchisedec (about A.M. 2023). Fifty years afterwards she was taken by the posterity of Jebus, son of Canaan. She remained quiet for five hundred years, until Israel was brought out of captivity (A.M. 2553). Joshua conquered the Promised Land, killing thirty-one "kings," amongst whom was Adoniseec, her King.

Until the reign of David, the Citadel remained in the possession of the Jebusites, but the Psalmist King took it, made it the Capital, and here placed the Ark of the Covenant. Then David sinned in taking the census of the people, and God sent the plague. He therefore built, by the order of the Prophet Gad, an altar on the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, which was on Mount Mória; and the pestilence ceased.* On this spot Solomon built his great Temple.

The Ten Tribes then separated themselves, and the remaining two had to contend for three centuries against Egyptians, Philistines, and Arabs, allied with the other ten, who eventually dispersed, B.C. 599, and 413 years after Solomon had begun the foundations of the Temple. Nebuchadnezzar came to destroy Jerusalem and the Temple; and in

* 2 Kings or 2 Samuel xxiv. 17-25.

the eleventh year of the reign of Sedecias, twenty-second king of David's line, he led the Jews captive to Babylon, which exile lasted seventy years. Then Cyrus, king of Persia, gave them leave to rebuild their Temple, which was accomplished in the tenth year of Darius' reign (B.C. 511). From the time of the Captivity the Jews had no more kings, but the line of David was continued from Jechonias to Jesus Christ.

Alexander the Great treated Jerusalem well : she then fell into the power of Ptolemy Soter, and she owed a new life to the protection of the Ptolemies and Seleucides of Asia, till the cruelty of Antiochus Epiphanes deluged her with misfortunes. The Maccabees gave her independence (B.C. 160), and, until Palestine fell into the hands of Rome, she was governed by the Asmonean princes. Pompey took Jerusalem B.C. 63 ; Herod ornamented her, and restored the Temple, and near the end of his reign our Saviour was born (A.M. 4000). Seventy years after the birth of Christ, and thirty-seven after His death, the Romans destroyed the City and burnt the Temple.

In A.D. 136 Hadrian rebuilt it, and called the city *Ælia Capitolina* ; in 326 St. Helena and her son Constantine built the Basilica, adorned the Sepulchre, and restored to Jerusalem her ancient name ; in 614 Chosroes II. sacked the town and destroyed the Basilica ; in 637 it fell into the hands of Omar, who is popularly believed to have built his celebrated Mosque over Araunah's threshing-floor. The Dome of the Rock still keeps his name, but it was rebuilt in A.H. (year of the Hegira) 68 by the Khalif Abd el Melek bin Merwán. In the ninth century Harún el Rashid sent the keys of the Sepulchre to Charlemagne. In 1099 the Crusaders took possession of the Holy Places, but before another century had elapsed (1187) Sáláh ed Dín (Saladin) made his solemn entry into, and at the same time 100,000 Christians left, Jerusalem. Frederic II. had possession of it for a short time, but it relapsed into the hands of the Moslems, who hold it still.

Ancient Jerusalem was built on three mountains, but the Jerusalem of to-day sits on five. Akkra is the lower town, Sion is the highest, Mória'h is the Holy Hill, Bezetha is the new town, and Gháreb looks towards the setting sun. The five mountains are separated by four valleys, namely, the Tyropeum, Jehosafat, Hinnom, and Kedron. The City, which anciently contained 150,000 souls, now numbers at most 21,000, not including the pilgrims and visitors.

Its high grey walls have seven gates, five open and two closed.

These are—1. Báb el Khalíl (the Hebron gate), which the English call the Jaffa gate.

2. Báb el 'Amúd (gate of the column), or Damascus gate.

3. Báb el Usbát (gate of the tribes), called by Christians Báb Sittná Mariam (gate of the Blessed Virgin Mary). In the time of the Crusaders it was the gate of the valley of Jehosafat, and by the Israelites called the Flock or sheep gate. The English now call it St. Stephen's gate.

4. Báb el Mognáribeh (gate of the Moors), more anciently known as the Dung gate.

5. Báb Neby Daoud (the gate of the Prophet David), the English "Sion gate."

6. (Shut.) Báb ed Dahabíyeh (the Golden gate), known as the Eternal gate, and sometimes called Báb et Taubah (gate of Repentance).

7. (Shut.) Báb es Záheri (gate of Blossoms), also known as gate of Herod.

The Jewish and the Mohammedan quarters surround the Hárám, which occupies the whole of Mória; the Moslems also spread themselves over Bezetha and part of Akkra, and the Jews over Sion. The Armenian quarter occupies the rest of Sion, and the Greek Christian quarter part of Sion and Akkra.

I would here recommend all persons with Low-Church tendencies, with a limited religious faith, geologists, antiquaries, and archæologists, to skip over a few pages; to them I concede not only the old 6000 years, but 66,000 times 6000 years, if they please. Time does not affect our old facts: it only tells us that we do not know how to count. I wish to write freely upon religious subjects, and as I respect all other religions, I require the same respect for mine. I warn off scoffers from mixing the traditions and legends, which are of optional belief, so many of which adorn my recital, with the grand basis of our faith and its practices. I have collected, and recite, not only the traditions and legends of the Catholic Church, but those of all other religious beliefs. I find that we have many points in common, though Catholics generally do not know it, with the Moslems and Jews. Whenever we have a tradition or legend, they have a similar one with different actors and different names.

The next morning we were out early, and these words were written on the spot:—"I am sitting under the Golden Gate of the Temple, looking down upon the Valley of Kedron, which is banked by strong and precipitous sides. The steeps are all crowned with

buildings or ruins : the opposite one (Mount of Olives) by a Mosque, and the one upon which I am sitting, by the walls of Jerusalem, which rise behind me. The Garden of Gethsemane is on the opposite declivity, low down near the Kedron ravine ; I can see also the Tomb of our Blessed Lady, from which she is said to have risen after three days, like our Lord, and she was assumed into heaven. The traditions of the Church show us a place where the angel Gabriel came to announce to our Lady her death, as he did her Immaculate Conception. Also, we are shown the site of her death, where the Jews attacked and insulted her funeral, the spot where she was buried, and the place where St. Thomas the Apostle saw her rising in glory to heaven. There is nothing of all this at Ephesus, where some pretend that she died, and where they have nothing to show relative to her life or death. So we cling to the traditions of her native place.

“From where I sit I can also see the tombs of Jehosafat, Hezechiah, Absalom, and St. James the Less. There is the Valley of Judgment ; it is already full of the tombs of Jews whose hearts yearn for their old Temple, and who have caused their bones to lie as near it as permitted. The sky is glorious. The birds, insects, flowers, the balmy air and the sweet breath of spring, all contribute to a sense of enjoyment. It is approaching Holy Week, and the pilgrims of every race, colour, tongue, costume, and creed, are swarming beneath. All you who have been to Jerusalem, my sister pilgrims, know the scene : but to you who do not know it, how can I describe what I feel—what you will feel when you are so happy as to make this pilgrimage ? I will try, at the risk of being called visionary, weak, and superstitious. I sit on a mound, gazing on these holy places, and I think over them ; and then I kneel on the grass, and I pray and weep, and weep and pray, not because I am sad, but because I cannot stay my tears. All imaginable emotions crowd alternately upon my mind. I am so thankful to God to be a living thing ; I repossess in my mind the whole birth, life, passion, and death of our beloved Master ; the early history of Jerusalem, her great crime, the retribution she is suffering, the scenes that have been enacted in her from her beginning to her present time. Gratitude to our Saviour for our redemption fills my heart with such devotion, such confidence of mercy, such lucidity, and, if I may use the word, such familiarity with heavenly subjects, which seems the halo of grace thrown around the locality by our Saviour’s precious blood having fallen upon the soil. I cannot tell you how strange it is to see, to think, and to pray by, nay touch, the very scenes and monuments of which you learned at your mother’s

knee, of which you read every morning in your childish lesson, and in which you were examined upon Sunday by your parish priest. You then felt as if these things were some mystery of the other world, and perhaps sometimes your little brain thought them dry and useless. You did not understand how this thing could be, or what another passage could mean. You only knew that it was true, and that you must believe it, and learn it by heart.

"And now you are here, your mind wanders back to that childhood, and then 1871 years farther. You, the little one of the nursery, are a grown-up woman, and you find yourself in the same town that bewildered your head in the days when you longed to run away and play; amongst the same people, who are living the same life, saying and doing and thinking exactly the same things they said, did, and thought, eighteen centuries ago. You feel the whole force of the truths contained in the Bible, how there is nothing extraordinary, difficult, or incongruous in any sentence, whatever may have appeared in those young days. If you opened your mouth you would speak in the same way, and the sentences that had no meaning for you then, are explained by nature itself; you touch the Tomb, and you ask yourself, 'Is this real, or am I dreaming?' You walk about with swelling, choking throat, and your eyes fill with tears against your will, from happiness and associations. Your one wish is to avoid everything and every one, for they only jar upon your feelings. Nor can you easily settle down to a calm enjoyment of these things during a first visit to Jerusalem."

Let us begin at the beginning, and go through those sad events as they happened, taking each place in its proper time.

First, we rode to see the "Stone of the Colloquy," on the road to Bethany, so called because it is believed that when Martha came to tell Jesus that her brother Lazarus was dead, the Saviour sat upon this stone whilst He conversed with her. It is a little table of rock about a yard long. We then went over a jagged country to Bethany, a short hour from Jerusalem. It is the village where our Lord used to sup with Martha and Mary, where He raised Lazarus, and where He remained during the few days before the "Last Supper"—the Passover.* Bethany is now but a few huts and broken walls in a sheltered spot. To see the tomb of Lazarus, you descend a flight of twenty-seven steps to a vestibule cut in the rock; then three steps more and a little passage leads into a sepulchre, which is like a small, empty rock chamber. The Moslems respect this tomb, believing that

* Read John xi.; Luke x. 38-42; Mark xiv. 3-9, xi. 12-14, 19-26.

whoever dishonours it will lose his children by death. The Canons of the Sepulchre here kept a convent of Lazarists in olden times. About forty yards to the south, they show the supposed house of Martha and Mary. Of course, we understood the site, for the hut there now is not ancient enough; and a few minutes' walk to the west is the house of Simon the Leper, the scene of Magdalen's anointing the feet of our Saviour. We passed also a little field where Christ withered the tree; it is marked by an excavation in the rock, where there is always a fig. One could not wonder at our Lord choosing this retreat. Bethany faces a beautiful view. It is in a green nook, happy in stillness. There are sloping hills to the Dead Sea. One can picture Him staying here, looking over the mountains of Moab, watching the sun set on Mount Olivet, pondering over and preparing for the great work of man's salvation, longing for the hour of His ascension to His Father, waiting just without that great City of His enemies until the moment came.

The way by which we returned was that upon which Jesus rode upon the ass in triumph on Palm Sunday (A.D. 33), down the Mount of Olives, and in at the Golden Gate of the Temple.* This gate is always kept shut on that account, according to ancient prophecy, and you pass it by, saluting it, and entering the town by the nearest to it.

Ezekiel (xliv.), relating his vision, said:—"Then he brought me back the way of the gate of the outward sanctuary which looketh towards the east; and it was shut. Then said the Lord unto me: This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it; because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut."

We will now visit the next scene, the Cœnaculum, or the room of the Last Supper.† On our road we will notice some spots which are revered for their associations. We are now standing in the Christian cemeteries. At the south of the American cemetery there is a little spot of desolate land. It is the site of a house where, when all was over, our Blessed Lady lived with St. John, whom our Lord on His Cross consigned to her care. Here she passed her last fifteen years; here she died at the age of sixty-three, and was buried near the Garden of Gethsemane—as the body disappeared three days after burial, it is the pious belief of our revelation and tradition that she was assumed into heaven by our Divine Lord. St. Thomas is affirmed to have said

* Mark xi. 7-11.

† Read Mark xiv. 12-25; John xxii. 19-29; Acts i. 13-26, ii. 1-4.

that he saw her rising in glory to heaven, and that "she dropped her girdle to him," as Elijah did his mantle to Elisha.

Poor mother! who knew for thirty-three years what it was to live with Jesus. A desolate, lonely age of fifteen years that must have been, passed in anxiety to rejoin Him. How dreary and sad she must have ever felt, excepting when the thoughts of man's redemption whispered to her that the time of her suffering was soon to end, and must not be counted in so great a cause. How she must have dwelt on Simeon's prophecy, "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce" (Luke ii. 35). How she must, humanly speaking, have dwelt with sadness on the sufferings of the beloved Son. Our Lord must have ordained that she should pass those fifteen years in poverty, humility, and obscurity, as it were in a kind of spiritual retreat, preparing for what was to come—I mean her assumption and her coronation as Queen of Heaven.

All that remains *in situ* of this poor, small dwelling, are some large stones, said to be the foundations: the Christians who pass by salute it, and place something for a remembrance. The stones are covered with flowers, pins, wafers, pebbles, and many other things of the same value, which mean, "I remembered the sorrow of Jesus' mother, when I passed her dwelling." Now we can pass on, for this is not what we came to see.

A little to the east you find a group of houses, surmounted by a leaden cupola and a minaret; that is called Nabi Daoud (Prophet David). On the southern side, a door admits you to a yard and stable; and a few stairs ascend to a little paved court. Turn to the door on your left, and you enter what was an ancient church, but is now converted into a Mosque. It is built on the site of the ancient Supper-room. As some say that the present room may be the actual one built up with other materials, I will describe it. It is a long hall, with a groined roof, supported by three columns, and it has three pointed arched windows on one side, looking on the court. It is what one's imagination pictures the scene of the "Last Supper" to have been. Here our Lord instituted for us the substance of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist. His last act before His Passion commenced was to leave us this precious legacy. Here took place the mystery of the union between God and man in the Holy Communion. God ordained that Jesus should choose a privileged people, whose faith could rise above the earth and the senses.

It was in this hall that He washed His disciples' feet; that He

promised them the Holy Ghost; that He told Judas that he was about to betray Him, and Peter that he was about to deny Him.*

It was in this hall that Christ appeared to His disciples on the day of His resurrection, and again eight days afterwards, when He told Thomas to put his finger into His wounds, and gave us this benediction, "Blessed are they who have not seen and have believed." That is for you and me, reader, and I rejoice not to have seen that I may believe; it appears to me the only thing that we can do for our blessed Saviour in return, the only thing to please Him, and to prove our gratitude. It was in this hall that Matthias was chosen an apostle in place of Judas; it was here that the Holy Ghost came down upon the disciples in form of fiery tongues; it was here that St. James lived as Bishop of Jerusalem, that the Sacraments of Confirmation and Extreme Unction and Holy Orders were instituted, and that St. Stephen and six others were ordained deacons.† The building was the property of the same Joseph of Arimathæa who had the honour of burying Jesus.

We now can realize the scene of the Last Supper, the last sayings and counsels of the Master to His beloved twelve—each, though they did not then understand, pregnant with an eternal meaning; His last affecting farewell of His beloved mother, and of those who were dear to Him on earth; after which, with the chosen few, He went forth to the garden to pray.

I spent the greater part of the afternoon conversing upon these things. The origin of a dislike to sitting down thirteen to table began after the Last Supper; in old times it was a superstition that one would turn traitor, and in modern times it is said that one will die.

I wish that a painter who knows the East would produce a "Last Supper," not with modern dinner-table, cloth, and plates, as we have always seen it, and which destroys all pleasure and devotion; but as it must have been, with our dear Lord and His disciples sitting upon rugs, or mats with low cushions, in a circle. In the middle stands a

* Read Matthew xxvi. 21-25, 31-35; John xxiv. 16, 17, 26, 36, 37, 38; John xxv. 7-13, 26, 27; John xiii. 4-15.

† Acts vi. 1-6.

James iv. 14-16 (Extreme Unction):—"Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church: and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

large round brass tray, the size of a table, balanced upon a low stool, with platters and bowls.* Holman Hunt, who has long lived at Jerusalem, and Frederick Leighton, who has lately been to Damascus, and has brought back Eastern nature and its truths with him, are the only great artists equal to the work.

All that the four Evangelists have written shows how none knew His own people so well as our Saviour. The Syrians acted towards Him as they would if He were alive to-day. When He was in trouble they slept; whenever there was a danger they fled; Judas betrayed Him; Peter denied Him; Thomas disbelieved in Him. Whenever He strictly "charged them to tell no man," they told. Every now and then, in addressing the people, He could not help bursting forth into, "Ye generation of vipers."

Which of us has not, at some time or other, suffered cruelly from the unjust and groundless desertion of a trusted friend? This must have been the most galling part of His Passion. And every time we suffer in this way we share with our Divine Master. From Peter's case we may take comfort and hope, when we repent of our sins; from the example of Judas we may shun despair. Tradition says that Mary and St. John did all they could to induce Judas to repent, but that he refused, saying his crime was so great that God could not forgive it; this, again, is not an article of faith, but a pious tradition.

The Syrian of to-day will stand by his master through fire and water, if he loves him: but he will not love him, nor be faithful to him, for his gentler qualities. He requires something else. It is not the humble missionary who preaches to him of love and faith that wins him. Like a woman, it is his master's power and might, his external surroundings, his display of force, that subdue him. His personal love depends if the master can ride, shoot, fight, and hold his own, if he can speak his language, if he know his religious prejudices, read his thoughts and mind, when he feels that he is under a microscope before the eye of his master, and that his physical strength and moral intellect are superior to his own; then he will bow down and worship that master, he will be proud of belonging to him, and will be his for life and death. The Jews worshipped our Saviour's miracles and wondrous doings: the Pharisees and Priests of the Temple were

* My husband remarks the impossibility of Syrian fishermen using the luxurious appliances of the wealthy Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans, such as the four-legged *Τράπεζαι* (Trapezai)—that is, *Τετράπεζαι* (Tetrapezai)—and the three-footed *Τρίποδες* (Tripodes), which fronted the Triclinia.

jealous of them. If our Lord had chosen to wear the royalty of an earthly King, they would have fought for Him; but a spiritual kingdom was too high an idea. They were too material, and as our Lord wore only the garment of humility, love, and peace, and sought only to do them good, they easily forgot His benefits, and they were afraid to side with Him against those who were what *they* thought kings; who had force, wealth, and the pomp of Government. All this was decreed, and I am only showing that Syria in 1874 is in no way changed from the Syria of 33.

We then visited the private house of Caiaphas, whose official residence was the Tower of Antonia. It is close to the Cenaculum, and there is on the old site an oratory, also called Ecce Homo, and likewise a more modern house.

We sat in the English burial-ground on Mount Sion this afternoon, talking, and picking a flower here and there. How little any of us thought that six months hence we should have left Syria, and that three years later our dear friend and travelling companion, Tyrwhitt-Drake, would lie in this very spot. A young man, and full of promise for a brilliant Eastern and scientific career; his personal appearance was tall, powerful, fair, but manly; he was distinguished for athletic and field sports, for riding, walking, swimming, and shooting. His intellectual qualities, with a mind so stocked with all kinds of information, made me wonder how at twenty-four years of age he could know so much. His mastery of languages—Arabic and others—his wonderful eye for ground, and knowledge of topography, made him a most agreeable, and eventually an indispensable, companion in our excursions. He was an excellent draughtsman, and he sketched admirably. In character and disposition he was a thorough Englishman, the very soul of honour; reserved and silent in manner, as warm of heart, he observed much and thought more, and had an innate knowledge of the world. He got on well with every one; he won all hearts, and was equally respected by Europeans and natives. He made very few intimates, but he was a friend to the backbone. He had that dogged determination which is quite English; once a resolve was made he never turned back, and that tells with Syrians. He lived with us and travelled with us; Captain Burton and I loved him like a younger brother, and he repaid us in kind. We thought his health required care for a year or two, and as long as he was with us we looked after him; he often told us that he was growing out of all delicacy. He felt our going as a boy would feel the breaking up of a happy home, whether it was in Damascus itself or under canvas. He

visited us in Trieste, *en route* for England, in the summer of 1873. We thought his health much gone off, and we begged of him to come and stay with us whenever he wanted change and his family could spare him. In March, 1874, he sent us a sketch of his camp in the Jordan valley, where we had formerly encamped together. Some weeks of rain and mud brought on the dreadful Jericho fever, from which we all hoped and believed he had recovered, and we wrote and renewed our invitation. He replied that Lieutenant Conder was going or gone to England, and that he could not leave the post he was in charge of—the date was Jerusalem, 8th May, 1874. On 14th May, 1874, my husband was struck down by a sudden pain, which a few hours determined to be of a serious character. He was seventy-eight days and nights in bed, and had two painful operations performed. The last, under chloroform, was on the 23rd June. That very morning our poor friend breathed his last in Jerusalem, in spite of every care on the part of Dr. Chaplin, the excellent physician, who had devoted himself to his case. A few days later, when the letters arrived, seeing “Palestine Exploration Fund” on the seal, I thought that perhaps our kind friend Mr. Walter Besant had announced the discovery of some new stone or inscription that would amuse my husband. I handed him the letter, not thinking of “Charlie,” as we called him, and supposing him to be recovered and well. By that time we hoped he had gone to Bludán, our old summer quarter, for a holiday. My husband dropped the letter, and fell back quite pale—his wound had burst out afresh. I picked up the letter and saw the sad truth. Captain Burton was much retarded by this blow. With all my care to give him only pleasant news, I had handed him the worst letter I could possibly have done. It appeared that fever had reattacked our poor friend, as it does sometimes, when he was packing up, *en route* for the Anti-Lebanon, where, could he have reached it, he would have got well, for it always agreed with him. But God in His mercy knew what was best for him, and during the seven hours that he knew that death was at hand he continually said, “Tell my mother that I die in the love of Jesus.” He was ill forty days, and during that time, when the delirium of fever was upon him, he constantly cried out in Arabic to Habíb, the youth whom my husband made over to him when he left, “Habíb, pitch our tents on Mount Sion; there is such a beautiful place.” It was the spot where we sat on the day of which I write, and where he was afterwards buried. A mother has lost the flower of her flock, and is bowed down with sorrow; we, and many others, have lost a friend whom we can never replace; the Palestine

Exploration has lost its corner-stone, and England has lost one of those youths of promise, every one of whom contribute to build her fair fame and to guard her honour. R.I.P.

After this sad story we will continue our pilgrimage. "Jesus went forth to the garden to pray." This garden is the only place that struck me with surprise. I always imagined that our Saviour, having left the Supper, walked into one adjoining the house, whereas He descended the mountain, He crossed the Wady Kedron, and He mounted part of the opposite steep, a walk of nearly an hour. We, too, will do so, and first descend six steps into the natural grotto, where light is let in by an aperture from above; it contains three altars; the early Christians built a church over it, and St. Jerome mentions it as St. Saviour. It is said that in this cave our Saviour passed the first part of His agony. The garden itself is square and small, walled round and planted; it contains a few cypress and eight old olive trees, under which it is said our Saviour often sought the shade. These trees are carefully guarded by the Moslems. The Arabic name for the garden is Bostán ez Zeytún, literally, Garden of Olives. There is a little door on the south-east side, and outside of the door to the east is a rock, where it is said our Saviour left Peter, James, and John to watch and pray. He came from the grotto and found them sleeping; He went a stone's throw away to the north of the garden and continued to pray. He came a second time and found them again sleeping: on returning He cast Himself upon the ground under the olive trees—we can imagine our Saviour permitting His human nature to assert itself for the last time, whilst retaining all the foreknowledge of His divinity, leaving His human nature alone, face to face with the torments which He was about to endure—and cried out, "My Father, let this cup pass from Me; but not My will but Thine be done." How He must have been filled with fear of death, horror, repugnance of what He was about to endure—wounded love, our ingratitude, and the little benefit that His sufferings and death would be to a large portion of His creatures. How He must have endured mental agony and bodily fear and the weight of all our sins. All this came upon Him humanly. With His divinity He could foresee all. Then we must remember that all those dear to Jesus had fled from Him, and God the Father only was with Him in rigour and justice, and at that moment did not behold in Him His beloved Son, His co-heir in the Trinity, but only the scapegoat of the world for the sins of men. The vengeance of God and heaven, the powers of earth and hell, were all let loose upon Him, till, God as He was, He cried out aloud, and sweated blood with

His tears. He continued to pray, and the angel comforted Him. Then He rose again, and for a third time He found His disciples sleeping, and, tired of reproaching them, said, "Sleep ye now, and take your rest. It is enough." *

About twenty yards south of the little garden door is a fragment of a column which marks the cruelest part of our Saviour's Passion—Judas's kiss; His disciples all fled, leaving Him alone in the hands of His torturers.† His work was over—those He loved had departed from Him. This world was ended for Him—and now He had nought left Him but to suffer. It is the end of us all—each in our small degree, when the agony of death comes to our turn.

Jesus was solitary in the midst of His apostles, who forsook Him, who fled, who lied, who slept, who denied, who betrayed, who hid, who disbelieved Him.

The human heart does not suffice for its own happiness—it wants another; Jesus was human, although Divine, and His heart spread itself on His creatures. The preservation, the life, the growth, the perfection of love is to love always, always more, and never cease to love, in spite of obstacles, separation, sorrows, poverty, and every misfortune. The apostles knew nothing of it until they lost Him.

Two true friends separated from each other are not contented with thinking—with memory. They want to meet often, and exchange a load of confidence on their minds, and this augments and keeps up their mutual affection and confidence. They did not know then that this was about to be taken from them. His enemies arose to insult and outrage Him. Most were indifferent, and those who loved Him left Him solitary and forgotten.

The greatest sorrow on earth is to be abandoned by those we love. No distance, no time, no space on earth, nor the depth, nor the immensity of the world, can contain that one sorrow. It is such utter annihilation that the heart faints and the brain reels even to think of it. This must be the meaning of hell! What an affliction for two hearts who love, to be separated in eternity—the only real separation.

It was now late, but our Saviour was dragged all the way back He had come—through the torrent of Kedron, in which He fell, but was urged on with blows, buffets, kicks, and stripes with whips and ropes. In addition to bodily afflictions, He suffered insults, taunts, reproaches, and public shame, which lasted day and night the best part of three

* Mark xiv. 32–42.

† Mark xiv. 43–50; John xviii. 4–13.

days from this hour, till three o'clock on Good Friday. A human being would have sunk under his sufferings in three hours, but His Divine Will prolonged His physical capability of bearing it. Then He was dragged up the other side of the mountain to the City, and successively to the houses of Annas, and Caiaphas the High Priest, and Herod the King, and Pilate the Governor, and subjected to every insult, until He was given over for the night by the unmanly Pilate, to be the sport of a brutal soldiery. That night Herod and Pilate were reconciled, to unite against Jesus. All private enmities were buried to make common cause in this great universal sport—the murder of their Messiah, their God.*

The Soldiers' Hall was at the house of Caiaphas, now the barrack opposite the Church of the Flagellation, and a little oratory marks the site where they mocked Him. The Judgment Hall was in Pilate's house, which in those days covered the site of the present Convent of the Sœurs de Sion, and the Church of the Ecce Homo.

I do not suppose that we shall ever know, until we are launched into eternity, what Christ suffered for us in that time. If we did, we should perhaps be almost afraid to breathe, for fear of doing some ungrateful act.

A curious and interesting tradition was found in a tomb in Jerusalem, and was brought to England, it is told me, by one of my ancestors, a Lady Arundell of Wardour, which appears to have been ratified by a Saint, called the Blessed Ingleton. It was supposed to have been a revelation to St. Bridget, a daughter of Birger, Prince of Sweden, Legislator of Upland and Sigrida, and descended from the Kings of the Goths. Princess Bridget was born in 1302, and married to Ulphon, Prince of Nericia; she led a saintly life, made several pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and died in Rome—where it is likely that she left this revelation—23rd July, 1373, aged 71; but also it is possible that as two sons of St. Bridget died in the Crusades, that this paper might have been worn about their persons (as is enjoined), and have been buried with them.

It is no article of faith, but it is so interesting that I insert it. It may convey to our minds some idea of what Christ bore for our salvation, for we may add to it the inventive cruelty of the Eastern, the barbarous times, and the licentiousness of soldiery supported by the local authorities.

* * * * *

* Luke xxii. 54-71; John xviii. 24-39, xix. 6-37; Matthew xxvii. 19-56; Mark xv. 6-20.

1. When I was apprehended in the garden I received thirty cuffs and 820 blows.
2. When going to Annas I had seven falls.
3. They gave me 550 blows upon my breast.
4. They gave me five cruel blows upon my shoulders.
5. They raised me from the ground by the hair of my head thirty times.
6. They gave me thirty blows upon my mouth.
7. With anguish I sighed 880 sighs.
8. They drew me by the beard 388 times.
9. They gave me 6666 cruel stripes with whips when I was bound to the pillar of stone.
10. They spat in my face sixty-eight times.
11. They put three crowns of thorns upon my head [which must mean that they broke them with blows and renewed them].
12. The soldiers gave me 558 stripes with whips, whilst I carried my cross.
13. Falling under my cross repeatedly, I received a mortal wound upon my shoulder, and many kicks and blows.
14. They gave me vinegar and gall to drink in my thirst.
15. Whilst hanging on the cross I received five mortal wounds.

* * * * *

This revelation is in no way guaranteed by our Church authorities, but at the end of these sentences great blessings are promised to those who wear it in remembrance of our Saviour, and many of us carry a printed copy round our necks in a locket or a little bag.

Our Saviour was scourged at the Pillar, crowned with thorns, and exhibited to the people by Pilate, and hence He carried His Cross, and was crucified. We will follow Him from the beginning to the end.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONTINUATION OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

WE start from Casa Nuova, we pass the Convent of St. Saviour in Christian Street, which trends eastwards. When we arrive at the first crossway, we see to the left hand an open window, which forms the corner of a house, and a column below it. Here Church tradition says that sentence of death was passed upon Jesus. Opposite, and a few steps to the east, is the Gate of Judgment, where Jesus, after being condemned, took up His Cross, to carry it through the City. All those about to die walked out of this gate to their place of execution. We then walk the same way that our Lord walked, followed by the crowd. Frère Liévin de Hamme, a Franciscan monk of the province of St. Joseph, a brother of the Terra Santa Convent in Jerusalem, who knows more about Jerusalem and the Holy Places, and who has studied more about them—in a religious sense—than any man here, accompanies us, and we pilgrims crowd around him. We walk from place to place, making the stations of the Cross publicly, on our knees. The good monk explains every spot to us, whether religious or historical, and gives us authorities and references, and we can note it all down. He also tells us the holy traditions and legends, which are optional as to belief. When we come to a place where Jesus has been, we kneel, and he recites a prayer, in which all join. I did this for the first few days with him, then with a Moslem, and lastly with a Jew, so as to learn the history from every point of view. I had always three scientific men with me, Captain Burton, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, and M. Clermont-Ganneau. It is delightful to visit such interesting localities with people who are thoroughly versed in the subject, as all these men were, and who kindly made it a pleasure to take me about, and show and explain everything to me, giving me good authorities for every single fact, and separating facts from traditions and legends. Then I used to go back alone, and study it all over again, with books, both religious and profane, but chiefly the Bible.

We enter the street that comes from the Damascus gate, and the first thing we behold is a good house with an arch. That is the house of Dives,* and a corner to the left is the spot where Lazarus used to lie and beg for the crumbs from his table: Go a few paces to the north and right, and the first door on your left is the Church of the Armenian Catholics. We take the first street eastwards, and on entering it is the Austrian Orphanage and Hospice. The street is arched over. We see but half the arch, as the other part is enclosed in the Convent Chapel of the Sœurs de Sion. It was on this arch that our Saviour stood clothed in mock purple, crowned with thorns, with a reed for a sceptre—never so beautiful, so majestic, as in His disfigurement and shame, with His blood dropping on the slabs of stone beneath, when coward-hearted Pilate showed Him as a spectacle of misery to the people, and said, "Behold the man!" †

Not being used to living on sacred ground, you want at first to kneel down at every step, and you feel hurt because the people are walking gaily along, singing as if nothing had happened there. But you forget that these men live here, and that they would be kneeling all day long if they revered every sacred spot as you, a visitor, are doing. In the part of the arch bridging the street is a tiny cratory, with double windows, east and west, occupied by a Moslem. A writer of the seventeenth century saw sculptured under the windows "Tolle! Tolle!" ("Take him away! Take him away!") We will go into the Church of Ecce Homo, belonging to the Convent of French Nuns, and there you see the other half of the arch, and under it a beautiful marble life-size representation of that Divine tragedy. The altar is composed of the slabs of stone upon which the blood of our Lord fell. Below the church is a crypt, a natural cave, where they have made *loculi* for burying the nuns; the Reverend Mother took me to see them. There are two curious subterranean tunnels and passages, the principal one six yards eighteen inches broad, and forty-two or forty-three yards long; it comes from the north, and it ends southwards against the rock. At the extreme south of the western wall is a little closed door, and hard by, to the west, is another subterranean passage running in the same direction. It is thought that they were the old water reservoirs for the bastions of the

* I am perfectly aware that many look upon Dives as the type of wealth and luxury, and Lazarus (Eliazar in Hebrew) as John Doe v. Richard Roe in our law books. With this, however, the text has nothing to do. The most curious perversion of the word Lazarus is the old French St. Ladre (St. Thief), who was invoked in cases of leprosy.

† John xix. 4, 5. Profane people call this the Triumphal Arch of Adrian.

Tower of Antonia ; they were built of beautiful large stones, and probably by Herod the Great.

The nuns have all kinds of little pious things to sell to strangers. Père Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne, of great celebrity in the Catholic Church, once a Jew, now one of our brightest ornaments, is the director of the convent. He kindly showed Captain Burton and myself everything of interest, and explained it, and our conversations with him were not the least of our pleasures in Jerusalem.

Northwards, at the point where the street which runs along the eastern wall of the convent bifurcates, and which also trends northwards, is the site of the palace of Herod Agrippa, Tetrarch of Galilee, he who cut off the head of John the Baptist, and insulted Jesus when sent to him by Pilate. About fifty yards to the east of the Ecce Homo, we arrive at and ascend some easy stairs to the Turkish barracks, opposite the Church of the Flagellation. This is built on the site of the Tower of Antonia, once called Bâris, by Hiram, son of Simon the Maccabee, Great Rabbi of the Jews. He lived here, and kept the holy vestments for the ceremonies of the Temple. Herod Agrippa, finding the position good, fortified it for his own use, and called it Antonia. It was built on a rock, and it formed the north-western angle of the two galleries of the Temple. North of this fortress, which the Romans garrisoned, used to be the Valley of Cinders, afterwards the City moat, and where are the two piscinas (pools) of Strontium and Amygdalon, upon which Titus erected platforms to attack Antonia.

Although you appear by my description to have walked a long distance, all these sites are close together ; the Prætorium, or guard-house, where Pilate declared Jesus to be innocent, offered to exchange Him for Barabbas, and yet gave Him up to be crucified ; the soldiers' hall, where they scourged Him, mocked Him, and crowned Him with thorns ; the Hall of Judgment ; the stairs, or Scala Santa, now transported to Rome ; with the Gate of Judgment, leading to the street ; the residence of Pilate, the tower where Caiaphas lived, the fortress which was Herod's residence, are all near—at least, not fifty yards apart. They are covered now, I repeat, by the Convent and Church of Ecce Homo, by the Turkish barracks, and by the Church of the Flagellation. The spot in the Turkish barracks where our Lord was crowned with thorns is decorated by a small chapel, built by the Crusaders ; and there is also a Dervish tomb in the middle. About fifty yards farther, a little iron door to the left opens on the court, whereby you enter the Church of the Flagellation, built over the spot which was saturated by the blood of Christ.

Mustafa Beg, in 1618, turned this church into a stable, but in the morning he found all his horses dead, and they say every time he renewed it the same thing happened. At last he consulted a wise man of El Islâm, who told him that the Christians venerated this spot because of the Flagellation of Neby Isa (the Prophet Jesus), so he abandoned it as a stable, but would not give it back. It fell to ruins, but Ibrahim Pasha gave it back to the Franciscans, and Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, rebuilt it in 1838.

We knelt awhile on the spot in the Turkish barracks where our Lord was crowned with thorns, again on the spot of the Flagellation, and once more on the spot where the stairs (Scala Santa) were, which led, by a door in the wall, from the Prætorium, or guard-house, to the street called the Crusaders' Street of the Valley. These stairs and door are the places where He was charged with His Cross, and went forth into the streets. St. Helena removed the stairs to Rome, where they are called the Scala Santa, and people still ascend them on their knees. When I went to the "Eternal City," for the first time in 1873—after her glories had departed—His Holiness was ill in bed, and to my great disappointment all seemed cold and spiritless. I compared it sadly with Jerusalem, but the moment I knelt on the Scala Santa I felt a thrill of the old feeling, which left me when I quitted the stairs; I feel confident of the truth, that God speaks to His creatures directly and manifestly in Syria, and more especially in Jerusalem.

We knelt at the foot of where the staircase used to be. We then went westwards for about three hundred yards, and ascended the Via Dolorosa back to the street which comes from the Damascus gate. On the left is a broken column lying against the wall. There it is that our Saviour fell for the first time. The Via Dolorosa then strikes south, and about forty yards off is an alley running eastward. Opposite this our Lord met His beloved mother—the most heart-rending event of that sorrowful walk. About thirty yards farther is a street trending to the west, at the entrance of which they met Simon the Cyrenian; and because Jesus was showing failing strength, and they did not wish to kill Him until they had crucified Him, they obliged Simon to walk with them, to carry the Cross if needful. This was at the corner of the street leading to the present French Consulate; the site is marked by a hole in one of the stones of the wall on the first house to the left.

At about a hundred yards from this spot, and seven yards to the west of an arch across the street, is a bit of column let into the pavement to the left. The house against which it stands is that of St.

Veronica,* one of the holy women who followed Jesus to comfort Him in His Passion. He was fatigued, out of breath, covered with blood, wounds, and perspiration. She saw Him staggering beneath His load. She ran down and offered Him her veil to wipe His face. He rewarded this womanly act of tenderness by leaving the impress of His face upon it. It is now in Rome.

Seventy yards farther on we are at the end of the street where Jesus fell the second time, and was goaded on once more. This is the corner of the French Consulate, the supposed site of the "Wandering Jew's" house. This well-known legend says that, "our dear Lord, carrying His Cross, crowned with thorns, staggering with weakness and loss of blood under His load, passed this house, that of a Jewish bootmaker, and implored him to allow Him to rest a moment upon the stone bench before his shop, but that he, embittered by poverty and hard work, when our Lord said, plaintively, "I suffer," answered roughly, "I also suffer;" and pushing him rudely off said, "Move on! move on!" Then our Lord turned and looked at him, and said, "I go! but do thou move on for ever, to the end of time." The legend says that this Jew is still walking about the earth without rest, and can never stop. Whatever he looks at he sees in it the Cross, and he longs to die, but he cannot. There is a superstition that whenever he passes through a town or place some misfortune comes directly after him; for instance, that the cholera is the result of the poison of his breath as he passes through.† In the street opposite the one we are leaving, and about thirty-five yards to the left, a hole in one of the stones of the wall of the Greek Convent, St. Caralambos, marks the spot where our Lord turned to the holy women who followed Him, and uttered those words so full of meaning, which have long since been fulfilled—"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

We have six stations more to accomplish, in order to follow our Lord to Calvary. An old alley once led direct; we are now stopped by walls and houses built, and we cannot walk straight, as our Lord did. We must retrace our steps, and follow the first street to the right, trending southwards. After a hundred and twenty yards we see on the right a blind alley, which we enter, and mount a hillock of débris and rubbish. We pass two columns of the ancient Basilica of Constantine. To the south-west of these pillars is a piece of ground

* I am quite aware that many rank St. Veronica with Dives and Lazarus.

† I need not say that the legend gives also a "Wandering Jewess," Salome, daughter of Herodias.

belonging to the Russians. We see the second enclosure of the City built by the Kings of Judah. At ninety-six mètres, that is, at the end of the alley, we look for a column fitted into the walls, near and to the right of a door entering the Episcopal Convent of the Copts. This is where our Lord, overcome by His sufferings, fell for the third time, and where Simon was ordered to take up and carry the Cross.

No other occurrence connected with the sad way of the Cross took place until we stand in the Church of the Sepulchre, and as to reach it we must again retrace our steps, I wish to point out one or two objects of interest on this spot.

Four yards north of this standing column is the cistern called the Treasury of St. Helena. The poor used to believe that if she kneaded her saliva with the earth it turned to gold, probably on account of the fabulous sums she spent in searching for the Holy Cross. Opposite this door of the Copts are four steps; these lead to the terrace of the cupola'd Church of St. Helena, which used to be enclosed in the Basilica of the Sepulchre. The terrace, shaped like a court, was the ancient Cloister of the Convent of the Chanoinesses of the Holy Sepulchre, and to the south we can still see the ruins of their refectory. The most distinguished Convent of this Order at present existing is that of New Hall, near Chelmsford, in Essex, whose community are Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre, with all the privileges and *esprit de corps* of their ancestral Convent founded by St. James the Less. Their nuns are mostly of the best blood of England, and half the daughters of the old English Catholic aristocracy have received their education there for seventy-five years. I shall give a sketch of their early history a little further on, as it is in such close connection with Jerusalem, and it will make me both proud and happy to insert a few words of affectionate record of my Alma Mater.

Between these ruins and the cupola, the Ethiopians show an olive, which they affirm to have been found on the spot where Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac. To the south-west of the cupola is the Chapel of the Ethiopians, dedicated to St. Mary; from it you can distinguish the Chapel of Calvary, and that of the Sepulchre.

We now retrace our steps to the entrance of the alley, and to the Columns of Constantine. We follow the street to the right, pass on the left an alley and an arched or vaulted bazar. After twenty steps we pass another similar market, and follow the line to the west, which once was that of the "Palmers." We leave on the left the fine façade of the old Church of St. Mary the Great; and a little further on we

arrive at a small door which leads to the enclosure of the Church of the Sepulchre.

As we are now observing the "Stations of the Cross," we go straight to Calvary. We enter the church door, and immediately to the right is a double staircase of nineteen steps, one from the north side and one from the south, the latter of eighteen steps; so that two persons, or two processions, can both mount and meet at the top. The distance, as walked by our Saviour, from the Gate of Judgment, charged with His Cross, to Calvary, was about a thousand yards.

There are six holy spots on Mount Calvary. About four or five yards on the right hand of the head of the staircase, and before you advance up the church, a large black and white rose in the marble shows where our Saviour was stripped. Three yards farther, before an altar, a tessellated slab covers the spot where they nailed Him to the Cross. We now advance to the High Altar, where the sacrifice was consummated. It is resplendent, but you wish it was not there; all your love, respect, and anxiety being concentrated upon a large silver star under the altar. On hands and knees you bow down to kiss it, for it covers the hole in the rock where the Cross, with our dying God upon it, was planted. You can put your arm into the hole, and touch it for a blessing. On the right hand is the hole of the good thief's cross, and on the left the bad thief's, each marked by a black marble cross. The cleft in the solid rock, which opened "when Jesus, crying out with a loud voice, gave up the ghost," and "the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent," is still visible. You can see it again below, in the deepest part of the church, where lies Adam's tomb. The surface looks as if oxidized with blood, and tradition says that that colour has ever remained upon it.

Opposite the altar of our Lady of Dolours, is the spot where the mother sat to receive in her arms the dead body of her Son; and two other black and white marble roses mark the spots at different degrees from the Cross where the mother, and Mary wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen and John stood first afar, and then close to the Cross during the three awful hours' agony, saw the gall and vinegar given, and received His seven last dying words.

On the right hand a little chapel deeper on the side of Calvary, which you can see from a window covered with a grating in the Church of Calvary, shows where people "came to scoff and remained to pray." Dedicated to our Lady of Sorrows, it is built on the spot where the mother and St. John stood whilst they nailed Jesus to the Cross.

In old times this chapel was a porch. The window through which you are looking into the church replaces the door of the porch of the Calvary Church. It is said that St. Mary the Egyptian was a great sinner, and that one day she entered into the Church of Calvary to mock, but an invisible hand held her back. She was struck with horror at her sinfulness and unworthiness, and, bursting into tears, she went away and thoroughly repented of her sins. She returned some time after and was able to enter, and at last she retired to the Jordan, where she led a life of penitence and obscurity for thirty years. She died in the fifth century, and was buried by St. Zozimus.

We proceed from Calvary to the Holy Sepulchre.*

We will first visit the grave of our dear Lord, and then I will ask you to accompany me in spirit outside the Sepulchre Church, or Basilica, that I may enter it with you in the usual manner, and visit all the Holy Sites in due order.

A little chapel covers the grave, and stands under the centre of the great Dome covering the whole Basilica.

The Holy Sepulchre, all of it cut in one solid rock, consisted of a little ante-chamber, and an inner chamber containing a place for interment. It is carved out of the stone in the form of a trough, which would have a stone slab for a cover, and it is roofed by a small arch, also cut in the rock. We must remember that Joseph of Arimathæa meant it for himself, and therefore it differed in nothing from the grave of any other well-to-do Jew.

When St. Helena prepared this land for building the Basilica for the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary, she separated the room containing the sacred tomb from the mass of rock, and caused the entrance or vestibule to be carved out of the remainder. On Calvary she respected only the six principal sites, which are left in the original rock, and she built the rest upon artificial arches. Would that St. Helena had contented herself with building indestructible walls around the sacred spots, and had left them to nature, marking them only with a cross and an inscription. They would better have satisfied the love and devotion of all Christendom than the little chapels all covered with ornaments, which one shuts one's eyes not to see, trying to realize what was. Around those walls, each of the fourteen Christian sects might have had their altar and burnt their lamps, and from them defended our treasures against a common enemy.

In the ante-chamber are two columns, and in the middle is the stone upon which sat the angel when it was rolled back from the

* Read Matthew xxvii. 57-60; John xxi. 38-42.

Sepulchre. Here he said to the three Marys, "Be not afraid: you seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified: He is risen, He is not here."*

Christians of every race, tongue, or creed, burn gold and silver lamps day and night before the grave, so that the chapel inside is covered with them; and priests of each sect officiate here in turn. The exterior of the Sepulchre is also covered with gold and silver lamps, burnt by different Christians—and who dare touch a lamp belonging to another sect than his own? It would risk a civil war!

Fifteen lamps of gold hang in a row over the grave itself, and belong to the Catholics, the Greek Orthodox, the Armenians, and the Copts. The Turks hold the keys. In going in and coming out, all kneel three times and kiss the ground.

After you have crossed the vestibule, which is dark, you crouch to pass through the low, rock-cut archway, by which you enter the Tomb; you kneel by the Sepulchre, which appears like a raised bench of stone: you can put your hands on it, lean your face on it, if you will, and think and pray. Here many wonderful, touching, and strange events take place.

I know it is the fashion now for a few persons who do not wish to be considered credulous and weak-minded to doubt the sites of those awful events. But how strange that all Christendom should have been mistaken for 1841 years, and that a handful should arise of late years to show us how wrong we have been. In all these centuries, as now, men have flocked in thousands from the farthest confines of the globe to this world-wide bond of union, this Christian tie—our Saviour's Tomb. The poor and destitute save up their farthings, denying themselves every comfort, to accomplish this one act of homage. They pour in from north and south, from east and west, and often they perish of cold and heat, of hunger and thirst, hardship and privation, in the attempt to pour out the gatherings and savings of their miserable lives, to lay their heads down for only a single instant on this Tomb. I have seen them crawl up on their hands and knees, with pinched and haggard look and anxious eye, and when they have reached the goal of their patient, enduring love, they have flung themselves upon it with passionate kisses and floods of tears, thus relieving their oppressed hearts. Do you not think, some of you to whom our Lord has manifested Himself more clearly than to others, do you not think that He would have let us know, even without a miracle,

* Read Matthew xxvii. 61-66; Mark xvi. 1-16; Luke xxiv. 1-21; John xx. 1-20; Luke xxiv. 22-53.

that we were wrong? If the brotherhood of unbelievers only knew the things that do take place at the Sepulchre, they would speak with hushed voices; but these things are unfortunately kept secret.

Having followed our Saviour from Bethlehem to the Last Supper, and throughout His sufferings to the Grave, let me now ask you to accompany me in spirit to the other objects of interest in Jerusalem, beginning with this Basilica. The entrance is a large paved square, where beads, crosses, crucifixes, statuettes, and other mementoes are sold at rough booths and stalls; there are also crucifixes, spoons, and hand-glasses for the toilette in mother-of-pearl, and Catholics will choose a number of remembrances and presents for those at home. The best are found in the houses of poor private families, who carve them.

The façade of the Basilica is interesting. It was built by the Crusaders, and it is still a bit of our home architecture. You enter the Church by a huge arched doorway extensively worked, and the name of many an old knight is roughly cut upon the stones. The vast Basilica covers many of the scenes of the Passion, which we at home imagine are far apart. But Jerusalem is and ever was a small town. When once our Lord had carried His cross to Calvary, every scene of the Divine tragedy was completed within a stone's throw; and after you are there and see for yourself, it seems natural that it should have been so. The only long distances which our Saviour walked were from the Cœnaculum, or Last Supper, to Gethsemane; thence to the house of Annas and back to the Judgment Hall, and the thousand yards through the town to Calvary.

The sites which the Basilica covers number twenty-eight. It may give you some idea of its size, when you hear it occupied me forty minutes simply to walk round to each station without stopping; but to gaze a few moments at each site, and to make a short reflection and prayer, especially at the grave of our Lord and at Calvary, required an hour and a half. At first I thought little of three or four hours, which I reduced to the shorter time only when I knew the place by heart.

On entering the Church by the principal door, you first see a large slab of red marble, like Verona stone, surrounded by lights. This is the spot where the devout hands of Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus, after having taken our Saviour down from the Cross, laid the body whilst they embalmed it, according to Jewish custom, "bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds weight."

They therefore bound the body of Jesus in "linen cloths with the spices, as is the manner of the Jews to bury." St. Helena covered the stone with a splendid mosaic; after the burning of the Church, Modestus protected it with an oratory, and the Crusaders enclosed it in the Church. When the Franciscans owned the Church it had still its mosaic.

Twelve yards away to the left is a little cage of iron. This covers the spot where Mary and the holy women stood whilst the body was being embalmed.

The next and third station is the Sepulchre itself, enclosed in its little chapel. The resplendent Greek Orthodox Church occupies the heart of the Basilica opposite the Sepulchre. In the middle is a marble vase, with a spot which is believed by the disciples of Photius to be the Centre of the Earth. This was the choir of the Knights of the Sepulchre. Behind the Sepulchre is the little Chapel of the Copts, and opposite it are those of the Syrian non-Catholic, or Jacobites, and of the Abyssinians. From this part we can enter the rock-tombs, first of Nicodemus, and then of Joseph of Arimathæa. The latter, having buried our Saviour in his own grave, and not holding himself worthy to be placed in the same, prepared another close by for himself and his family. As the garden belonged to him, this was easily done, conceding also a separate room to his fellow-townsmen, Nicodemus, for himself and his family. There are six *loculi*, of which two are filled up and two are unfinished. About forty feet north of the Sepulchre is an altar dedicated to Mary Magdalen, where our Lord appeared to her after His resurrection. The site is marked by a marble rose in the floor. Four steps on the left hand now take you to the Latin Church, where the Franciscans celebrate Divine office day and night.

The Blessed Virgin never left the Sepulchre from the time her Son was buried therein, to the hour of His resurrection, but kept at a distance from the guard of soldiery. A rose in the marble shows where He appeared to her after He arose again, for which reason it is traditionally called the Chapel of the Apparition.

On the site of this chapel, St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, and the Empress St. Helena, found the sacred Cross, a legend which I will relate in its proper place.

This chapel contains three altars. The High Altar where the Blessed Sacrament is kept, the Altar of Relics to the left; and to the right one which covers a portion of the pillar to which our Lord was bound during the flagellation. The early Christians carried it, they

say, from the guard-house to the Coenaculum. In 1555 it was broken by the Moslems, when pieces of it were sent to different kingdoms to be venerated, but the bulk is in this altar, behind a *grille*. It is of porphyry, and the remnant is two feet four inches high. Once a year, on the morning of Wednesday in Holy Week, they open the *grille* and allow the people to kiss it; at other times we touch it through the holes with a rod, and kiss the rod.

The Sacristy contains a grand old relic, the sword, spurs, and decorations of Godfrey de Bouillon. The sword is straight, with a simple hand-guard. He was elected King, but refused the honour, saying he could not consent to wear a crown of gold in the place where his God had worn a crown of thorns. He governed, and retained his ducal title. The Franciscans have another altar outside, and at the entrance of this chapel, and also a choir and organ. Coming out of the Sacristy, we walk straight along the northern aisle to a little chapel almost like a cave, where stocks are represented by two holes cut in the rocks. The Greeks say that our Saviour's feet were fastened by a chain under these holes, and they here burn a lamp before the altar. We continue our walk to a chapel containing three cells carved in the rock, each with an altar and burning lamp. It is said that our Blessed Saviour and the two thieves were shut up in these prisons during part of the night, whilst preparations were being made to crucify them. We then come to the northern part of the Basilica, which is circular, and full of small chapels containing altars and lamps. The first is dedicated to St. Longinus, the soldier who pierced our Lord's side with a spear; the blood and water gushed forth and fell upon him; at once his eyes were opened to what he had done, he confessed and repented of his crime, and he retired to this spot to weep and pray. One side of this chapel is formed by the bare rock; the Title of the Cross was placed here, but it is now at Rome. Next came a private entrance of the Knights of the Sepulchre; it was shut by the order of Saláh ed Dín, after their expulsion. Its neighbour is the Armenian Chapel, built on the site where the soldiers cast lots for the garments of our Saviour—the seamless tunic is at Argenteuil, three leagues from Paris.

Now we descend twenty-nine steps to the Church of St. Helena, which belongs to the Abyssinians; the latter allow the Armenians also to use it, for a certain payment in bread and soup. Our Lord having been buried, the instruments of the Passion, according to Jewish custom, were hidden out of sight, and thrown into the nearest dry well. Rubbish soon accumulated over the spot, till A.D. 326, when

the Empress Helena, having destroyed the idolatrous temples, and restored the Holy Places to Christian veneration, held councils with the Bishop of Jerusalem, St. Macarius, and the Elders of the city, as to how she could discover the True Cross. They suggested to her the ancient customs, and having tried several probable places, she discovered the position of the well, which she immediately began to excavate.

When you reach the bottom of the twenty-nine steps, you enter a large chapel which has three altars—a High Altar, and two others. To their right is the nook where St. Helena, then eighty years old, used to kneel and pray whilst the workmen dug, and whence she used to throw them money from time to time to encourage them. Below that seat and the rest of the chapel is a hewn rock cave, and inside it an altar bears a stone statue of St. Helena and the Cross. Again, below that, another cave is the well, or cistern, where the three Crosses, the Nails, the Crown of Thorns, and the Title of the Cross were found. A slab of black and white marble now marks the spot. The pious Queen held public prayers and thanksgiving, but she was still in a difficulty about which of the three was the sacred Cross. After public prayer, the divines agreed to try the three upon a sick woman, who was given up. Touching her with the first and second had no effect, but at the third she rose up, healed and whole. They then went forth to meet a funeral procession on the site of the Latin Sacristy, bearing the three Crosses; they tried the first and second without avail upon the body, but when the third Cross touched the corpse it arose in the presence of the multitude.

The authority for these miracles are St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, the Emperor Constantius, son of Constantine, and Eusebius of Cesarea. The chapel was evidently an old cistern, about fifty yards from the site of the crucifixion, and is at the bottom of the hill of Calvary. We will now ascend the steps again, and follow our semicircular walk.

The next chapel contains an iron cage, which encloses “the pillar of mockery”—a block of grey granite, upon which they placed our Saviour as a throne, when in derision they clothed Him with purple and crowned Him with thorns, placing a reed for a sceptre in His hand. It was brought from the guard-house and placed here. At the side is a crown of thorns behind a glass. I believe it is an imitation of the real crown, which is at Rome. After this is another private door, perhaps the former entrance of the Chanoinesses of the Sepulchre. We have now seen everything excepting Adam’s Chapel,

eighteen yards to the west. We pass one of the stairs leading up to Calvary. Underneath it is a door to the west, which you enter, and the first thing you see on the right is the tomb of Godfrey de Bouillon,* to the left is that of Baldwin I. The Latins, who hate the Greeks, say that the latter destroyed all the old Crusaders' tombs, and replaced them by slabs.

The following tombs also shared the fate of these two :—Baldwin II., De Foulque, Baldwin III., d'Almarix, Baldwin IV. (the Leper), Baldwin V.

If this be true, the Greeks were barbarians indeed, far more so than the so-called enemy of the Holy Places, the Moslem, who is always conservative on these points. At the bottom of Adam's Chapel you see a little excavation in the rock, under which the head of the first man is said to lie. Near it to the right is the deep cleft which begins close to the place of crucifixion, and which descends to the bottom of the hill. This was a grotto in which tradition has buried Melchisedec. There used to be here an Altar where Masses for the Dead were celebrated.

We now pass the Calvary Stairs, and go out of the same door at which we entered, opposite the Stone of Uncion where our Lord was embalmed.

Quitting the Church of the Sepulchre, you see against the right pier of the door outside, a gravestone which covers the remains of Philippe d'Aubigni; and also the ruins of the ancient belfry of the Crusaders, whose southern door opens upon the Chapel of St. John and St. Mary Magdalen. To the north of this is a chapel dedicated to the Forty Martyrs. These two chapels were one in the time of the Crusaders; it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and it was used for baptisms and marriages. To the south is the Jacobite Chapel of St. James. On the other side of the enclosure of the Great Court of the Sepulchre is the Chapel of the Copts, called St. Michael, and one for the Abyssinians and the Armenians, dedicated to St. John. South of this is a door which leads into the Greek Convent of St. Abraham, whose church is dedicated to the Twelve Apostles, and another little chapel is built over a spot where a tradition makes Abraham bind his son Isaac for sacrifice.

To the south of the Church you can see the bases of the colonnade that adorned this Basilica in old times, built by Constantine and St. Helena. Besides the great eastern entrance, it once had a door to the

* Godfrey de Bouillon died in A.D. 1100, and the fifth and last Baldwin in A.D. 1185. All the other tombs bear intermediate dates.

south. These bases are similar to those of the columns of the Basilica of Bethlehem. On this side the enclosure is shut and bounded by the Greek Convent "Gethsemane."

To the south, and adjoining the Sepulchre, was an immense piece of ground containing the Convent of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; they afterwards became famous as Knights Hospitallers, Knights of the Cross, Knights of Rhodes, and Knights of Malta. They began in 1099 in this manner. A Catholic Crusader named Gerard, with whom I claim kinship, gathered together some brave, honourable, and religious men, who bound themselves to live in common unity of goods, and to follow a rule whose chief points were the service of the poor, hospitality to pilgrims, and burying strangers who died in the Holy Land; in fact, to perform "the seven corporal works of mercy." The establishment grew from few to many, and was called St. Mary the Great. After the Knights had been founded, Agnes, a Roman lady of high birth, made a similar establishment for women, called "Hospitalières."

Tradition teaches us that Adam, when cast out of Paradise, took refuge in Judæa, and that his head was buried in a place called Cranion, or Calvary, the "place of the skull." It is mentioned by St. Jerome, and by other early saints. The Holy Places were held in veneration by the Apostles* and the first Christians, and they are mentioned when Titus besieged Jerusalem, forty years after the death of our Lord. Simeon, first-cousin of our Lord, was at that time Bishop of Jerusalem. Fifty years afterwards, Adrian, wishing to prevent the Christians worshipping it, buried the Sepulchre, and erected on its surface a Temple of Venus; in Calvary he placed the idol of Jupiter. Some 206 years later, the Emperor Constantine—son of the Empress St. Helena, who was an Englishwoman, and daughter of the King of Colchester—demolished these sacrilegious temples, excavated the Sepulchre, and adorned it magnificently. He built a Basilica, which covered all the holy places. St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, presided over the works, which occupied ten years. In 614 Chosroes, second King of Persia, fought against Heraclius, took Jerusalem, robbed the true Cross, and threw down the churches and the Basilica, carrying away a crowd of Catholic captives. The wife of Chosroes

* I am quite familiar with the assertion that during the first centuries of Christendom little if any regard was shown to the Holy Places. Our Church says otherwise, and it must be remarked that in a land like Syria, of exceeding materialism in the matter of worship, we are more likely to be right than those who, after waiting nearly a score of centuries, find us to be wrong.

was a Christian, sister to Maurice, Emperor of Constantinople: through her influence, when the Persians left Jerusalem, the Disciples of the Cross began rebuilding what had been destroyed; the work took fifteen years, but the Basilica could not be restored with the same magnificence. It was undertaken by the monk Modestus, who was assisted by Church dignitaries; he could only build an isolated chapel over each holy spot.

After ten years, Heraclius was able to conquer Chosroes, to deliver the Catholic prisoners, and to retake the true Cross. The pious Emperor, bare-footed and bare-headed, carried it on his shoulders through the streets of Jerusalem to Calvary; and thus arose the origin of the feast of "the Exaltation of the Holy Cross" (14th September).

The pious relic was sent some years afterwards to Constantinople by Archbishop Sergius. Eight years later the Moslems besieged Jerusalem. The Patriarch Sophronius made a vigorous resistance, and gained his own conditions of surrender, the first stipulation being that he would only surrender to the Khalif in person. Omar came from Medinah (A.D. 636), in the simple garb of an Arab Shaykh, to conclude the treaty granting the Christians possession of their church, and liberty to practise their religion, on condition of paying tribute. Since that time the Church of Jerusalem has always balanced between peace and persecution, and her happiest time was under Harún el Rashíd (A.D. 786), whose every action appears to have been that of a well-bred gentleman; this gleam of prosperity ended in A.D. 809. In A.D. 1099 the Crusaders took the Holy City, and Godfrey de Bouillon stationed at the Sepulchre twenty knights, to whom he gave great possessions. The Crusaders built the great Basilica which now reunites and covers all the isolated chapels of Modestus and others. The Knights were eventually replaced by Franciscan monks, who first effected a footing in A.D. 1244. In 1808 a fire nearly destroyed the Chapel of the Sepulchre; it was restored by the Greeks, who profited at that time, say their enemies the Latins, to destroy the Crusaders' tombs, and to commit other similar outrages.

I bought at Jerusalem many presents for my friends and relations in England, glass necklaces, bracelets, bangles, and rings like old Venetian, mother-of-pearl mirrors, crosses, large crucifixes, trays, and shells representing holy subjects, and all sorts of objects carved out of olive wood from the Mount of Olives; large crosses, rosaries, crowns of thorns, and coffee-cups, of bitumen from the Jordan valley, and other things too numerous to mention. On Good Friday I carried

them in trays, and had them laid upon the Sepulchre. I asked, and obtained, that a Mass should be said over them, as they lay upon the grave, and at *Ecce Homo*, on the precious slabs of stone where our Blessed Saviour's blood had fallen. At Calvary they were laid in the hole of the Cross itself! They were blessed by the Latin Patriarch, Monsignor Valerga, and by Père Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne, with all possible indulgences. I know that many who possess some trifling remembrance of me from Syria will be glad to know where they have been, as that constitutes their whole value.

I cannot well omit to mention the Canons and Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre before quitting it. This Order dates from the time of St. James, called the Less and the Just, the apostle appointed to be Bishop of Jerusalem in A.D. 34. Devoted to Jesus and to His Sepulchre, he established some religious on Mount Sion, where all lived together with him in the *Cœnaculum*, which thus may be considered the first Christian Church.*

It was about this time that St. James founded this Order. When the persecution temporarily ceased, they built a temple close to the Sepulchre, and lived in it. John Noclerus (vol. ii. *Generat*) says:—"There were four Orders in Jerusalem wearing the two-armed red cross—the Sepulchrans, the Knights of St. John, the Templars, and afterwards the Teutonic Order. The first (Sepulchrans) claimed their descent from St. James, son of Alphæus, brother of our Lord. They wore on their dress a double cross of red silk."

Near the Tomb of Christ was established a Convent of women, who guarded and venerated the Sepulchre. When St. James was made Bishop of Jerusalem, he ceded to the holy women, who formed a Company, a small house near the cave where Christ was interred, and there they lived in retirement, meditating on the sufferings and death of Jesus, and visiting the Stations of the Passion, as we have just done. They called themselves the children of St. James, and were under his direction. He caused them to undertake a rule of life, and put their possessions in common: they adorned and served the

* Acts ii. 41-47:—"Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles. And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need. And they, continuing daily with one accord in the Temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved."

primitive Church. St. James, being martyred in A.D. 62, was succeeded by St. Simon, who at the age of 120 cheerfully accepted his martyrdom, and bore without a word the most unheard-of tortures under the Emperor Trajan. He drew up in writing the regulations agreed upon by the apostles before they dispersed—the practice of the evangelical counsels which we have for a rule, with other points of morality and discipline. The Christians, having been commanded to do so, fled into the mountains a little after Easter in the year 70. Titus came at the head of a large army, captured and plundered the city, massacred the inhabitants, and led many into captivity. The Christians then returned in safety. To the time of Adrian the Bishops of Jerusalem had been of the Jewish nation, and numbered fifteen, who had followed St. James in regular succession: their names are recorded by Eusebius. But from Adrian's time the prelates were chosen from the Gentile converts; the first, "Marcus of the Holy Sepulchre," was crucified with 10,000 of his flock in the presence of the Emperor Adrian and his army.*

Socrates mentions a Convent of Virgin Canonesses, for whom the Empress Helena had a special affection. In her extreme old age she adopted their "rule," and received from St. Macarius, thirty-ninth Bishop of Jerusalem, the linen surplice and double cross, the badge of the Sepulchre, and she persevered in this way till her death. St.

* On the death of St. James, Simeon, son of Cleophas, who was a brother of St. Joseph, was elected bishop. Ten years after the death of James, Simeon and the Christians went to Pella, taking with them the episcopal chair of St. James. They underwent persecutions under Vespasian, Domitian, Trajan, and many others, who tried to exterminate all that related to Jesus Christ. Cassian was the seventeenth bishop. Of Narcissus, the thirtieth bishop, wonderful miracles are recounted. The thirty-fourth bishop, Alexander, formed a noble library, which was destroyed by the barbarians; he was tortured and imprisoned at Cæsarea, where he died. The conversion of Constantine the Great, A.D. 314, restored peace to the Church in his time and that of St. Helena. St. Macarius was the thirty-ninth Bishop of Jerusalem. Amidst all the persecutions the cloisters existed and were peopled. Eusebius and St. James praise the chaste and virtuous lives of the religious. They ate but little, chiefly living on holy contemplation. They rose with the dawn to chant the Psalms of David, and women, despising sensual and worldly pleasures, took the vows, and gave up their lives to God. On Good Friday the Canons and Canonesses fasted, watched, prayed, read and sung, and prepared for the day of the Resurrection. So great was the number of persons who embraced the Institute of the Regular Canons, that in Rome during the Middle Ages they had sixty monasteries, and in other parts of Christendom 4500. They have contributed to heaven 1600 martyrs, 117,600 canonized and beatified saints, and 40 or 50 Popes, and 1500 cardinals to the Church. Pius IV. decided that the Chief Abbot of the Regular Canons should take precedence of all other religious prelates at the Council of Trent. St. James at Jerusalem, and St. Mark at Alexandria, established the Order. St. Clement, St. Urban, and St. Augustine beautified it, and nearly twenty Popes have conferred innumerable privileges and honours on it.

Macarius placed, at her request, twelve Canons in the monastery adjoining the Sepulchre to celebrate the offices of the Church, and to take charge. They were severely tried by sufferings and persecutions. Five times general martyrdom occurred, but their ranks were always filled up at once, till their persecutors were tired of trying to exterminate them. Chosroes took the Holy Cross to Ecbatana, which was recovered by Heraclius in 623-24. The Patriarch Orestes was the fifty-seventh Bishop of Jerusalem in succession from St. James. He witnessed a general massacre of his people, and was led captive to Babylon, where he was put to death.

The Order of the Sepulchre grew and spread all over the East. After 1287, like the Knights, we find no further mention of them in the Holy City. They flourished in Spain, Poland, Germany, the Low Countries, France, and Belgium. These monks were not known in England till the reign of Henry I. (1100-1135), when the Earl of Warwick undertook to found a monastery for them, and Henry I. desired the Bishop of Worcester to consecrate an altar at the Priory of the Sepulchre, and a cemetery for the burial-place of its Canons. Many succeeding monarchs conferred privileges and benefits upon them. Henry VIII. (1509-1547) suppressed this monastery.

The ancient practice of the regulations then agreed upon for the Order is still observed; thus:—the religious rise at 4 a.m., and after a morning meditation recite in choir Matins, Lauds, and Prime. The other canonical hours are obligatory at some part of the day—Tierce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Complin. This is essential, meaning that they still dwell in spirit in the Holy Land, no matter in what part of the world they may be. They have had great privileges from several Popes, and by six Pontiffs have been placed in direct obedience to Rome and to the Patriarch of Jerusalem. They have part in every good work done in Rome, and in every Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and, spiritually, in every martyrdom, from Stephen to our day. They are a contemplative order, and reserve much time for private reading, examination of conscience, and evening meditation. On Sundays and Festivals they sing High Mass, Vespers, and Complin. They have annual Retreats and Renovation of Vows, after a recollection and retirement of three days, and they communicate several times a week. They do not, however, work in their separate cells, but assemble together twice a day for recreation. They are a cheerful order, though “Sepulchrans” does not sound pleasant. Their active duties at present are the education of the aristocracy of Catholic England, to instruct the poor, and to keep large charity schools. The Reverend Mother is

chosen by ballot, and her office lasts for life, unless for some sound reason she abdicates. All is submitted to the Bishop, who confirms and approves, or not. The chief members of her government are chosen by herself, and all offices are filled up by her with general approval. When the changes take place, once in five years, they sit with closed doors for many hours, which is called Chapter Day. Few corporeal austerities are enjoined by rule, but complete self-abnegation, and implicit obedience. Not a nun is kept against her will; a novice is severely tried for at least three years before she is permitted to make vows, and she always longs for her Profession-day. I was a happy school-girl amongst them for six years, during which I saw that Novices who found that they had made a mistake as to their vocation returned to the world. They are free to come and go until the vows are taken (about three years as a rule), and the superiors put off that day as long as possible, and give them every opportunity of examining the life before they enter it for ever. I have seen young nuns kiss their veil years after "profession," as a bride would kiss her wedding ring, thanking God for being allowed to wear it. You do not know how indignant they would feel, were any one to intrude upon their quiet cells under the pretext of letting them loose. It might be of some use in Madeira, Portugal, and Brazil, but none whatever in our happy land.

The Order now at New Hall was established at Liège in 1660, where they then attended the Hospital for Pilgrims, and gave hospitality to the poor. From the fourteenth century they had been joined by the daughters of the old families of England, who contributed donations and legacies enough to make them independent, and whose ancient names occur again and again on the roll-call of the community. The democratic and irreligious spirit which daily gained ground in France had spread into the neighbouring countries, and Liège became a theatre of discontent, anarchy, and rebellion. In August, 1789, the Civic Guard was quartered upon the nuns. After the battle of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1793, the nuns, who had been established there for 151 years, found themselves so harassed, that they engaged five large barges to convey the community to Maestricht—they were, however, unable to escape till the feast of the Ascension, 1794. They quitted their beloved convent, walking two and two to the boats, each one carrying her own parcel and breviary. On the 8th of July, 1794, they were again obliged to leave Maestricht, but they had kept their barges for that purpose, if needful. They numbered seventy-five. On the 9th they reached Ruremond, and on the 12th Venlo, where they stopped

and heard Mass in the village, dining and supping on the hill-sides. How well I can remember, as a child, sitting at the knees of old nuns between seventy and eighty years of age, and hearing the story of all they had gone through in that time, when they were young girls, and my thinking what fun it must have been for them—they, poor things, all the while bewailing their fright, their sorrow at leaving their convent, at having their lives disturbed, and finding themselves homeless on the world.

On the 14th they resumed their journey, but having five barges heavily laden, and the water being low, they made but little progress. After a fortnight's journey from Maëstricht they reached Rotterdam, and wished to find a house; but, like other holy persons who arrived on foot by night at Bethlehem, there was no room for them. The boats lay outside the town, and the nuns had the misery of being gazed at by the idle, curious, and rude. They wore their habit, having no other dresses, and were a spectacle for the Protestant populace of Rotterdam, whilst the broiling sun rained fire upon their heads. There they received a letter from Lord Stourton, offering them his house, Holme, in Yorkshire, as an asylum.

They quitted Rotterdam on the 29th of July, and after being embedded in the sands for two days, they reached Helvoetsluys on the 2nd of August, found the wind contrary, and cast anchor. They agreed with an Englishman, Captain Semmés, to convey them and their effects on board his ship, and to land them in England. The vessel, under convoy of four ships of war, put to sea on the 12th, but made no way on account of the wind until the 14th, when a fair breeze sprung up, and enabled them to land at Greenwich on the 16th, where they found carriages provided to convey them to London. They arrived at Charing Cross so early that the "hackney coaches" (it was all told in old-fashioned language) were not come out, and they had to remain shut up in their carriages for half an hour, as the Greenwich carriages had only orders to go as far as Charing Cross. They were conveyed to Burlington Street and Dover Street, where Catholic friends received them—all the old Catholic families contended for the honour of giving hospitality to the holy fugitives. The whole community went and lived in Lord Clifford's house, in Bruton Street. Sir William Gerard, of Garswood, and Lord Arundell of Wardour also came forward, and the latter offered them his house, Lanherne, in Cornwall; but it was too out of the way for a school. Sir John Webbe, in Dorsetshire, and Mr. Eyre, of Hassop, also were anxious to be their hosts. However, Lord Stourton's first offer was accepted, and they went to

Holme. In two years Holme grew too small for them, and two nuns went to Wiltshire and two to Warwickshire to look for a suitable place. Whilst in Yorkshire one of their "mothers" (a daughter of Lord Teynham) died, and was buried in the parish church. It was a great grief "to bury her in unconsecrated ground." They decided on going to Dean House, in Wiltshire, then Lady Dacre's property; but, fortunately, only took it for one year. They left Yorkshire on the 23rd October, and arrived on the 27th at their destination. Here everything went against them, and Dean House proved very unsuitable; their funds were also exhausted. At last they were informed that New Hall, in Essex, was for sale. This place, originally Beaulieu, is a fine specimen of the Tudor or Elizabethan architecture. It was built, they say, in the form of an *H*, of which only the bar remains, and was altered and repaired by Henry VIII. It was a favourite residence of the Princess Mary, during the reign of her brother, Edward VI., and also a favourite abode of Queen Elizabeth, which is recorded by an inscription on the door. It was a Royal residence, in excellent repair; the grounds around were beautiful; the land, sixty acres, freehold. Mr. MacEvoy, a Catholic, bought it for £4000, and gave it to the nuns. Lady Gerard was also their strong ally and friend. They were safely housed by March, 1799, and their immediate wants attended to by a Catholic neighbour, Mr. Wright, of Fitzwalters. They were settled by May, 1800, exactly six years from the date of their leaving Liège, and have been living in happy tranquillity for seventy-five years.

The names of those who were their friends in their time of need are ever on their lips and in their hearts, and are always prayed for every day; and as for the school, it bears the name of every old Catholic family in England, from grandmother to mother and daughter, for the past seventy-five years, and for centuries before that in the Liège days.

The following day we went to call upon the Greek Patriarch, a venerable man, with a fine face and paternal presence. He received us most cordially, and invited us to all the ceremonies of his Church.

And now we begin the great week of the greatest mystery ever known, the embrace of Justice and Mercy, the proof of God's love for man, and the sign of man's blindness towards God—God giving life to man, and man giving death to God; of the redemption of man and his reconciliation to God; God dying and reviving, by His own will reproducing that mystery in a mystic manner from that date till now,

and to the end of time, that God may each day receive reparation, and man mercy and pardon. God, sacrificer and sacrificed, immolator and immolated. He had thought of and planned this for all eternity every day and hour of the thirty-three years of His human life, during which He was a victim, waiting and praying for death, knowing all the torments of His passion, and the crimes of man. He has thought of it every day since He ascended into heaven, and continues Calvary daily on every Christian altar. From all eternity He thought of the Last Supper, the prayer and agony in the Garden of Olives, that battle of the soul with death, the apostles sleeping when He was in agony, and fleeing away in His trouble; the kiss of Judas, the denial of Peter, the disbelief of Thomas—just as He knows that you and I love him to-day, and shall, perhaps, sin to-morrow; the condemnation of His judges, the rising of the people against Him, the insults of the soldiery, the flagellation, the crowning of thorns, the tearing off His garments, His long and weary carrying His Cross, His thirst, His shame, His sorrow of heart, His Mother, His hands and feet being nailed to the Cross, that three hours' agony, His death, the piercing of the side, the burial.

We are going to weep with the Church for all His sorrow. We shall weep for ourselves, for all those who betray Him still, for the insults of the wicked, for the uselessness of His sufferings to the many, for the revolted children, for those who betray Him in secret, or abandon Him like the disciples, for those who want to rob Him of His rights, for weak Emperors, Kings, and Potentates, who, like Pilate, deliver Him up to the people, and for weak subjects who are afraid or ashamed to stand by Him.

And we will return thanks for the Jews of the Old Testament, who awaited Him in Limbo, and for all those who are or will be saved.

On Palm Sunday I was out at 3 a.m., and the streets were dark, cold, and desolate. Mohammed Agha had forgotten his lantern, and we groped about the cavernous bazars and alleys, unable to find our way to the Sepulchre. At last, however, I was able to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion at the Latin Chapel of the Apparition. The Armenians were performing their service at the Sepulchre. Exactly at the stroke of the clock they make place for the Latins, and so on throughout the day, to enable each to officiate. The Turks time them, letting in one school at a time, and then expelling them for another.

I returned at the hour of the Latins' service, with the French

Consul, M. A. Sienkiewicz, and his two *drogmans-chancelliers*, M. Lacau and M. Clermont-Ganneau, afterwards of the Palestine Exploration Fund; they and all his Kawwâses, in full dress, formed a procession. Fortunately for me, they were so kind as to take me always to the Latin ceremonies, where they were obliged to attend officially, so that I had a seat in the place reserved for the French Consulate, instead of fighting for breath in a hot, appalling crowd. It was quite anti-devotional, and I did pity those who had to struggle through it, often without getting near enough to see anything.

The Sepulchre was gorgeous to-day. There was a long train of priests carrying palms, in which the French Consulate and I joined. There was Grand High Mass, the Passion was sung, and the Patriarch—who was not by any means the least splendid object—distributed palms from the entrance of the Sepulchre. Every Creed has its Patriarch, and I am now speaking of ours, Monsignor Valerga. He was a fine man, with a handsome face and the bearing of a prince, and his white beard descended to his girdle. He was full of brightness and intelligence, and, if it be true that we all resemble some bird or quadruped, I would compare him to a noble specimen of the eagle. He was priestly, yet a perfect man of the world; though white-haired he looked young and energetic. He was a man of brilliant education, and the *savoir faire* of the diplomate or courtier blended with religion. There was something regal in him when he gave his blessing from the altar. That is the way I like to see the Church served; these are the men who ought to be put forward in responsible positions, to mix with the world. Our ceremonies for the day ended in a procession with wax-lights round the Sepulchre—the Patriarch, the clergy, the French Consulate, and we who liked to follow. The Damascus black Izâr is a modest and appropriate dress for Church ceremonies, and quite what St. Paul would have approved for women.

After our Latin ceremonies were over, I went off to assist at those of the Greeks, having been invited by the Greek Patriarch. I entered their church, preceded by Mohammed Agha, and went innocently into their inner *enceinte*, behind the Ikonastasis. It was a blaze of gold and jewels, far more gorgeous than ours. The altar was under a small gold canopy, or tiny temple, in the centre. It was a beautiful arrangement of filigree and well-blended colours. Every part of the Holy of Holies was festooned with lamps of gold and silver, and of coloured glass; all was rich, and in good taste. The Patriarch was officiating, surrounded by the highest dignitaries of his Church. I knelt down, but I soon perceived with dismay that not only no other

woman was present, but not even any of the laity. I had thrust myself, with a Mohammedan, into the Holy of Holies, behind the inner veil of the Temple, where none but the highest clergy can enter. It was the worst moment I could have chosen, the Patriarch was about to consecrate the bread and wine—the most solemn part of the Greek ceremonies. Every eye was upon me. I cannot describe my distress and confusion. I rose from my knees, and was about to retire as quickly and as silently as possible, when the Patriarch sent a priest with the gracious message, “His Beatitude desires that you will remain.” I thanked him, knelt down again, and did not move till the end of the service. Their “stations” in the outer chapel on the wall are of gold, mounted on black velvet, a present from the Emperor of Russia. Their procession round the Sepulchre was the most gorgeous sight I ever beheld. The Greeks, like the Armenians, far outshine us in this respect.

The priests who formed the procession were robed in vestments covered with flowers and gold, contrasting strongly with their plain black head-dresses. They all carried palms and lights, except two high dignitaries, one of whom bore a picture set in a frame of diamonds, and another a large Testament, bound in the same precious stones. The Patriarch’s mitre and sceptre were a blaze of diamonds, and whenever a ray from the sun caught them he looked like an electric light.

From this ceremony I went to call upon our Patriarch, Monsignor Valerga, who received me charmingly, none the less because I was the bearer of some messages from the New Hall Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre. I knelt and kissed his hand, received his blessing, and had a delightful half-hour’s conversation with him. We then walked home around the walls of Jerusalem.

On Monday in Holy Week we went to see the Church of St. Anne, which has been excavated by M. Mauss. He is rebuilding it out of its own old material, and as much as possible in its pristine form. He preserves the Grotto of St. Anne, cut out in the rock underneath. On discovering certain columns, he was led to suspect that this grotto and one of the old piscinas must be close by, and further excavation proved that he was right. This is the site of the house of St. Joachim and St. Anne, the parents of our Blessed Lady; here she was born, educated, and consecrated to the Temple. After the expulsion of the Crusaders, Sáláh ed Dín turned it into a school for the great divines of El Islám, and it was called, like our village near Damascus, “Es Salihyyah.” Opposite the gate entering the court is the piscina of

Bethsaida, which is about 100 yards long and forty broad ; here Jesus cured the paralytic.* M. Mauss showed us the three different sorts of country limestone : Mizzi, the hardest ; Kákuli, the softest ; and Máliki, the middling. Here we passed many a pleasant afternoon with our French friends, to whom was now added Comte Gilbert de Voisins, Vice-Consul of France at Port Said.

After this we called on the Protestant Bishop Gobat, and finished the evening by a very pleasant little dinner at the French Consulate.

Tuesday, April 4th.—We called on the Armenian Patriarch, a good-looking, intelligent man, short and broad-shouldered, with large black eyes. He was dressed in sable garments, like a monk's habit and cowl. He also gave us a charming reception, showed us over his dominions, and invited us to their ceremonies ; his church was gorgeous—full of ornaments and pictures. He is married, but, like most Easterns, he keeps his wife out of sight.

We then rode to the Tombs of the Kings, about a quarter of an hour outside Jerusalem. It was a dismal, damp, rainy day. You descend into a deep square cut in the rock, and enter a rudely excavated pavilion, which serves as a vestibule. It was cold, chilly work, crawling on hands and knees to see the *loculi*, and to hunt for inscriptions, but Captain Burton, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, and M. Clermont-Ganneau were such enthusiasts that there was nothing left to me but to try to enjoy it.

We then rode half an hour further, the way being partly over a hill of ashes, possibly carted away from the Temple of Solomon, and lined with rocks containing some sculptured tombs. We then came to the Tombs of the Judges, also cut in the cliff, like those of the kings ; these have a beautiful vestibule and sculptured frontage. Like the others, they are halls, chambers, passages, and *loculi*, scooped out of the rock. Coming back by the right path, we saw a large foundation, which Frère Liévin told us was probably the débris of an advanced fortress, thrown out outside the town by Manasses, who fortified the suburbs. We bore a little to the right, in order to pass the north-western angle of the walls, which rest on the foundation of the former Tower of Bephinos, built by Herod the Great. Close by, Titus pitched his tent and Tancred camped at the siege of Jerusalem. Frère Liévin says he does not believe what we have seen to be the Tombs of the Kings, but of the Helena who was Queen of Adiabene, in Kurdistan ;

* John v. 1-18.

and that she and her son Isat, and his children, brothers, and nobles, came to reside in Jerusalem, to adopt and be instructed in the Jewish religion, and to worship God there; nor does he believe in the Tombs of the Judges, but that they were for the members of the Sanhedrim, the Senate of the Jews, which numbered seventy-two of their chief personages.

CHAPTER XXV.

PILGRIMAGE—(*Continued*).

ON Wednesday (5th of April), at an early hour, we went to visit the Haram esh Sherif. It was closed at this time of year, but an especial permission was given to Captain Burton, who was allowed to take Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, myself, and Mohammed Agha. It occupied us for two days. We first mounted the Minaret for the best view of the whole Mosque, and of Jerusalem generally. The City from this point looked like an extensive ruin, covered with domed houses.

The Haram esh Sherif ("Holy" or "Sacred Place") is considered by Mohammedans to be one of their noblest sanctuaries, and not long ago a Christian passing the enclosure wall would have incurred death. Its high walls enclose 600 yards, now mostly grass-grown. In front of the *enceinte* was doubtless the famous Temple of Solomon, and if it was so magnificent as we imagine it to have been, it may have covered the whole enclosure, otherwise it would have been equalled by Damascus, and surpassed by Palmyra and Ba'albak. The Haram now contains two principal blocks of buildings: first, the famous Mosque of Omar, including the Kubbet es Sakhrâh (Dome of the Rock), and second, the Mosque El Aksa, the Knight Templars' Church, once called St. Mary. Besides these are many scattered and minor objects of interest.

The eastern wall of the enclosure looks down upon the torrent of Kedron,* and in its middle is the famous Golden Gate, built by Solomon and adorned by Herod the Great. In the interior of the Golden Gate are three columns of composite order, single blocks of marble ten feet in circumference; a large serpent rests in one of the capitals. I say the interior of the gate, because it is built like a small fortress. It is a double arch looking to the east, and walled up outside, and two enormous monolithic columns of stone separate it into two naves; one is called Bâb et Taubeh (gate of repentance), and the other Bâb er Rahmah (gate of mercy). The sides are adorned with

* The "brook Kedron" conveys to me the idea of a placid, homely English "brook," whereas torrent would better apply to this wild and perilous Wady.

pilasters, whose frieze is richly sculptured, and are lighted by the windows of their two cupolas. This is the gate where our Saviour entered in triumph on Palm Sunday, and through which the Emperor Heraclius passed, bringing back the true Cross from the Persian war, and carrying it, like Christ, upon his shoulders. In the Crusaders' time it was opened twice a year, once on Palm Sunday, in honour of our Saviour, and once for Heraclius, on the 14th September, feast of the Exaltation of the Cross. For 713 years the Moslems have fulfilled the old prophecy of Ezekiel, that the gate should be kept shut.

There are steps up to the top of the gate, which gives an interesting view of the whole Haram, and the Valley of Jehosafat.

From the top of the Golden Gate in front of you, but a little to the right, you behold the Mount of Olives (of the Ascension), covered by a group of buildings and a minaret. At its feet to the left, the Valley of Jehosafat (the place of Last Judgment) becomes the Wady Silwán to the right. The valley, which is not 100 yards broad, and which was once watered by the torrent of Kedron, begins at the Tombs of the Judges, to the west of Jerusalem. It runs below Gethsemane, and then joins the Valley of Hinnom, about three kilomètres long; it then takes the name Wady el Nár (Fire Valley). The left bank is enclosed by the mountains Scopas, Olivet, Karm es Sayyád (ancient Viri Galilei), and the Mount of Scandal, on whose western slope nestles the village Silwán (Siloh). We look down upon a great number of interesting objects, banking the dry torrent Kedron, from our present position:—the tomb of our Lady, the Grotto and Garden of Gethsemane, the tombs of Jehosafat, Hezekiah, Absalom, and St. James the Less; the village of Siloh on one bank, and the pool of Siloh and the fountain of the Blessed Virgin on the other opposite bank; further on are Solomon's gardens and pool, and the well of Job.

The right bank is formed by Mount Gihon, Mount Bezetha, on which part of the town is built, Mount Móriaiah, occupied by the Haram (the site of the Temple), and Mount Ophel; and these three last form one ridge. Opposite the Holy City, and as near the Temple as possible, the steep banks of the Kedron are carpeted with tombs—to the right Moslems, and to the left Jews. They say that because Jehosafat is so small, the Jews are afraid there will not be room for us all, and they pay enormous prices for the privilege of being buried there, to be found ready in their places. We talk a great deal of mountains, but by comparison with South American mountains, Switzerland, Tenerife, and Himalayas, we should call these upon

which Jerusalem is built, and also those which surround her, barren, stony hills, till we come to Moab, or return to the Anti-Lebanon.

There is another very grand entrance from the street below, opposite the Golden Gate in the western wall, mounting by steps and arches; and columns stand here and there, with palm-leaf capitals beautifully carved. This entrance leads direct to the Temple.

Here I beg to apologize for recapitulating what took place in the Temple. My book is so simple, that I hope children and uneducated persons may read it, as well as educated men and women, who may skip a page or two; and I am quite sure that thousands of foreign Catholics who do not read the Bible will thank me for it.

This, we believe, is the celebrated Mount Mória, where Abraham came to sacrifice his son 1822 years before Christ; where, when David made a census of his people, and drew down God's anger, he was given the choice of three scourges, and chose the plague which carried off 70,000 men in three days; where he prayed to God to save the City, and where the prophet Gad came and told him to prepare a sacrifice, erecting an Altar on the threshing-floor of Araunah, or Ornan, the Jebusite. He obeyed, and bought the threshing-floor, this very rock, for 600 shekels of gold. The Altar was erected upon it, and the sacrifice was consumed by fire from heaven—showing that the Almighty had accepted it. When the plague ceased, David wished to build a Temple on the spot, but, by an intimation from God, he only collected the materials, leaving the task of building it to his son Solomon (1 Paralipomenon or 1 Chronicles xxi., xxii.). Solomon began it in the fourth year of his reign (1012 B.C.).* It took seven years to accomplish, and the Ark of the Covenant was placed in it.

It was in the Temple that the Angel of the Lord announced to Zachariah the birth of John the Baptist, who was to go before the Messiah; it was here that our Blessed Lady passed her infancy; it was here that she offered our Lord in the Temple; here the venerable Simon sung his "Nunc Dimittis." In the further angle of the Temple was the lodging of Simeon, with whom the holy family frequently remained for some days when they came up to Jerusalem for the Passover. It was here that, at the age of twelve, Jesus instructed the doctors in the Temple—the only time He appeared prominently in public until He was thirty years of age, and began His mission; it was here that Satan transported Him to the pinnacle of the Temple, and tempted Him; here He chased the buyers and sellers on the Sabbath; here they brought Him the woman taken in adultery, and

* 2 Paralipomenon or 2 Chronicles iii. 1, 2.

He uttered those memorable words, "Let him that is without sin amongst you cast the first stone at her—go, and sin no more;" here He praised the widow's mite, and foretold the destruction of the Temple.*

Titus fulfilled the prophecy by destroying it thirty-seven years after His death. Here was Adrian's temple, thrown down by Empress Helena and her son Constantine. In 361 Julian the Apostate here came to take up the foundations of the original Temple, but fire issued out of the ground, and killed the workmen, till the impious act was abandoned. Omar then built over the Sacred Rock a Mosque, which Abd el Melek destroyed, and rebuilt still more magnificently. In 1099 the Crusaders took possession of it, killing 10,000 Moslems, turned it into a Church, and erected an Altar on the Rock. In 1187 it became again a Mosque, and has remained so until now.

First we walked round the walls of the Haram esh Sherif, which has ten gates. At the north-west corner are the remains of the ancient tower and fortress of Antonia, before mentioned. Two galleries went out from this tower, one to the north, and one to the west. It was guarded by deep trenches, north and west, and four towers were placed at equal distances upon it; they were used by the garrison to defend the Temple, and a subterranean passage connected this tower with one of the eastern gates.

There are many still undiscovered vaults beneath us, extending up to the double gates. The subterranean galleries are very extensive, and are supposed to have been water reservoirs.

Under some old cypress trees you descend twenty-one steps to a fine tank, in the middle of which is a large round basin upon a pedestal, which Frère Liévin told me might be the molten sea mentioned in Paralipomenon or Chronicles.† In 1868, when the aqueduct which gave water to the Sealed Fountain of the Temple was restored, the water came to this tank in abundance.‡

The Kubbet es Sakhrâh (Dome of the Rock) is octagonal. The walls on each side are covered with grey and white streaky marble, and large squares of Persian or porcelain tiles, of old style, now not to be copied. It has seven magnificently stained glass windows, and is surmounted by a melon-shaped dome, extolled by every writer. This cupola, which covers the rock, is cased in lead, and gilt over; an

* Read Luke i. 5-14, ii. 21-35, 40-44; Matthew iv. 5-7; Mark xi. 15-18; Luke xxi. 2-6; John viii. 3-11.

† 2 Paralipomenon or 2 Chronicles iv. 1-6, 10, 15.

‡ Read Ezekiel xlvii. 1-12.

immense crescent glitters at its top. There is a door to each cardinal point: north, Báb el Jenneh (gate of Heaven); south, Báb el Kibleh (of prayer direction); west, Báb el Gharb (to the setting sun); east, Báb Daoud (of David), or Báb Silsilah (of the chain).

In the interior of this pavilion-like Mosque are two octagonal concentric *enceintes*, surrounding the central point. The first is formed by the exterior walls, and the second by eight square pillars at its angles. The second octagon is composed of sixteen *verde-antique* columns, with monolithic shafts. The upper ceiling is covered with mosaic, gold, and coloured glass, picked out with texts from the Korán. The pavement is tessellated with tiles, chiefly blue and white. The central spot is enclosed, like the larger *enceinte*, by four pilasters and twelve columns. An artistic iron *grille* occupies the spaces between the columns. Inside this enclosure is a beautifully carved screen of wood, which immediately surrounds the naked Rock.

There is something sublime in this great bare Stone, guarded by all its riches and treasures. Would that the Holy Sepulchre and other holy sites had been preserved with the same good taste, surrounded by riches the offerings of devotion, but left to nature.

A green and red tent is suspended like a canopy over this treasure, and to the Mohammedan it recalls the tent God gave to Adam when he found Eve on Arafat Hill, near Mecca, after he had sought her for a hundred years. This Stone is equally venerated by Jews, Christians, and Moslems.

As we stand gazing, full of thoughts and associations, let us recapitulate together what this Rock has witnessed, both what we know by the Bible, and what we are assured by history or tradition.

First—Abraham chose that spot whereupon to sacrifice his only son Isaac by the command of God.* Jerusalem is the “land of vision;” Mount Móriaiah is one of the mountains, and Móriaiah means “the Lord will see.” David bought it from Araunah the Jebusite, who used it for a threshing-floor; the King, the Prophet Gad, and the Angel stood there. It was sanctified by the fire from heaven, which consumed the sacrifice; it was covered by the Temple of Solomon; the Ark of the Covenant rested upon it.†

Let us, whilst here, remember this prayer or blessing of Solomon, whilst he consecrated this spot, and placed the Ark upon it:—

“Moreover concerning a stranger, that is not of thy people Israel, but cometh out of a far country for thy name’s sake; (for they shall hear of thy great name,

* Genesis xxii. 1–14.

† 3 Kings or 1 Kings viii. 1–6, 41–43.

and of thy strong hand, and of thy stretched-out arm;) when he shall come and pray toward his house; hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to thee for: that all the people of the earth may know thy name, to fear thee, as do thy people Israel; and that they may know that this house, which I have builded, is called by thy name."

When Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Solomon's Temple, the Holy of Holies was buried in the ruins.* Jeremias the prophet, who was warned by God, knew by inspiration of the coming destruction, and he saved the Tabernacle, the Ark of the Covenant, and the Altar of Incense, and hid them in a cave in Mount Nebo, the same where Moses went up to view the Promised Land and die.† When the Jews returned after their seventy years' captivity in Babylon, Cyrus permitted its reconstruction, which was undertaken and performed by Zerubbabel.

Heliodorus was sent by Seleucus, King of Syria, to rob its sacred treasures; but when he went in, an invisible hand struck him down, and he was in a dying state until the High Priest prayed for him.‡

Alexander the Great visited the Temple, and offered sacrifices to the true God on the Rock. Antiochus Epiphanus, after a massacre of the Jews, profaned it, and placed a statute of Jupiter in it. Two years later Judas Maccabæus purified it, and re-established the worship of the true God.§ Pompey took it B.C. 63, profaned the Holy of Holies, but left the building intact, and Cassim after him did the same; B.C. 17, Herod the Great rebuilt it with 10,000 workmen, 1000 carts and horses, and 1000 priests, and no one else was allowed within the enclosure.

We must then remember that it was sanctified by the presence of the angel who announced to Zachariah the birth of his son, John the Baptist; then by the infancy of the Blessed Virgin, by her offering in the Temple, by Simeon, by the presence of the holy family—Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; by the circumcision of Jesus, by Jesus teaching the doctors in the Temple, and frequently during His three years' ministry, and, finally, by the sufferings and death of our Saviour.

Thus the Rock opens its history by Abraham sacrificing his only

* 4 Kings or 2 Kings xxv. 9:—"And he burnt the house of the Lord."

† 2 Maccabees ii. 4-7; Deuteronomy xxxii. 49-52.

‡ Read the whole of 2 Maccabees iii., and 2 Maccabees ix. 12-20, but especially remember these words:—"But God did not choose the people for the place's sake, but the place for the people's sake. And therefore the place also itself was made partaker of the evils of the people: but afterwards shall communicate in the good things thereof, and as it was forsaken in the wrath of Almighty God, shall be exalted again with great glory, when the great Lord shall be reconciled."

§ 2 Maccabees x. 1-9.

son at the command of God, and closes it by God sacrificing His only Son to redeem the world. Thus it takes part in the principal religious and historical events of some 1877 years. Since that time it became a contention between Pagan, Moslem, and Christian, and it frequently changed masters for 1154 years. Titus destroyed the Temple, and Adrian rebuilt to Jupiter. Omar covered the Rock with the Mosque; the Crusaders substituted the Cross for the Crescent; Sáláh ed Dín destroyed the Cross, and again erected the Crescent, and washed the Rock with rose-water (A.D. 1187), since which (713 years) it has ever remained a Mohammedan possession. Thus we have the history of the Rock for a period of 3744 years.

On the Rock is a print of a large hand, said to be that of the Angel Gabriel, dating from the famous night journey of the Prophet Mohammed from Mecca to Jerusalem. The Angel Gabriel, say the Moslems,* brought him a white mule, named El Borák, "the lightning," and so mounted, the Prophet descended on Mount Sinai at Bethlehem, and at Jerusalem, where he entered the Temple, and prayed with Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Elijah. He visited the seven heavens, and, lastly, Allah himself, who taught him how to govern his people. When Mohammed was ascending, the Rock wished to fly after him; but, Allah being unwilling that the world should lose the sacred Rock, the Angel Gabriel put his hand upon it, and the impression is that which we now see. Also is shown the shield which belonged to Hamzeh, the Prophet's uncle and faithful follower; and there is an apocryphal footprint of Mohammed on a bit of marble, covered by a *grille*, the lance and standard of the Prophet, the flag of Omar, the saddle of El Borák, carved in marble. By the Báb el Jenneh is a large bit of jasper into which nineteen nails of gold were driven by Mohammed, to mark the time the world will last. At the end of each century a nail disappears, and fastens itself in the throne of Allah. An evil spirit once came and pulled them out for sheer wantonness, but the Angel Gabriel caught him, and drove him with blows from the sanctuary. By Mohammedan computation we have now 350 years more, and three nails and a half actually remain.

A flight of fifteen steps takes us into the cave under this Rock. This feature has been immensely written about. I shall content myself with saying that Captain Burton holds it to be the original granary of the corn threshed, or rather trodden out, upon the plain on either side, and winnowed from the Rock. If the latter prove to be the great Altar of Sacrifice, the cave will be the cistern for the blood

* My husband remarks that there is no Koránic evidence whatever for this.

which ran off by the Bir el Arwáh (Well of Souls) into the Valley of Hinnom. My husband did his best to procure the opening of the hollow-sounding slab in the centre, but the time has not yet come.

The more ignorant Moslems believe that the Sakhrah is suspended in the air, and its only support is a palm-tree, held by the mothers of the two greatest prophets, Mohammed and Abraham. The most projecting point is called "the Tongue," because, when Omar thought he had discovered the stone which was Jacob's pillar in his vision at Bethel, he exclaimed, "Es Salámo Alaykúm" ("Peace be upon thee"), and the Stone replied, "Alaykúm us Salám, wa Rahmat-Ullahi" ("Peace be to thee, and the mercy of God").

The Shaykhs of the Mosque explained everything to us, even the minutest trifle, and showed us the places where Solomon prayed, and also David, and where Abraham and Elijah and Mohammed met on the occasion of his night flight upon El Borák. They also made an echo for us, and told us that there was a hollow place beneath the Bir el Arwáh before mentioned, where every Friday the departed souls come to adore Allah. They also show the Korán of Khalif Omar. On the outside of the Mosque are two Kiblehs, domelets on marble columns—one called after Fatima, daughter of Mohammed, married to her cousin Ali, and the other after the ascension of Mohammed.

Near this, on a wall, is a piece of marble whose veins represent two birds, to which is attached a legend of Solomon. He ordered all the birds, beasts, and fishes to pay him tribute, when two magpies rebelled, and induced the others to mutiny; that on this account the Prophet-King condemned them to remain in marble to the end of time. He also ordered the roof of the Temple to be covered with golden needles, or fine spikes, that no bird might perch upon or soil it.*

They show in a portico with four arches the scales which at the Last Judgment will weigh the good and evil deeds of souls. Those found wanting will go, *viâ* the bridge "Es Sirát," to the Mohammedan Jehannum, which is, however, according to most schools, only temporary and provisional, like our Purgatory, for the true believer. There is also a fine marble Mambar, or pulpit, from which they preach on the Fridays of the Ramazan; it is called Burhán ed Dín el Kadi, after a learned doctor.

I must now explain the bridge Es Sirát.† You are conducted to a

* Captain Burton tells me that this is a tale probably borrowed from Mecca, where one of the "Ka'abahs" was similarly protected.

† My husband has corrected the garbled Christian account of the Moslem "Bridge of Souls."

place in the Temple enclosure, where a marble column of some length projects horizontally through the wall into space, like a piece of cannon pointed at Mount Olivet. The spiritual and invisible bridge is fastened on this side close to the fallen column, is thrown across the Valley of Jehosafat, and its other end is attached to the summit of Olivet. It is finer than the edge of a razor. When its merits and demerits have been weighed in the scales of justice, the soul has to walk over this bridge; the just are not afraid, for they are supported by their guardian angels, but the unjust lose their balance, and falling into the Valley of Jehosafat, are swallowed up in hell.

The entrance to the Dome of the Rock is exceedingly beautiful. It is a little detached decagonal marble pavilion, supported by two circles of columns—in all numbering seventeen, said to cover the site of the Altar of Burnt Offerings. Between it and the Temple the High Priest Zacharias, son of Joaida, was stoned.* Close to it was the place where the King presided at the offices; it is called the Tribunal of David, and also the Dome of the Chain (Kubbet es Silsilah). They say that Allah let down a chain from heaven, and each man taking an oath held it in his hand. If he swore falsely a link of the chain came off. Close to this altar St. James the Less, first Bishop of Jerusalem, was cast out of the Temple, and, as he was not dead, they dragged him to a distance and stoned him.

The Mosque "El Aksa" means the farthest then known to El Islâm. This Crusaders' church, once called St. Mary's, is the only other large building in the enclosure. It was built by the Emperor Justinian, and was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Omar converted it into a place of prayer for Moslems, and Abd el Melek plated its gates with gold and silver. During the Crusaders' time it was the Templars' church. Godfrey de Bouillon reconverted the Haram Mosques into a church and monastery, the Abbot of which was the Head of the Templars of the Knights of St. John. The porch has seven arches, and the interior seven naves (doubtless in honour of the "seven dolours"), supported by rows of low Byzantine columns of *verde antique*, now covered with plaster. The Shaykhs show the tombs of four sons of Aaron, who died, like Moses, in the Desert. There is a well called the "Well of the Leaf." The tradition is that a man went to Paradise through this well, and returned by the same way, bringing a green leaf behind his ear. There is a beautiful cupola with mosaics, supported by four large pi'asters, adorned with two marble columns; a Mihrâb to which the Moslem turns for his prayer; a

* Read 2 Paralipomenon or 2 Chronicles xxiv. 20, 21.

beautifully sculptured Mambar, or pulpit, the gift of Nur ed Dín. Two other Mihrábs are dedicated to Moses and to Jesus. In the latter is shown the footprint of our Saviour, which the Mohammedans venerate, and some think it is that missing from the Mount of Olivet.

We are told that Mary was consecrated at an early age to remain a virgin, and to devote herself to the services of the Temple, where she passed her infancy. This is shown as the spot where Mary and her mother St. Anne, her seven virgin companions, and the Prophetess Anna, daughter of Phanuël, of the tribe of Aser, dwelt together. Not far are two columns close together, and the Moslems believe that whoever can squeeze through these will go to heaven, but those who stick between them and cannot pass, will go—elsewhere. They are very deceptive; to look at them you would exclaim, "It were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," but I passed through them easily.

At the end of the westernmost nave is a large arched hall, divided by pillars, which support the arches—a most interesting place, I thought; it was the old *salle d'armes* of the Templars.

We must not forget to visit the Mihráb where Omar came to make his first prayer after purifying "the Rock" from the Infidel; and another where Zachariah and St. John the Baptist are supposed to have prayed. We descend thirty-two steps to a subterranean chamber, where a large marble shell is supported on small marble columns, said to be the cradle of Christ, but far more like a bath.* This was the habitation of the venerable Simeon, where the holy family stayed with him after the circumcision, and where they lodged whenever they came up yearly for the Passover. There used to be a chapel on the spot called the Cradle of Christ; it is now a little Mosque, called the Sanctuary of Jésus.

Coming out of the Mosque, we descend by steps into another enormous subterranean hall, supported by columns, and said to have originated with Solomon; others say it was used as stables by the Templars, who must have had lifts for their horses, or inclined planes leading to the apertures. Amid the grass-grown enclosure, but nearer the northern wall, is the lesser rock (Sakhrat es Saghír), covered by a round-domed chapel. After a few difficulties, and many false assertions that no one had entered for years, it was shown to us. It contained a fragment of the original rock upon which, they said, Jacob slept when he saw the vision; and a flat slab, evidently a stone, *in situ*, was guarded by a rail. Around the interior of this little fane

* My husband tells me that it is part of an old niche for a statue.

were twelve double marble columns, with Christian capitals, and a fountain.

Before going out of the western gate we passed another Mosque, where we were shown the "Throne of Solomon." It occupies the whole space between the walls, and is covered with a velvet pall. Moslems say he was found dead upon it. Another templet, with a Mihráb and an elevated place covered with black cloth, has a column on either side, which rise a little above it, and are called the two pillars of Solomon, being placed like two crutches; they say that he leant upon them for eight years. In this Moslem Mosque we have often heard the name of Hazrat Isa. For the Moslem believes that Jesus, being the Ruh Ullah (breath of God), never died, and thus, after a fashion, he believes in the Ascension. He believes Him to be the third greatest prophet, and vènerates all the Holy Places connected with Him, as we do, but in a different spirit. It is only the Jews who ignore Christ, for the sake of the shame and scandal the Cross brought upon their nation. Some heretical sects hold that He permitted Judas, in punishment for his treachery, to be invested with His personal appearance, and to undergo torment and crucifixion in His place.

The 5th of April was the night of the Passover. Every Jewish house was lit up during the night, and we were invited by one of the Khákháms (Rabbis) and his family to attend it. A table was spread with a cloth, and over it was suspended an oil lamp with five wicks, one for each male member of the family. The men then assembled round the table, and the women, both mistresses and attendants, dressed in their festal costume, and covered with jewellery, sat in rows on one side of the room; finally, we and all the friends invited placed ourselves on the other.

The men read the prayers in a chanting tone, something after the fashion of a choir intoning the Gregorian chant. It was alternately Spanish and Hebrew, the former easy to be understood. They rocked to and fro, as usual, whilst praying. Four cups of wine were on the table, with unleavened bread, water-cresses, lettuce, and a fragment of the lamb. They slung the flat unleavened bread, or rather cakes, over their shoulders in a napkin, as if ready to depart at a moment's notice. They ate and drank reclining on their sides, but stood up at certain parts of the ceremony, which lasted about two hours. They were exceedingly hospitable to us, and so liberal that they even wanted us to smoke Narghilehs while they prayed. This, of course, we declined, although I believe it was quite permissible, and we

remained in a respectful attitude till the supper was over. I thought it most touching, simple, and interesting, this eating of the Passover. Jerusalem was all alive that night, and the lit-up houses were very effective.

Maunday Thursday, April 6th.—At 3.30 I rose, and was so fortunate as to be able to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion on Calvary at 5 o'clock. I returned at 7.30, with the French Consular party, to High Mass, and to witness the ceremonies of this great day. After the Latins had finished I went to the Greek "washing of the feet," with Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake. A magnificent platform was erected outside the Sepulchre, and the Patriarch, personating Jesus Christ, mounted by a staircase with the twelve apostles, who were represented by the highest dignitaries of the Church. Their dresses were gorgeous, and everything was most richly carried out. They sang through the Passion, each taking his part, and answering one another. In fact, it was a Passion-play sung. When the Patriarch proceeds to wash the feet of the one who represents Peter, he refuses, and the Patriarch replies in the words of our Saviour, "If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with me;" he then washes all their feet, and they go through this part of the Holy Scriptures. The rite lasted about two hours.

We then rode out to see our Lady's Tomb, near Gethsemane. A small chapel covers an extensive cave in the rocks, with many altars and one shrine. It is as near as possible a copy of the Sepulchre. It is said that it contains also the bodies of St. Anne and St. Joachim, the parents of Mary, and that of Joseph her husband, and it would have been quite according to Jewish custom that it should have been so, the family tombs consisting of so many *loculi* in a cave. Close to this is the Garden of Gethsemane. We next ascended the Mount of Olives.

Three roads lead to this far-famed mountain, all beginning at Gethsemane. Two are frequently mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. One, the steeper, passes the so called "Tombs of the Prophets," and leaves on one side the place where Jesus wept over Jerusalem. The other, on the north flank, is the easier ascent. We will walk up all three, in order to miss nothing. Almost immediately, on one road, you pass a white rock, where tradition says Thomas was going to visit the Virgin's grave when he saw her mounting to heaven, and she threw him her girdle, which descended on the rock. The girdle is at Prato, in Tuscany. Before you reach the top the path bifurcates; one bend leads to the spot whence our Lord ascended, close

to a small village called Zaytún, another to the Mount Viri Galilei, which is a part of the Mount of Olives, and a third connects Viri Galilei and Zaytún. You will remark three olives, which note the spot where the Angel Gabriel announced death to the mother of Jesus. A few yards away is Viri Galilei (Karm es Sayyád), where the Galileans had a Khan, or inn, where they used to meet during the fêtes of Jerusalem, and where took place what is recorded in the first chapter of Acts. This might be what Jesus meant when He said after His death He would join them in Galilee, for here He commands them not to depart from Jerusalem,* and Galilee would have been many days' march there and back, whereas Scripture shows that they were never further than an afternoon stroll from Jerusalem. There is the minaret of Zaytún, which is near an enclosed court, and a little edifice which covers the spot where Jesus Christ, uttering last words full of majesty, ascended into heaven in the presence of 120 people, amongst whom were His mother and the apostles. The spot was once covered by a church. A lustre was suspended over the holy footprints on the rock, of which we see but the left. Some say that the right footprint shown at the Mosque El Aksa was stolen from here, and it certainly corresponds. They were covered by a marble casing, and protected from wind and rain by a glass cage. Here, in the Mosaic law, Israel burnt before Easter a cow, whose ashes served to prepare the water with which they purified themselves, and especially those who, under pain of death, had touched a dead body. Jesus Christ passed a night here. Titus, during the siege of Jerusalem, here encamped his tenth legion. Tancred, on arriving, went up to contemplate the city, and was attacked by five Moslems, of whom he

* Mark xxviii. 7-10, 16-17:—"And going quickly, tell ye his disciples that he is risen: and behold he will go before you into *Galilee*: there you shall see him. Lo, I have foretold it to you. And they went out quickly from the Sepulchre with fear and great joy, running to tell his disciples. And behold Jesus met them, saying, All hail. But they came up and took hold of his feet, and adored him. Then Jesus said to them: Fear not. Go, tell my brethren that they go into *Galilee*, there they shall see me. . . . And the eleven disciples went into *Galilee*, unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And seeing him they adored; but some doubted."

Acts i. 4, 9-12:—"And eating together with them, he commanded them, that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but should wait for the promise of the Father, which you have heard (saith he) by my mouth. . . . And when he had said these things, while they looked on, he was raised up: and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they were beholding him going up to heaven, behold two men stood by them in white garments. Who also said: Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come as you have seen him going into heaven. Then they returned to Jerusalem, from the mount that is called Olivet, which is nigh Jerusalem, within a sabbath day's journey."

killed three and made two run away. The Crusaders, before attacking Jerusalem, ascended this mount to chant the Litanies, and here Peter the Hermit preached to them.

From the minaret top we looked down upon the Valley of Jehosafat, the Dome of the Rock, the Mosque El Aksa, and the whole City of Jerusalem, beyond the Russian buildings. Far away upon a northern hillock lies Neby Samwil (Prophet Samuel's tomb), and as far to the south rises the Franks' Mountain. South-west, on the Bethlehem road, are the Convent of St. Elias and the Valley of Rephaim (Giants), the Mount of Evil Counsel, the Valley of Hinnom, the Field of Aeldama. Southwards is the Mount of Scandal, which is indeed part of Mount Olivet. To the east, the Desert of Judæa extends to the Jordan and to the Dead Sea, and, to close the picture, a huge mountain-wall which is always Moab. The eastern part, between the torrents of Jabbok and of Arnon, was of the tribe of Reuben. To the north-east lived the tribe of Gad, and half Manasses, which includes the country of Gilead.

We descended the minaret, and to the south of the Sanctuary of the Ascension we found the ruins of an ancient Convent of the Canons of St. Augustine, in the time of the Crusaders, and close by the grotto of St. Pelagia. In this cave the actress of Antioch, Margaret, who was converted by St. Nonnius, Bishop of Edessa, in the fifth century, came under the name of Pelagia to lead a penitent life, died, and was buried. The Jews call it the grave of the Prophetess Huldah; her sepulchre in the crypt is cylindrical in form. A little to the south-east is the spot where tradition says our Lord taught the "Our Father" to His disciples.*

Over this sanctuary now stands a new building. The Princesse la Tour d'Auvergne, one of the four European ladies who have been called eccentric because, wearied of the flesh-pots of Europe, they have made their home in the East, obtained possession of the ground, enclosed it in walls, and built a sanctuary over it. A cloister runs all around, on which the *Pater noster* is painted in thirty-two languages, some—I must confess—very incorrect. There are two rooms in these walls; one is prepared for the Princesse to lie in state after her death, and the other for her tomb. Her Swiss *châlet* adjoins the spot, and here she lives in retirement. I was told that she was a woman of great mind and talent, charming, and *spirituelle*; she was absent whilst I was in Jerusalem, and I had no opportunity of seeing her.

* Read Matthew vi. 9-15, and Luke xi. 1-13.

Thirty yards away is the spot where, they say, the Apostles composed their Creed. Here, as late as twenty-four years ago, there used to be twelve niches with twelve statues of the apostles, but the Moslems have sold them to the Jews, we are told, for gravestones.

About five hundred yards to the south-east, at the foot of Mount Olivet, on the road to Bethany, a dike seems to divide the valley; this is the site of Bethphage, where Jesus sent His disciples to take the ass and her foal for His triumphant entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday.*

The spot where our Saviour wept over Jerusalem is 150 yards to the west of the "Credo," by the steepest descent; it was once covered by a Church, but now there is a ruined Mosque.

Returning, we visited the Tombs of the Prophets, where we had the same cold, damp work on hands and knees, through cavernous passages and *loculi*, hunting after inscriptions. Those which we found were comparatively modern Greek *graffiti*, and my companions all declared the tradition about the prophets to be absolutely worthless. The caves lie 150 yards south-west of the site of the "Credo." A low doorway leads into a round vestibule, with a hole pierced at the top, which lets in a little light and air; thence you pass another hole into the gallery, where are thirty-six *loculi*. It is difficult to believe that this is the Tomb of the Prophets, because, out of the twenty-two of which we know, twenty were buried in other cities; but the prophets may have been others whose names are not recorded. Haggai was buried with the priests, and Zacharias by him. Haggai, who predicted that the Messiah would honour the Temple, then building, with His presence,† and Zacharias son of Barachias, who predicted the annihilation of the Jewish religion, or rather, that we should all come into one fold under Christ. It might have been that of the priests, or else built in honour of the prophets killed by the Jews, to whom Jesus said, "Woe to you who build the monuments of the prophets," etc.‡

We then agreed to see the whole of the Kedron and its objects of interest *en detail* from one end to the other. So we went to the east with a little southing, and passed a white rock on the right bank of the Kedron, about sixty yards to the west of a bridge of stone over the torrent. This was the spot where St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, was stoned to death.§ We are now near St. Stephen's Gate, called also Báb Sittná Mariam (of our Lady Mary), and turning to our right,

* Read Mark xi. and Luke xix. 29-44.

† Haggai 7, 8, and Matthew xxiii. 32-39.

‡ Read Luke xi. 47-51.

§ Read Acts vii. 51-59.

we shortly see the Tower of Hana-neel.* Some of the stones are very large—from four to seven yards long, two broad, and one high; but having seen Palmyra, Ba'albak, and Damascus, they do not strike us. We now leave to our left the Valley of Jehosafat; on our right, and above us, are the walls of the City and of the Temple. A little path goes down the declivity where our Saviour fell into the torrent of Kedron, being pushed by the brutal soldiery. They pretend to show the traces of His feet, hands, and knees, on the hard rock, but I had not enough of imagination to see them. A little to the east, on the opposite bank of the torrent, are four conspicuous and interesting tombs: a monolith cut in the rock—our Lady's Tomb, and the Grotto and Garden of Gethsemane, which are also on the opposite side, come before this monolith, but we pass them by as already visited, and only cross over now. This is the tomb called of Absalom. It has four pillars, one at each side; it is surmounted with ornaments in masonry, crowned with a bunch of palms. It was constructed, they say, during his life; the Jews still fling rubbish into it, to show their contempt for this recreant son of David. It is thought that, though this honourable burial-place was prepared for him, he was never permitted to lie here, but was thrown into a ditch.†

Close to Absalom's tomb is that called of Jehosafat, almost buried in rubbish.‡ The frontal only is seen, but it is striking. It is thought that the Jews still bury there secretly, as it is always closed, and smells very corpse-like. The tomb of Hezekiah resembles Absalom's. The most striking of the four is that of St. James the Less, a room cut in the cliff-side; its front is a porch supported by Doric columns. It has a Hebrew inscription, showing it was the tomb of Hezir, descendant of Aaron, and constructed before the time of Christ. The Moslems call it the Divan of Pharaoh.

When Jesus Christ was seized by the rabble, the disciples ran away and hid, James the Less flying to this cave. It was safe, as any Jew touching a tomb was unclean for eight days. He remained hid all the time of the Passion, and when he heard that his Master was crucified, he vowed that he would neither eat nor drink till Christ rose from the dead, and appeared to him. It happened on this spot. It is about seventy yards from this place that our Lord, on Maunday Thursday night, after the Supper, left eight of His disciples, and taking three went to the garden to pray.§

* Nehemiah iii.

† 2 Kings or 2 Samuel xviii. 17, 18.

‡ 3 Kings or 1 Kings xxii. 50:—"And Jehosafat slept with his fathers, and was buried with his fathers in the city of David his father."

§ Read Matthew xxvi. 30-37.

Their pusillanimity before, and their constancy and courage after, they had "received the Holy Ghost," was doubtless permitted for our instruction. St. James suffered, as I have related, a cruel death for his Master's sake, and was buried here A.D. 62. It is thought that Zebedee, Cleophas, Simon, and Zacharias also lie in this tomb; but which Zacharias is doubtful. If Zacharias son of Barachias be meant, he is buried with Haggai and the priests; and Zacharias father of St. John the Baptist is buried with St. James the Great. Is this Zacharias son of Joaida? or is it Zacharias son of Jehosafat buried with his father?

About a hundred yards away from these tombs is the fig-tree, or rather its site, upon which Judas hanged himself.* We then walk a few hundred yards southward along a narrow path, and we come to the village of Siloam (Silwán), on our left hand. It is situated on the Hill, or Mount, of Scandal, so called because Solomon sinned in here building temples to Chemosh and Moloch, the idols of his Harim.† Silwán consists of fifty miserable stone and mud huts, box-shaped; and on the opposite bank of Kedron, which we crossed, and not far distant, is an unclean pool—the "Fountain of our Lady," at the foot of Mount Ophel, and facing the east. We remember that Simon, who circumcised our Lord and sung his "Nunc Dimittis," lived at the south-east angle of the enclosure of the Temple, where is now the "Sanctuary," or "Cradle of Christ." The tradition is that, during these visits, our Lady used to wash linen at this fountain; this is quite natural, and what she would have done.

We walked still in a southerly direction, following the Kedron. Ophel is on our right, and the King's Gardens, likewise Silwán, to our left.

About three hundred yards farther is another pool, where women wash and soldiers draw water. The fountains once irrigated the "Gardens of the King," now in Fellahín possession, and here are the only spots about Jerusalem where anything will grow. A few yards farther is the pool of Solomon, partly cut in the rock, and now in a poor man's kitchen-garden. Eighty-three yards west from the last is the pool of Silwán, on the left bank south-west of Ophel, at the extremity of the Valley of the Cheesemongers (Tyropeum), which passes between the hill of Ophel and Mount Sion, and which joins the

* Matthew xxvii. 3-10.

† 3 Kings or 1 Kings xi. 1-12:—"Then did Solomon build an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon. And likewise did he for all his strange wives, which burnt incense and sacrificed unto their gods."

Valley of Jehosafat. This is the pool in which our Saviour gave sight to the blind man.* The people used to flock here for cures of all diseases; a church was built over it, and the pool, divided into two parts, one for men and the other for women, had a balustrade around; thence it discharged itself into a basin outside the church, and near it was the Tower of Siloam, which fell, crushing eighteen men.† The waters and canals of Silwán are very curious. I went in as far as I could. Some say that they come from under the Temple, and that they zigzag for about six hundred yards. Others suppose that they were aqueducts built by Solomon to water the gardens of his wives. South-west of the pool of Silwán, a path leads up to Mount Sion, mentioned in 2 Esdras.‡

Not far from the pool of Solomon is the spot where the prophet Isaias was sawn in two by the order of his son-in-law King Manasses, and buried close by. We now reach a point where three roads meet: one is that which we have come—along the Valley of the Kedron; another takes us round by the southern wall into the Valley of Hinnom, and a third leads away from Jerusalem towards the Dead Sea.§ Bir Ayyúb, Job's well, Ayn Rogel, the border of the tribe of Judah and of Benjamin, stands like a junction in the meeting-place of these three roads. This is Nephi, or Naphtar, where Nehemias hid the sacred fire.|| All these waters, pools, and wells of Kedron are brackish. We will now take the southerly road, and turn up the Valley of Hinnom, or Jehannum, or Hell, which once separated the tribes of Benjamin and Judah. It is so called on account of the Israelites, who there adored Moloch, and used to burn their children and offer other human sacrifices, which are anathematized by Jeremias in his seventh chapter.¶ Moloch was a large brass statue, with a bull's head, and

* Read John ix. 1-15.

† Luke xiii. 4:—"Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?"

‡ 2 Esdras (Ezra) iii. 15:—"And the gate of the fountain Sellum the son of Cholhoza built, lord of the street of Maspha: he built it, and covered it, and set up the doors thereof, and the locks, and the bars, and the walls of the pool of Siloe unto the king's guard, and unto the steps that go down from the city of David."

§ Josue (Joshua) xv. 7, 8.

|| 2 Maccabees i. 19-23.

¶ 2 Paralipomenon or 2 Chronicles xxxiii. 6-11.

Jeremias (Jeremiah) vii. 31-34:—"And they have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my heart. Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet, till there be no place. And the carcases of this people shall

arms extended as if to receive something. It was hollow. Seven chapels stood before him or around him. The first served for an offering of a dove or a fowl; the second for a lamb or a sheep; the third for a ram; the fourth for a calf; the fifth for a bull or cow; the sixth for an ox; the seventh for a man's own son, who had the privilege of kissing the idol. The child was placed before the idol, which was internally heated red-hot; then the priest placed it in the extended arms of Moloch, and that the parents might not hear its cries a drum was beaten loudly. So the place was also called Tophet (a drum).

The valley is one vast Necropolis, full of burial caverns cut in the rock. They say that in troublous times pious people retired here to hide and live in prayer. One monument in particular was shown to us as the "Retreat of the Apostles," because when our Saviour was seized in the garden, three were with Him, Judas was betraying Him, St. James the Less hid in the monument where he is now buried, and the other seven took refuge in this cave in Hinnom. Here the High Priest Annas is said to be buried, here St. Onofrius lived like a hermit, and here there was once a chapel. If you climb up a few yards of rock you find yourself in Aceldama, "field of blood." * It is said that St. Helena transported several shiploads of this earth to the Campo Santo at Rome, and surrounded Aceldama with an enclosure. The Crusaders used here to bury the pilgrims that died in the hospital, and erected an oratory in its centre.

Continuing our walk we remark a mountain called Jebel el Kubúr (of the graves), after Necropolis, and Dayr Abú Thaur (Convent of the Father of the Bull), I presume from Moloch. The Christians know it as the Hill of Evil Counsel, because the High Priest Caiaphas had a country-house outside Jerusalem, where, according to tradition

be meat for the fowls of the heaven, and for the beasts of the earth; and none shall fray them away. Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride: for the land shall be desolate."

Jeremias (Jeremiah) xix. 10-15.

4 Kings or 2 Kings xxiii. 10, 13:—"And he defiled Tophet, which is in the valley of the children of Hinnom, that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Moloch. . . . And the high places that were before Jerusalem, which were on the right hand of the mount of corruption, which Solomon the king of Israel had builded for Astoreth the abomination of the Zidonians, and for Chemosh the abomination of the Moabites, and for Milcom the abomination of the children of Ammon, did the king defile."

Osee (Hosea) xiii. 2:—"And now they sin more and more, and have made them molten images of their silver, and idols according to their own understanding, all of it the work of the craftsmen: they say of them, Let the men that sacrifice kiss the calves."

* Acts i. 18-20.

the Pharisees assembled and held council against Jesus.* The summit is marked by two or three houses. Some little distance further, situated on the slope or incline of Sion, is the Protestant school. There are stairs cut in the rock, probably from the time of David. On the left is the Emperor's reservoir (Birket es Sultan). Some say that it is the piscina of Bathsheba,† and others that it is the lower piscina; others, again, that it is "Assuyah," "the pool built with great labour."‡ The next striking object is the row of almshouses for destitute Jews, built by Sir Moses Montefiore. Near the pool is a hill, with a little chapel cut in the rock by the Crusaders who encamped there: it is now a lunatic asylum, and the Greeks show there the tomb of St. Damianus. The treatment in this *maison de santé* is not complicated. They chain the lunatic with a blessed chain called St. George; they are fed on bread and water, quite regardless of respect of persons, some of whom may not have sufficient blood to supply the brain. The manager comes round to visit them, and asks questions, and for every foolish answer they receive a blow with a little stick. This most brutal and horrible cure is said to answer wonderfully. I do not believe it.

In A.D. 136 the Emperor Adrian erected at the Jaffa gate a pig in marble, and forbade the Jews to approach it on pain of death. Every new Sultan sends by the Pasha of Jerusalem a key of this gate to the Chief Rabbi of the Jews, which is a permission to live and to circulate freely about Syria and Palestine. If it is forgotten or deferred, as it was accidentally when Abdul Aziz came to the throne, the Jews are out of the pale of the law, and have to be confined to their own quarter until the keys are sent. The Israelites pay high for the privilege, and it is one of the proofs of the tenacity with which they cling to their old privileges. It amounts, in fact, to a claim of possession, and the Turks allow it for a consideration. We now enter the Jaffa gate at sunset. Holman Hunt, who was painting his "Shadow of Death," dined with us this evening.

Good Friday, 7th April.—I was at the Sepulchre at 6.30 a.m. for the service of Good Friday—the Mass of the Pre-sanctified. The rest of the morning was spent at the Ecce Homo convent and church with the nuns and Père Ratisbonne. At 1 o'clock we celebrated the stations of the Cross through the streets, with Père Liévin, my Catholic instructor. We then visited the Copt and Abyssinian

* John xi. 47-54.

† 2 Kings or 2 Samuel xi. 2, 3; 2 Paralipomenon or 2 Chronicles xxxii. 30; Isaias (Isaiah) xxii. 9-11.

‡ 2 Esdras (Nehemiah) iii. 16.

churches, which are very poor, and we also went all over the roof of the Basilica of the Sepulchre. From half-past 2 to half-past 3, I and others knelt in Calvary for the hour of our Lord's death, each silently praying and reflecting on the great event of the day and the hour. Most Catholic children are taught that whatever they ask of Jesus at 3 o'clock on Good Friday and midnight on Christmas Eve will be granted. It is one of the pious lessons which I cherish, because taught me by my mother. We are supposed to repeat to ourselves the seven last words upon the Cross; kneeling in spirit at the foot of the Cross, and in this case we were present in body on the very site as well as in spirit, just where the poor mother, the holy women, and John, stood this day, this hour, 1838 * years ago, and heard Him say:—

“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

“This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.”

“Mother, behold thy son: son, behold thy mother.”

“My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?”

“I thirst!”

“It is finished.”

“Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.”

With such texts as those given below,† who should be afraid to ask for anything and everything that he wants? only minding the accompanying injunction of charity and forgiveness. It should be a day set apart as a great feast of love.

In the afternoon we went to the “Wailing-Place of the Jews,” outside the wall of the Temple, which they are never permitted, and never permit themselves, to enter. They do this every Friday in the year, excepting that which makes part of the Feast of the Tabernacles, at 3 o'clock. The spot chosen is the west wall of the enclosure by the Mosque of Omar, an old remain of the Temple of Solomon, to bewail their sins, and the evils which have befallen them for nearly 1900 years. To a person who does not know what it means it presents the strangest sight. They rock to and fro, and kiss and put their hands upon the stones, and work themselves up to a passion of tears, whilst praying and chanting their Lamentations—a kind of litany which was translated to me.‡ Some of the women go into fits and hysterics.

* I wrote this MS. in 1871, or the date would be 1846.

† Matthew vii. 7–12, x. 42, xviii. 18–22; Mark xi. 23–26; Luke xi. 5–13; John xiv. 13, 14, xvi. 23, 24.

‡ Rabbi. “On account of the Palace which is laid wasted,”
People. “We sit solitary, and weep.”

Rabbi. “For the sake of the Temple, which is destroyed,”

I looked and saw that they were real tears. It is like a revival. We all went, and, of course, we who knew its deep meaning were much touched. It gave room for serious thought, that scene on that day and at that hour, the hour Jesus hung dead—their crime accomplished—upon the Cross, bewailing their City, their Temple, their departed glory, doomed from that very hour. It is the saddest thing in life to see these once spoiled children, now a despised and scattered nation, flocking from all parts to live and die in their City, to kiss the walls of their Temple, and shed their tears upon its stones: they, who crucified the One who came to deliver them, and asked that His blood might fall upon them and upon their children. If we had no other proof of the truth concerning our Saviour, they would be a standing, living, sufficient daily testimony. Seeing these poor, despised, and miserable ones bewailing the crime of their forefathers 1838 years gone by, I sat for an hour with my head buried in my hands near them on the stones, and thought a long think. How immediately after the fall of Adam, God promised him a Reparator, who would give Him satisfaction, and wash out Adam's sin, and that by His death alone could Adam's posterity enter heaven. God was not obliged to give us a Saviour; and that is the danger of the Jews, that having revolted from God so often by idolatry, they also revolted against the Saviour He sent them, and not only their Saviour, but

People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
 Rabbi. "For the walls that are thrown down,"
 People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
 Rabbi. "For our glory, which hath departed from us,"
 People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
 Rabbi. "For our wise men, who have perished,"
 People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
 Rabbi. "For the precious stones, which are burnt,"
 People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
 Rabbi. "For our priests, who have fallen,"
 People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
 Rabbi. "We implore thee to have mercy on Zion."
 People. "Reassemble the children of Jerusalem."
 Rabbi. "Haste! haste! Oh Saviour of Zion."
 People. "Speak in favour of Jerusalem."
 Rabbi. "May beauty and majesty surround Zion."
 People. "Turn with thy clemency towards Jerusalem."
 Rabbi. "Grant soon that Royal Power may shine upon Zion."
 People. "Console us who weep over Jerusalem."
 Rabbi. "May peace and happiness enter Zion."
 People. "May the rod of Power turn towards Jerusalem."

And so they go on interminably for an hour or two.

Jeremiah xxx. 15:—"Why criest thou for thine affliction? thy sorrow is incurable for the multitude of thine iniquity: because thy sins were increased, I have done these things unto thee."

verily their King. Before Christ came into the world His royalty was announced, by an angel proclaiming that He should eternally reign over the House of David. The Prophets in their oracles proclaimed it a thousand times. Heaven and earth announced it also. He was born, and the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill towards men." A new star appeared in the air, calling the Eastern kings to acknowledge their sovereign. Monarchs trembled, and sought to destroy Him; but He gave His law to the world. He worked for the salvation of men, redeeming the world, and died on the Cross, with His true title written and prefixed to it by themselves, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." This was the man who was to repair the work of the first man, and Mary was the woman to repair the work of the first woman.

If Jesus had asked Pilate to speak to the people he would have done so. If He had chosen, the Jews would have knelt down and worshipped Him, but He did not ask it, it was so to be, and He chose that it should be so.

He was persecuted before He came upon earth, for Adam was a son of God; David was a son of Adam; and Jesus was a son of David. Adam revolted against God, and Jesus was promised to him as a Saviour; and of all the sons of Adam only the families of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob remembered the promise, observed the law, and hoped for the Saviour. This hope, this faith, were their anchor and salvation, as that of all men in the past and in the future; and because the Jewish people believed and hoped in a Saviour, they observed the laws which God gave to Moses on Sinai. The Primitive Patriarchs, in this hope, believed and observed the natural law of divine grace, and walked in justice before Jesus, who was the law of the world. They persecuted Jesus on earth; and as in the ancient law, so in the new, they persecute Him in persecuting His Church. He is a point of scandal to the Jews who reject the shame of the Cross; to heretics who refuse His dogmas, and whose reason is annihilated by His mysteries; and to bad Christians, who are ashamed of Him, of His religious maxims and precepts.

The ancient Testament is but a figure of the new. The action of God upon the Jews is but the figure of His action upon our souls this very day.* Surely there is comfort in store for them after their long

* Ezekiel vi. 8, 9:—"Yet I will leave a remnant, that ye may have some that shall escape the sword among the nations, when ye shall be scattered through the countries. And they that are saved of you shall remember me amongst the nations to which they are carried captives: because I have broken their heart that was faith-

mourning and repentance. Did not He say with His dying breath, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do"?

This may sound rather like a sermon in a book, but you would not think so if you had sat on the stones with me at the "Wailing," that afternoon, and thought out the great fact that there has been but one religion from Adam till now.

The Moslems remained respectfully serious, but my Syrian girl, a Greek Orthodox Christian, who had hardly ever seen a Jew, and who knew nothing of the meaning of what she saw, and only perceived the ridiculous side of the picture, perhaps fancied they were doing it to amuse her, and she flung herself on the ground and laughed nearly into hysterics. I was obliged to scold her till she behaved herself properly. I am told that, although all the numerous Christian sects hate one another, and fight amongst themselves (to the intense amusement of the Moslems, who on great *fête* days flog them into order in and out of church, like a pack of hounds), if an unhappy Jew were to cross the enclosure of the Sepulchre during Holy Week, they would all for once unite and tear him to pieces on the spot. These things sound curiously in Europe, here they seem natural.

In the evening we all went together, Protestants and Catholics, to hear seven sermons preached upon Calvary in seven different tongues, and to see Jesus taken down from the Cross. There is a life-size crucifix which comes to pieces. I did not like the ceremony, but I should have done so if it had been performed with the dignity of a Passion-play at Ober-Ammergau. Those subjects should be so sublimely touched upon. It is meant devotionally, but it is not every preacher who can convey the right impression.

During the sermons, one of our party, a Protestant clergyman, would, in spite of our warnings and entreaties, take up his position on a tall, wooden three-legged stool, the better to see and hear the sermon. Suddenly one of the three legs gave way, and with a tremendous noise he disappeared under the crowd, which was packed like a flock of sheep. The preacher stopped and looked, the crowd began to murmur. We pulled him out with great difficulty, and set him on his feet again, but it was a sore trial to keep ourselves from

less, and revolted from me: and their eyes that went a-fornicating after their idols: and they shall be displeased with themselves, because of the evils which they have committed in all their abominations."

Ezekiel ix. 4:—"And the Lord said to him: Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem: and mark Thau upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and mourn for all the abominations that are committed in the midst thereof."

laughing, more especially as he was a little offended, which made us nervous.

We then went into one of the galleries to hear the last sermon. It was a slender iron balcony, something like those in the Crystal Palace, but it was so overcrowded with people, at a great height, that it actually waved about, and made one feel uncomfortable. The heat and crush were very great everywhere. Pilgrims had taken up their abode for the great event of the morrow, the "Greek Fire," and they were littered about as if it were a stable—bedding, food, and all. We left at midnight, half poisoned by the atmosphere.

Holy Saturday was a long day. I rose at 5 a.m., and went to a long morning Office in the Sepulchre, with all the prophecies and Mass sung. After this was over we were taken to a gallery just over the Sepulchre, where we were well stationed, to see the great wonder of the Holy Week.

The glass skylight of the great Basilica dome rises about 100 feet over the Sepulchre. The inside is painted blue, with golden *fleurs de lys*, and the gallery is Byzantine, after some old model. Many persons find fault with the colouring. This gallery runs all around, and has arches with gilded railings, each hung with five gold lamps; below that is a plain space with filled-up arches, beneath that again are two more galleries, and a third with windows and tribunes. The little chapel covering the Sepulchre is immediately under the big dome.

The Basilica was thronged with people, from the top of the great skylight to the flags beneath, all waiting for the Greek Orthodox Patriarch. At 1.30 p.m. commenced howling, fighting, and screaming, dancing, clapping of hands, and preaching upon one another's shoulders, cliques of friends in corners singing little songs, such as, "Oh Jew! Oh Jew! your feasts are the feasts of monkeys. Ours are the feasts of Jesus."

They were drunk only with excitement. Ali Bey and his soldiers flogged them with cow-hide Kurbashes, but they did not seem to feel the stripes, and men looking like the "Forts de la Halle," in white light garments, were told off, as prize-fighters might be, to rule the mob. The soldiers also carried fixed bayonets. Then commenced a procession of flags, and all was going as merry as a marriage bell, when a dispute arose as to who should be the bearer of the last. This was a signal for a free fight. One man battled bravely for it, bleeding all over, with torn shirt; but he was overpowered by numbers and the Kurbash.

At 2.30 p.m., the mob was stilled by the great procession of priests

chanting in black dresses, seven deacons in colours, and the Patriarch in white satin, with a black cylindrical head-dress, like a brimless hat, and sable veil floating behind him. Two deacons carrying silver bottles, each containing forty candles, were followed by the fighting "roughs." An old man, who looked like a European doctor, had imprudently mixed with the crowd, and appeared to be hurt. One corner of the Sepulchre, at the right-hand side, was much coveted; it is where the fire first issues through a hole, and it is considered to be a great blessing to be the first to receive and spread it. The men fought like demons for this post, though only one can obtain it, and they clung to a column, like monkeys climbing a tree, for hours, in this hope. I saw dozens pulled down and beaten off. It would require the energy of a strong drowning man to keep such a position.

Now commenced an awful excitement and struggling. The Patriarch undresses, I believe, to show that he has nothing about him to produce fire with, and bares his head and feet. Then, in a plain surplice, he enters the Sepulchre alone. A priest, also bare-headed and bare-footed, is at the place on the roof, near the small aperture where the fire is expected to issue. The excited and struggling crowd were not kept long waiting. Old Mir Alai (Brigadier-General) Ali Bey must have whispered a word to the Patriarch as he went in, for almost in five minutes the "Sacred Fire" issued. The priest caught it, and the happy man who had been clinging on to his post of danger snatched it.

And now follows the really wonderful part. They all struggle to catch the first fire, they jump on each other's heads, shoulders, and backs, they hunt one another about the church with screams of joy; one passes it to the other; they rub it over their faces, they press it to their bosom, they kiss it, they put it in their hair, they pass it through their clothes, and not one of this mad crowd is, or rather feels himself, burnt. It looked to me like spirits on tow, but it never expired, and every part of the Basilica, which it takes fifty minutes to walk round, is in one minute lit up with the blaze. And there is a man-of-war waiting at Jaffa to convey it this very day to St. Petersburg.

We once believed in this fire, but not now. It is said to be produced in this manner. In one of the inner walls of the Sepulchre, there is a sliding panel with a place to contain a lamp, which is blessed, and that for centuries the Greeks have never allowed this lamp to go out, and from it they take their Sacred Fire. My husband was assured by educated Greeks that a lucifer box does the whole

work. This is very probable, and only intense excitement accounts for the fire not burning them, and not extinguishing, or for the rapidity with which it spreads through the church. It is said that if Russia and the Greek Church were to throw off this old custom, as we Latins have, the Holy Week would lose half its wealthiest pilgrims, and that Jerusalem would be very much impoverished. It is not a miracle, but it is a celebration which feeds the poor, and the only objection is the behaviour of the people in the church.

From this ceremony we rode to see the Convent of the Cross, belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church. It is only half a mile from Jerusalem. The church was built by Heraclius, over the spot where the tree was said to have been cut to make our Saviour's Cross. There is a pretty legend attached to it, and as you will see pictures of it in many Greek churches, I may as well relate it. The patriarch Lot, when saved from Sodom with his family, sought safety near Hebron, in a cave. He committed the crime related in Genesis, and his remorse drove him into this solitude. Upon the site of this church he unceasingly wept and besought pardon for his deed. One day, whilst thus employed, an angel of God appeared to him, and gave him three cuttings of cypress trees, saying, "Plant and water these cuttings with water from the Jordan, where thou wilt go and draw every day. If they strike root, it is a sign that thou art forgiven, but if they die, it is a sign of thy condemnation." He obeyed, full of hope, and watched his cuttings. The distance to the Jordan and back would occupy a whole day, and be very hard work, especially for one carrying water. Returning, after many years, one evening late, charged with his heavy jars, a demon in the form of a beggar asked for drink. He gave him permission with charity, but he found the whole way lined with beggars wanting water, so that when he reached his cuttings the jars were empty. It was too late to return to the Jordan that night, and he was exhausted with fatigue. He threw himself down in despair, fearing his shoots might die in the night, for the land is stony and the air is dry. But the angel again appeared to him, and said, "Thy charity hath won grace for thee in the sight of God. Thy pardon is granted, and thy cuttings will grow for ever without being watered." They became trees, and one of these was eventually taken to make the Cross of Christ. Under the High Altar they show where the wood was cut. It is a beautiful idea, that Jesus Christ died for charity on the tree that was grown and blessed by charity. This ancient chapel possesses several curiosities and crusading traces.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DREAM.

"What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light: and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops. And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."—MATTHEW x. 27, 28.

* * * * * * *

BYRON says:—

"Dreams in their development have breath, and tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy. They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts, and look like heralds of eternity. They pass like spirits of the past; they speak like sybils of the future."

On our return, after putting up the horses, my husband, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, and I, went off to explore the Maghârat el Kotn (of cotton). These are enormous quarries, also called the Royal Caverns; the entrance looks like a hole in the wall outside the town, not far from the Gate of Damascus. Creeping in, you find yourself in endless artificial caves and galleries, most of them not explored. What I saw was however far inferior to Adelsberg, near Trieste. Candles and matches are useless in these places, and we always went well supplied with magnesium fusees, which for a few minutes beautifully light up wells, caves, and tombs. I soon left the enthusiasts, for the work did not amuse me. People who really keep Lent by fasting, and attending all the long ceremonies of Holy Week, have a right to be tired upon Holy Saturday; and in my case I had not only attended my own Church's ceremonies, but those of every other Church; so I sauntered towards the Bâb es Zâheri, and the northernmost point of Mount Bezetha, to see the Cave of the Prophet Jeremias, a native of Anathoth, a priestly City of the tribe of Benjamin (B.C. 600). Here he hid to pray, to study, and to live a holy life; here he prophesied against Jerusalem; here he wept and mourned over her, and here he wrote his Lamentations; here he dictated to Baruch, his noble and learned disciple; here he underwent persecution from the Jews, who eventually stoned him for discharging his duty to God by prophesying—

the captivity of Babylon and the downfall of his beloved City for her disobedience to the Lord.

I then climbed up to a large cave, somewhat to the left, and above that of Jeremias, whence I could look down upon Jerusalem. And here, worn out with fatigue, fasting, and over-excitement, I lay down with my head upon a stone, and slept a long sleep of two hours, during which I dreamt a wonderful dream—perhaps I ought not to detail it, but an inner voice bids me do so—a long, vivid dream, which I committed to paper; its details in full would occupy a volume, and as many can only interest myself, I will but give a *resumé* of the principal scenes that floated through a tired and excited brain.

The wise laugh at dreams, and they are reprehensible too when foolish persons translate their every night visions in the following fashion:—"I dreamt that I saw a black dog, which is a sign that a new friend is coming to the house." But there are other dreams than these, when the body is in a state of coma, and the brain is alive and intelligent, and which enlighten one on sciences, religious and profane, on virtues and vices, on the government of nations, and on individuals; which show the disposition, sentiments, and secret designs of the people about us, and which require to be treated with infinite discretion. To quote a case, by no means unique: a friend, a very matter-of-fact, unimaginative person, was learning to drive a pair of ponies. She never could understand how to make them step well, and found that they could always get their heads out of her hands when they chose. After many months, she came to me one day and said, "I dreamt how to drive last night, and I know that I can do it perfectly." She ordered her ponies round, and did what she had learnt in her dream. This example serves to illustrate how one can learn higher things without miracles. I also think that some only are subject to them, that men and women in general do not know them, that certain climates conduce to them, and that Syrian soil has something beyond even visions.

Almost every one will in youth, especially in the intense, passionate life of Europe, have thought, "What is to be my future? I know not! I feel a latent force within me which I do not know, and which I cannot explain; I will watch to see to what use I am some day destined to turn this power, this longing. Will it be good or evil?" The ardent mind finds its mission.

The heavy body, gorged with meat and drink, perhaps will not find it or miss it, never having yearned for it. But man is a King,

and his kingdom is his own heart; he has two rotatory movements, like the earth, one on his own axis, or daily existence, and another which carries him from his beginning to his end—his soul was an emanation or a breath of the Divinity, which returns to its origin. The globe is but a point whence it takes its flight homewards. Every time man moves off his course and cries to God, he is brought back, but if he does not cry to God, he flies off into space, like the falling star which makes way for a better.

I dreamt that I died, and that instead of being sent to purgatory—that place where sinful, not guilty, souls go to be purified before they enter for ever the presence of God—I was ordered, with a superior Angel Guardian, to execute difficult tasks; in fact, to work under his directions. The first thing appointed to me was to reform the world and redress its wrongs, I to be visible with my own body or not, according to his direction, and he invisible, and working by my hands and mouth. It came about in this manner—I saw a great light, much brighter than the sun, at which I could not look till my eyes were used to it, and I understood that I was in the presence of Jesus Christ, the centre of all Creation; Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, and the Solar system, all were revolving round Him. At first I was entranced at finding myself in space, a spirit—so light, so grand, so awful, and so pure; but when I was drawn with all creation into that vortex of light upon which all eyes were fixed, and towards which all souls burned, I was only conscious of one Presence—I do not know how to describe it. He was more beautiful, more majestic and God-like, than any written words can render. All around Him and near Him were perfectly happy from His reign of love and mercy. There was no terror, only confidence for themselves, and hope for those without, all glorying in Him, and in belonging to Him. His face was full of goodness and sweetness, but serious; His dignity and majesty were adorable. The Throne was of brilliant gold. I do not know what His garment was, but it shed rays like the sparkle of a diamond. He did not, however, sit upon His Throne, but walked and talked with groups of those dear to Him. There seemed to be a higher heaven than the created heaven to be given to the elect, but it looked down upon our heaven, and I understood that was alone for the Trinity. Near the throne of Jesus stood Mary, and all about Him the saints and angels and elect. His eyes rested upon those about Him. He spoke to and granted favours to many, and sent different angels away with orders to execute. I understood that we should always see Him thus if we were perfectly pure, and that is why so few have ever seen Him.

At last His eyes rested upon mine, and I tried to look down, to look away, but I could only look into His eyes. And He said, "Yes! look your fill, for you will not behold Me again till the hour of your rest, but that will not be so long." He signed to my good Angel to bring me to Him. I went, all trembling and abashed at my own nothingness. All heaven seemed to veil its face at so great an act of condescension. I knew, or felt, or understood, that our earth was scandalized that one of their own ordinary beings should be so honoured, and I could hear the Devils laughing in Hell, and saying, "Wait awhile," and I shivered. He seemed to smile at me, and to speak so kindly, without even looking at my unworthiness, as He would have done to any of the poor people who loved Him and believed in Him when He was upon earth, and He said, "My child,"—a voice will make itself heard in the Desert, and the echoes shall repeat at the furthest ends of the earth what that voice shall have uttered—"it is not enough that you side with Me; you must never leave Me, always be faithful to Me, and never ashamed of belonging to Me. Keep your eye upon yourself, and upon Me. I will lead you by a way that I will show you. I will send you My cases of distress. Good actions are better than words, and good example is the best sermon. Never forestall My hour. You will be one day of fire, one day of ice; to-day with the strength of a lion, to-morrow as weak as a broken reed before the wind. With Me you can triumph over all. Without Me, if you were stronger than the whole world, the smallest trial would cast you into the abyss for ever. Who will afflict you if I console you, who will attack you if I protect you, who will threaten you if I defend you? Tremble lest you hear the voice of Justice, which could break the cedars of the Lebanon as you could twist a straw in your fingers. I shall send you into what the World calls trouble and sorrow; you will have hard work; you will live from day to day; the demon will try incessantly to separate you from Me. Fear to displease Me in not following the inspirations I put into your heart; be afraid lest you despise My graces, and that I take them from you and give them to another; fear that the sun may go to shine on another, now left in darkness, and that you prove ungrateful for its rays." Then changing from severity, He said, "To-morrow is Easter Sunday, and the week of My Passion ends. Choose something, and ask it of Me, as you did at Calvary, at three o'clock yesterday, that I may grant it unto you?" I answered, "Only this, Lord; that I may remain near you, and adore you for all eternity, and my husband with me." "That," He said, smiling, "is My intention, without your asking; choose

something else." "Lord," I answered, "I cannot see—you know all things; give me the things in which I am most deficient, and stand most in need of, and which will make me most pleasing to you. Give me wisdom, prudence, courage, and that holy fear of which you warned me." I dreant that He put His hand upon my head, and blessed me, and I felt as if a flood of grace and happiness flowed over my soul, and took away all pain and disquiet, as if I were strengthened by some invisible buckler. "You have chosen well, my child," He said; "these are the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Therefore I will send you for a short while to reform the earth you live in, and do all the good your two hands can find to do. Your Angel, who will guide you, will then set you fresh tasks for Me, after which you shall abide with Me for ever, according to your petition, and your husband with you."

Upon that I knelt, and bowed myself down before Him, and kissed His feet, and my good Angel and I swept through the air like two birds.

In this state I saw so many wonderful things.

I saw the whole Creation—the heavens, the sun wheeling in space, the moon, and all the firmament. The earth beneath me with plants and flowers, trees, gardens, forests, mountains and valleys, plains, deserts, seas, rivers, and lakes, all the wild beasts and various animals, reptiles, insects, birds, and fishes, and the sea, all ruled and regulated by one hand and one law. Then the most perfect, and at the same time the most contemptible, the only failure—Man, his heart, and the workings of his heart and thoughts; the only thing in all creation that does not perform its duty in harmony with the rest: the only rebellious work. The composition of our being set me in wonder. The perfection of the body, its materials, and the way it was put together, and the machinery set in motion, and the soul and its various qualities, which are like a united family, all connected and working together. The Mind, or Spirit, or Soul, is the Master. The Free Will is his Mistress, who worships God or the Devil. Conscience is their Agent, the Understanding and Sense are the Sons, Imagination and Memory are the Daughters—the whole family form a character, a disposition. The hearts of a family ought to be so united as to have only one will, one sentiment. Their relations ought to last for life, and beyond the comb. A child who goes forth into the world can never forget the pain, suffering, labour, and care he was to his parents, above all to his mother, and would willingly repay it. How happy are those who tarry this out. Then I saw Man as a separate and distinct article—man in his Family, man in Society, man as a People, as a Nation, as

an Empire, governed by a Sovereign. A People obeying a Sovereign against their will, all wanting to throw off any restraint, and enjoy what they call Liberty. I heard the voice of God making crowned heads tremble like children, and dealing out goodness and mercy and justice to Kings and People, giving them prosperity and preserving them from harm. I saw Him strike down Potentates, and destroy their Empire like a falling star. Man living, moving, making his plans, and God settling them with a glance. The great book of Creation lay open before me, with God written upon every page. I saw individuals doing a wrong and thinking nobody would know it. True, it was so secretly done that there was no human likelihood of its being known, but at the first corner of the street they were liable to meet their punishment, or the evil-doer found the World, his interest, his friends, failing him at every side. He thought it was chance, but it was not: God left him. He who at once listened to the small voice, repented, and renounced the wrong, and repaired it as far as possible in all sincerity, saw God returning. His arm was not shortened, and He would have performed a miracle, if needful, to deliver that man from his enemies, and hinder his ruin, rather than disappoint that man's trust in Him. When misfortunes happen to a man who does not comprehend God, he agitates himself, turns his anger upon those who surround him, to see who it is that is injuring him; but he who is versed in the ways of God knows that his faults have turned the blessing of God from him. He has no animosity against any person, knowing that creatures are only instruments of Divine justice. He therefore only seeks to rise out of his unhappy position, and recover the lost way, taking the evils God sends him with respect and submission. I understood that God made Man last, because He wanted to finish all His work, and to begin it anew by creating a being who should be the connecting link with every portion of that creation. He was on this account made with a body and a soul. He grew, he had being or existence, sensation and the use of the senses. By his soul he was connected with the angels; by his senses with the lower animals; by his being, or existence, to the different elements of nature which have no life or intelligence, if such can be said to exist; by his development he resembled the plants. Thus he was connected with every portion of the Creation. By his soul to the spiritual world; by his body to the natural world. The latter was made transitory, the former eternal. This influences man's will, and brightens his intelligence.

Earth was given to him to tread under foot. His face, stamped

with the seal of Divine intelligence, was made to look upwards with. The life of a reasonable and intelligent being, who believes as he ought to do, is merely a tent, pitched to-day to be struck to-morrow ; an arrow shot from a bow ; and on the steadiness of his aim depends Salvation or Perdition. This is why from Adam until now every created being has had a Guardian Angel. Our Angels are not all alike. I understood that each one is fitted for the different position or necessity of his charge, and that every Kingdom, City, Family, Parish, Community, or Society, has its own Guardian Angel, besides the individual's Guardian Angel, and that the Guardian Angel is the best friend man has.

I understood that every man will find what he seeks. Who says, "Lord, you are nothing to me ! Give me this world, for we are not sure of what is beyond it," will have it so ; and who believes that death is nothing but the stepping out of this life into a better one with God, will also receive the desire of his heart.

I also saw how man's heart hardens over the misery of the poor and the sufferings of others, with what an evil eye he looked upon them. He wished there were none ; and if he helped them it was with a bad grace and a hurtful word, with a regret at being troubled, at having to part with his petty charity, whilst denying himself nothing.

The most pitiable and the most foolish thing that I saw was the condition of men of science, who have arrived at that point of education and learning that they cast off all belief, and altogether deny the existence of God. I could almost have laughed if it had not been so serious a question. The men who sneered and scoffed were for the most part those who knew a little, and acted a part to attract notice ; but the men who were deeply learned, and who seriously and gravely avoided the subject, because it pained them not to be able to believe, were much to be pitied. They appeared like small objects—midges—studying a little section, a little particle, of this huge mosaic, Creation, and very ill comprehending even that, and ignoring and denying the existence of the great Master of the whole work ; more ignorant than the meanest spirit flying, who was watching them with amused pity, as we should an ant at work—verily, it reminded me of a child I once knew, who had received a charity education, and could read and write, who asked me seriously, if there was anybody in the world more educated than she was.

"What would God be," said my good Angel to me, "if Man could understand Him ?" The Infinite dissected by the finite ; the creature

on a level with the Creator. Man loses himself in vain reasonings, which alienate him from God. God loves him to study and become learned and scientific to benefit his fellow-creatures, but He is not content, as the Creator, to be denied and ignored. They begin at the wrong end. The science of religion flees from their presumption, and goes to simpler people, who do not make science their only support. Science is but a narrow knowledge of the things which God has made, and the cleverest man is he who, in studying Creation, elevates his spirit in union with Him who made the objects which he tries to study. Men who occupy themselves with natural or physical sciences, which have a term of duration without reference to Him who created them, and who has no term of duration, are more foolish than you who adore the Creator first, and know nothing. I understood that there was a way to accomplish all things under the sun within a certain distance of the earth, balloons, flying, submarine railways, walking under the water, but only within a certain atmosphere around the earth; and I understood that we could do much more, almost what we should consider miraculous, if we were only better acquainted with the laws of nature and certain latent forces within ourselves, and turned them to good and useful scientific account—not to folly. Lacking this knowledge, which is the best and highest gift Divine Providence can endow us with in the flesh, I likened the world to a city full of coachmen, driving blindfolded, as fast as they could drive, all injuring one another; the weak, who only suffer sorrow in contact with the world, crying "Escape who can!" We are too gross and material to understand these things, or we should always save ourselves inexpressible grief—however, some of us are mercifully guided. Our Saviour doubtless bore this in view when He said, "You have eyes and see not, and ears and hear not."

Whilst my Angel and I were coming down, I turned and said to him, "Tell me how can I, a poor, ignorant, half-educated woman, reform the world? Yet our Master said so." My Angel said, benevolently, "Do not fear, I have my orders. I shall always be at your side, and my spirit shall move your tongue to speak and your hands to work: Nature and Truth are yours, and all the rest shall be added unto you." Then I said, "Be it so, for you speak from the spirit, and now that I am descending I can only see with the eyes of my body, but let us make haste that we may return. I have loved work from my youth, it rejoices my heart and intelligence, but now that I have once seen Jesus, I can never care for any other thing. I feel like one cold, hungry, thirsty, naked, and deprived of all things where He is not."

To enter into the details that I went into would, I repeat, occupy a volume; the spirit of Jeremias might have touched the stone upon which I slept, or Baruch might have dwelt there. I will only mention the principal and prominent features of my work. We descended upon my native land, England. Far above the world, on a pedestal, I built a white crystal Temple, which shone like the sun, in which I erected four thrones of gold—one was higher than all the rest, and upon it I placed an imperial crown and sceptre of diamonds; another throne was far below that, but raised above two others, and on that I placed a royal crown and sceptre of diamonds; the other two thrones were on each side of and a little below this one, and I placed royal robes and orders on them of great magnificence, but no crowns or sceptres. They all shone with splendour, but the highest one of all like the rays of the sun. On the highest of the three lower ones I placed Her Majesty of England, her crown upon her head, and her sceptre in her hand, and I saluted her as "Queen of the World." On her right I placed His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and on her left Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and her children were grouped about her knee. I then retired and looked at my handiwork, and perceived the Koh-i-noor fastened in the front of the royal crown, and advancing and bowing down low before her, I took the Koh-i-noor out of her crown, and replaced it by a star which my Angel gave me, a gift which brought with it all the "seven gifts" and the "twelve fruits" of the Holy Ghost. The Queen looked at me severely, for she could not see the spiritual star, and she said, "Why have you robbed my crown of its brightest ornament?" "Because," I said, "O Majesty! I love you, and I love my country. The Koh-i-noor has a fatal mystery attached to it, and it has ruined more than one Dynasty. You, Madam, are the thirteenth possessor, the unluckiest number of all. In an unhappy hour it was sent as a royal present to you, our beloved Queen—not long afterwards you were plunged into sorrow by the death of our good and wise Prince. From that time, for ten years our greatness and prestige have been steadily declining.* This stone is as brilliant as a snake, and as false as Hades. It perhaps has upon it the blood and curse of the poor. Let us not keep it. Do not leave it as a luckless legacy to your royal son." Then she said, still severely, "For whom is that Throne and Imperial crown and sceptre far above mine?" "That, Madam," I replied, "is the future throne of the Prince of Wales. His reign will be a great and good one—a most remarkable reign. And I have put

* This was written in 1871.

you in this crystal Temple on this pedestal, far above the world, that in future your and his virtues and government may shine upon other countries, as the star did for the Magi in Bethlehem!" The Queen being appeased, but still looking at the Koh-i-noor, said, "What are you going to do with it?" "Madam," I replied, "I am going to keep it as a present for your Majesty's most powerful rival. There is one that I greatly admire, but fear; I shall watch her closely, and if I have any reason to distrust her, the Koh-i-noor will visit her for a period."

The Queen looked serious and thoughtful for a time, and I waited with respect for her next words. She then said, "Where did you get your power?" I replied, "From our Divine Master!" "Then," she said, "go forth with my blessing, and do as you know for the honour and glory of our throne under Him." I went forth, and I made for the Duke of Edinburgh a throne something similar in Ireland, and made him "King of Ireland," tributary to England. I made Prince Arthur in like manner King over all India and Ceylon, tributary to England.

I made Prince Leopold King over Canada and all our American possessions, tributary to England. I made the Duke of Cambridge King over Australia, New Zealand, and all our other British Colonies and possessions, tributary to England. I was obliged to make him a wandering monarch, for he was compelled to visit each of his dominions once every two years, and reside therein. I remember feeling very much distressed because the Queen had not a fifth son, as I much stood in need of one; though why, I now do not know. I dreamt that the five daughters of the Queen were unmarried, and I married them to Russia, Germany, Austria, and Spain, and saved the youngest, Princess Beatrice, for France, when France shall have become Christian.

Thus I made the whole world one united family, with England at their head.

I severed Church and State, being unwilling to see them hampering and vexing each other. I placed every religion on a fair footing, and let them stand or fall by their own merits. I ordered full liberty of conscience—not what is called so; and no man was afraid to follow his conscience for fear of being tabooed or losing caste, place, or means of support. I banished for one year from the country, every man who was found guilty of tampering with another's conscience, or putting religious pressure upon him. The consequence was that we all grew to worship at one shrine, the same God and the

same religion as that which was given to Adam ; for I understood that religion stands the same now as it did then, that it is only the obedience to the acts we have to perform that has changed, or rather a difference in laws. God made religion. God chose Himself to change His prescriptions for the health of man's soul, after Adam's fall. He changed them for the patriarchs, He changed them for His chosen people the Jews—these He gave to Moses. He changed them again when He came Himself to substitute a law of love instead of a law of fear.*

It is He Himself who chose to change them, but the religion has never been lost. Religion is a code of moral and sanitary laws, both for body and soul, which makes us more healthful both in *morale* and *physique*, and more pure and upright to meet our God. Between the Jews and Christians there is only this difference, that the Jewish religion was the symbol and figure of the Christian religion, which Jesus, the Messiah, was to establish. It was promised to Adam when cast out of Paradise. It was expected by the patriarchs, it was announced by the prophets, and all we have to do is to conserve Adam's religion, and to obey the new prescriptions left by Jesus with His apostles. Religion is to know, to love, and serve God here below, and to be happy with Him for ever in Eternity. God has fixed, and decreed, and willed, a religion that is one, holy, apostolic, and universal, that man should recognize Him for his Creator, and Creator of all things, and that knowing this he should fulfil the duties of a creature towards his Creator.

I then turned my attention towards the Government: I chose my Prime Minister, I struck off his mental shackles, and he became true to his nature, firm as a rock, strong as a lion in the cause of Truth, Justice, and Right—"as wise as a serpent, as simple as a dove." I filled every seat in the Cabinet, but I cannot divulge their names. The Privy Council, Lords, and Commons, allowed the royal voice to be heard. It was not a merely empty name. My Government was Conservative in all good that concerned, or was connected with, the Throne, the Royal family, and the aristocracy of England. I held the aristocracy in its proper sphere, which is to float on the surface of the world, and I placed much power in the hands of the best. I encouraged all old traditions and customs, restored England to her aristocratic and gentlemanly ideas and habits, and abolished the

* Matthew v. 17, 18:—"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."

republican sentiment which of late years has been growing so rank; I hanged three men for high treason whom I have since recognized; I made the House of Lords more powerful than the House of Commons, but every Lord was well fitted for his work. I did not keep an idle, half-educated, vapouring aristocracy, because I understood that God made them nobles, and gave them money and lands, power and influence, to govern, simply that they might benefit their own country. Every man, and woman too, was expected to work, and to be answerable for so many of their fellow-creatures. I understood that I must not let Conservatism shut out progress, and keep civilization, learning, progress, and the advancement of the country at bay. I gave the middle classes the highest possible training, every comfort and happiness, but no luxuries that might teach them softness and effeminacy. I opened honourable places to them, I did everything to advance England, but I understood that I was not to raise the platform so high that every decent trader might hope to educate himself and rise to the House of Commons, or dine with the Prime Minister. I would not pit cabman against peer, nor let the working-man be a bugbear to his master. I hindered the aristocracy from cutting this rod to whip themselves, and sowing tares in their own lands. God made grades, even in the Bible, some to rule, and others to serve. Of those things which are quoted in the Holy Scriptures as an abomination before the Lord, one is "The handmaid set up in the place of her mistress; the earth cannot bear her," and "The disciple cannot stand in the place of the master." I understood that the lower, that is the unrefined, classes would trample out the aristocracy in time if once they held the reins in their hands. They have neither the education nor the high-bred feeling to rule well or mercifully. Who is so cruel to a negro as a freed slave? I understood that when England should be upset, and the dregs take the place where the cream ought to be, repentance would come too late. I advanced merit, and talent, and nature's nobility in every possible way, but I did not pay it the poor compliment of raising with it those who should be below it. I appointed useful and fitting work and a proper education for my brute forces, each in its proper stratum, and I had no poor, for all received education, and could command work, wages, and comfortable homes. I told off my convicts and incorrigibles to the public works. I did not maintain them in idle luxury, as sundry large-hearted friends do; more than that, instead of making prison a paradise, thus offering a premium for crime, I established the punishment of flogging for all crimes of brutal cowardice and cruelty, especially to women, children,

and animals, and also garotters; and not one flogging, but six months' imprisonment and hard labour, with three floggings. Brutality was kept under, and the weak and helpless were protected, for I saw the bigger the brute the greater the coward, and nothing but dread of the lash could keep him off his prey.* I appointed to each city or town, parish or district, large free schools, open to the public for a good training education with the best of masters, at the Government expense. Each clergyman, of whatever sect or denomination, was obliged under penalty to keep a class apart from these schools for his own religious teaching. Thus education, religious and profane, was distinct and separate, and everybody had the same means of religious knowledge. The Government supported the profane education, and the people supported the religious, each flock keeping its own shepherd. I glanced abroad, and saw what no Englishman sees who lives entirely or habitually in England—how once our name was a great name, one of fear, admiration, and respect, and sometimes of love; how we are now fast becoming a laughing-stock and a by-word; that the days are passing when an Englishman's word was as good as another man's bond. And why? We are more civilized, we are richer, we have a great many more points in our favour now than we had then. But then we had a policy, now we have none—visible, at least, to the naked eye. We used once to be so proud of being English, and now we are so often forced to feel rather ashamed of ourselves. Those who live abroad know what the Government is doing at home, without reading the newspapers. There is a barometer in the street, in the Eastern bazar, to tell it to you every hour. If hats fly off, if way is made for you, if every friend and acquaintance is anxious for your notice, you know that the barometer ranges high. If you see sinister looks, if you are jostled in the street, and people rather try to avoid your salute than otherwise, if you see them laughing and speak-

* There is, however, a loophole for the sickly philanthropist who sympathizes with the brute who, having been flogged once, would have to look forward to another, but has no feeling for his victim. This I did not dream. Let the sentimentalist persuade women only to be true enough to themselves, to refuse to marry, to engage themselves, to associate with, or even to dance with, men who commit flagrant acts of brutality. And let us include vivisectors, so that the world may be purged of this woe, which is a brand upon any nation.

If our miserable frames are rotten let them decay, rather than prolong our lives a few more anxious months by making earth hideous with such sounds or sights—so pernicious to youth with life before them, and minds to form—for the sake of those nigh their end by disease. I am told that the worst operation in a vivisectioning hall is to remove a horse's hoof. I ask you, my sisters, who ever wanted to drive a horse with the hoof off? Could you clasp the hand of a man with loving trust which had just been engaged in such an operation?

ing low together, go home and look through the columns of your unopened *Times* or *Pall Mall*, and you will soon learn the cause.

Seeing these things even far more extensively with the eyes of the soul, as if the whole world lay open before me like a book, I maintained our dignity and prestige abroad as he did who is still, and will ever be, called in the East, "The Great Eltchi." I supported my *employés* abroad, except those who were doing things unworthy of England. I took care that all my men were gentlemen by birth, education, and sentiment, and had the dignity of their country truly at heart. I employed my best men, and ordered them to acquire influence, popularity, and respect, and not to allow themselves to be despised, for I knew it was necessary, especially far off from England, for the sake of her good name. With this I adopted a steady line of policy abroad, which was to hold out the friendly hand to all who sought it, and to make that hand one worthy to be sought, and one that spread abroad all the good it could. But I never passed over or pretended not to see a slight, and I dealt out heavy punishments for the least deviation or breach of faith. On my side I religiously kept every promise or engagement. My honour was so intact that I defied the world. I did not patch it up with money or arbitration. I understood that I should always be ready to fight whenever honour required it; so I kept my army and navy ever ready. I knew that I was rich enough and strong enough to meet the whole world in combat, and I did not choose to act as if I were poor and weak, for Baruch taught me, "Give not thy honour to another, nor thy dignity to a strange nation." I understood that there were greater things on earth than cotton and trade, and I did not sell our birthright for a mess of pottage.

Having settled affairs abroad, I turned my eyes back upon the smaller details of reform for my own country. I saw that there was not the same honesty and integrity in the City and in business as there used to be in the days when an Englishman's word was better than another man's *bond*; and in commerce that tawdry articles such as one finds abroad are taking the place of our solid work; and that men could do things nowadays, if evilly disposed, which formerly would have been too great a risk, and still manage to keep a respectable reputation. I laid a heavy fine on such evasive conduct, and established a public place where a sufferer proving his own respectability could post up his grievance without fear of the law. I imposed another duty upon England, and especially upon the aristocracy. I determined to have no poor, no haunts of vice and

wretchedness. I began my reform at both ends of the social scale, and met in the middle; we had money enough and men enough to carry it out. First, I weeded my Police, officered them with military men, and subjected them to more military laws. England is the most charitable country in the world; but I saw where all that philanthropic money went, and how little reached where the donors had meant it to go. I took the direction of charitable reform at home, and proscribed fancy charitable projects abroad: and I employed upon my own Augean stable the millions thus saved. I put detachments of Police to pick up those 30,000 wretches in London who nightly lie on door-steps, who, in the midst of plenty, have not a crumb of bread, nor a drop of clean water to drink. I pulled down all those garrets and cellars where low vice breeds and grows and lives. I collected all those women who want to be “up and doing”—all those *vies manquées*, those *femmes incomprises*, who, from superfluous energies, if they can do nothing good, will do harm. I appointed detachments of this virulent and uneasy class of my own sex to clean and clothe and feed and house and teach these poor creatures the name of God, and how to earn a livelihood.*

Meanwhile Ireland, under the reign of the Duke of Edinburgh, was becoming as prosperous, happy, and contented, and as proud of herself as England; and he, under my inspiration, began his rule by

* I am not yet a convert to the “rights of woman” movement. Its ardent supporters say that is because I am happy, contented, and consequently selfish. It appears to me that, *pro*, it is right that women of property and mothers of sons should have some choice as to their Legislators, and that woman should become a useful contributor to the public good, and a self-maintaining, independent being; that all the arts and sciences, and some professions, may be open to her, that when her father dies she may not be reduced to that immoral, ignoble alternative, a marriage of convenience without affection; helping man, not with her physical strength, because she has none, not perhaps with her logic, for I have heard men say that, no matter how miserable a creature a man may be, he has two lobes more brain than we have, but with her true and dog-like instinct and her tact, pulling equally on the collar of Life with man. *Con*, I think that it will tend greatly to abolish marriage; and it is to be considered whether decrease of population is desirable in England—and perhaps it is, seeing that there are 500 candidates for every inch of ground and every petty employment. I think that the Army, Navy, Bar, Church, and Medicine, Parliamentary and all State and Government employments, must be left to the male biped, or we unsex ourselves, which would be undesirable. Nature defines pretty well our line of capacity.

Female doctors would be less objectionable if employed in Eastern Harims, or for children and for domestic practice. To me a female doctor is as unnatural as a married priest (I speak as a Catholic).

Again, every true woman is a Conservative and an Aristocrat at heart, and to pass this Act would be greatly to increase the Conservatism of England; therefore one must be surprised that those who pin their faith upon the long-sighted Statesman at the helm (Disraeli) should overlook such a waste of political power.

giving her what she most wanted. He said to the Protestants, "What do you require?" and they had it; and to the Catholics, "What do you desire?" and they had it too; whilst England was never the worse.

I held a court in England, on the Mohammedan principle, upon the Tichborne trial, and in one half-hour we knew what to do, as well as how all that huge difficulty arose. Thus an old English family was spared anxiety, publicity, and shameful accusations, and hundreds and thousands of pounds were saved on all sides.

I thought I had now done all I could for my own Country, when my good Angel reminded me that private society has great influence on the affairs of a nation, perhaps equally with good public regulations. So we visited invisibly every class and grade in England, from the highest downwards. The bane of the lowest was drink, but that we remedied partly by education, by rules already agreed upon for the poor, and by another regulation which we carried out with success. From Saturday night to Sunday night is the great drinking time, and it is mere folly closing the public-houses except during church time; because it is just as easy to lay in each man his stock on Saturday after "early closing" time, and to drink all Sunday. I therefore understood that I was to cause the Sunday to be made pleasanter to them.* In the morning they have church, then their family dinner, and then perhaps an afternoon service. I therefore caused all those who had an estate, a park or garden, to establish a Sunday cricketing ground, with out-of-door games, with rooms for reading or talking, and where they might smoke their pipes, drink tea or beer in moderation, and bring their wives and families. Thus it made a pleasant weekly gathering, where they all met like a club. Families were united, and neighbours became neighbourly, and they grew to like it better than the public-house. The young ones learnt to look forward to Sunday as a treat, not a penance day. The rich go to Greenwich and similar places, and shall we expect that the poor man, who works six days out of seven, should pass the whole Sunday "twisting his thumbs" and reading his Bible, concerning which he perhaps has but little knowledge or understanding? All work and no play not only makes Jack a dull boy, but a wicked boy. God said, "Keep holy the sabbath day," meaning to worship Him and abstain from servile work. He also "loves the cheerful giver," and He never forbade innocent amusements which keep from vice, and

* "And He said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath. Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath."

which make prayer refreshing and work lighter. Man is the tyrant who made that law.

At first my measure was not very popular, but they came to like it. I saw the priest and parson walking arm in arm amongst the people; there was likewise an evening school for instruction, for those who longed to learn. All these works God accepted on His "Day of rest," and the vice of drinking was almost as rare as in other lands.

We then moved up into the middle classes, and the first person I met there was the most objectionable old "person" that I ever beheld. To me, who saw her with the eyes of the soul, she was one, and to those who saw her with the eyes of the body she was another. She was handsomely dressed, oppressively large and matronly, respectable and imposing to her own set of parasites by her authoritative manner, and her loud, self-glorifying talk; she worshipped the great, and worried the little; she always appeared to know the best people, and to be on the point of presenting her *entourage* into the highest society, which was absurd to me, who saw her with my soul's eyes; she talked "hashed Bible" with a nasal twang, and rubbed her hands complacently the while, inwardly thinking what fools people were to allow it.

I said to my Angel, "Who is this?"

He replied, "This is a type of a class; it is a creature of Lucifer's, the entity which the people on earth popularly call Mrs. Grundy. It is the only use Lucifer can make of her. Become visible for an instant, and see how she will hate you in the body as well as in the spirit."

I did so, and we were introduced. We instantly took stock of each other—that was enough; I then disappeared in the crowd.

"Why does she hate me?" I asked my Angel.

"Because," he said, "you have a pure, natural mind, and you love true religion, as much as you dislike cant. Now come and watch how she perverts England; you will find so many tainted by this creature; she trails her poison far and wide. She is not 'respectable;' she is a cloak to cover vice; she is servile, vicious, venomous, and hypocritical, who toadies all around for good opinion; she is especially powerful over the middling class, which is the largest, whose God is, 'to get on,' and which 'will-o'-the-wisp' she incessantly dances before their eyes. Those who dislike her must hide their dislike, and associate with her, for she pervades society. To please her so-called delicate sensibilities, everybody must write as if they were ten years old. She reduces the level of what may be said to the strain of

'stories for good little boys and girls.' Who dare write wholesome truths for sensible grown-up men and women?—and why? Because these truths would become the maxim of the world, and Mrs. Grundy's reign of cant and hypocrisy would be over."

"Can we not," I asked, "show England how she conducts herself behind the scenes?"

"With difficulty," he sighed.

"What can I do?" I rejoined. "Can we not abolish her at once?"

"No," he said sadly; "Lucifer would only replace her by another. Her slow and sure poison to souls is too useful for him to allow the type to drop, as long as it will last. It is a case for constant prayer and education. A time will come when she will cease to hang like the albatross round the neck of society in England, but not before she has done incalculable mischief to the present and, perhaps, to future generations."

I left this society sadly, because I could do nothing for it.

We then passed, also invisibly, into another class, where I wept the whole time, for I saw so many cruel acts done, mostly unnecessarily. My good Angel also wept, for we were standing in the midst of the moral plague, where three parts were justly condemned to "die the death," and a fourth part had but, as it were, passed the plague-stricken too closely in the street, and were condemned on this earth to live without the pale of quarantine; and there were none to rescue them until their eternal rest, and our Saviour meets them to say, "Come, ye long-suffering innocent ones."

My good Angel, taking me by the hand, bid me look instead of weeping. "Do you see," he said, "how much good might be done here? What a field for work if any one had the courage, but there are none to be found; all are too frightened of Mrs. Grundy, who has more sway over them than the example of Jesus with Mary Magdalen, or the Samaritan woman at the well. Understand that Society must draw a line, and make laws for the preservation of morality, and punish those who break them; but look at the thousands of cases which ought to have been recommended to mercy, and the thousands more where there has been no fault. See all the good women's characters which have been blown to the four winds by private enmity, by man's vanity, by false female friends, for an external imprudence, a breach of etiquette or discharged servants; women who have never sinned, nor thought of sinning, driven into this accursed fold, on the word, perhaps, of a jealous woman not worthy to tie her shoe-string.

These are the very women who from sheer sensitiveness shrink into obscurity at the first word, without having any idea how to raise themselves again; and, being left amongst the tried and justly condemned, have crept into a corner to suffer and die.

“Oh, if women would only choose their friends discreetly! Only one jealousy is permitted—the natural one of the affections. Every other sin gives some pleasure, but envy tortures the one who feels it, and does not hurt the envied one, whilst the things that she envies her friend, and tries to deprive her of, do not pass into the envious one’s possession. Again, if a bad woman and a good woman become friends, they must either soon part, or the bad must become good, or the good bad. The bad one has nothing to lose, the good one all. It is like tying a young, fresh, wholesome living body to a decomposed corpse; the former must be blighted, wither, and die, in such contact.

“Yet do you see qualities in the British public, and in good society *en masse*, which deserve the highest praise. These are obscured by Mrs. Grundy—for none are so just when they know the truth, none so loyal-hearted. They will rise to a man to support a cause they believe to be true, with one heart and one voice, and if it is a case of distress, with their purse in their hand. And this is the secret of England’s greatness. Her men are men indeed, and her good women are angels; look round the world, and there is none like them. It makes one all the more sorry for blots that hide their glory—such as mismanagement, drink, and Mrs. Grundy.

“Do you see that every one is afraid to speak of these things, as if hiding a sore was better than applying knife and cautery to heal it? that every woman is afraid of being suspected, of being thought to speak leniently, of being accused of not caring for the society of her own sex? Nature and truth often long to speak kindly of or to many a fellow-creature tabooed by Mrs. Grundy, but cowardice prevails—dread of the plague spot—and they kneel to her shrine, lest they too should be suspected. Yet never any good was done by turning the cold shoulder, if *good* is the object. You understand that I do not allude to open, flaunting, confirmed vice, which is hell-bound unless Jesus converts them by a miracle, but to misfortune—people, for instance, who are compromised or suspected, but are anything but guilty, yet often meet with a far worse fate than the guilty.

“Now watch with me the only sort of women these unhappy ones ever see; what sort of sympathy they receive from their own sex. Here are three women of the Grundy school, who hope to make a great name, a great reputation, as ‘Christian ladies.’ Watch their hard

measures with these unhappy sisters. That proud, hard woman you see yonder is herself a fallen woman not found out; the one sitting near her will be so in six months; and the third one, the nearest us, is only lacking a temptation."

I rang out in a clear voice from above, "The woman who knows she is all right herself, need never be cruel in order to hang out a flag for her own virtue."

They started, and turned pale. My Angel reproved me for speaking without orders. "Well," I replied, "these 'good Christians' are not obliged to seek out these unhappy creatures, who have never had a chance in life, and have been more sinned against than sinning; but if they do undertake the mission they are no true women to hurt their feelings, and drive them to believe that no matter how good they are now, and have been for years, and may be in future—how deeply they may repent and atone—there is no ray of hope for them in this life, that their story must stalk after them like a ghost, to warn all healthy society out of their paths, until they lie in their graves. Is that what you call a mission? and may I not stop it?"

"No," he said, smiling; "you know these are not true women, and you know, if life's accidents brought you face to face with such as these, that you would treat their case with prayer and hope and sympathy. Every woman," he continued, "should remember in her pride, that to-day she is just and her sister woman is fallen; but unless the grace of God support her, who can say what she might be to-morrow? She might be tempted, have no more strength, and be abandoned; and God might send that other sinner a great grace, which would lift her out of that abyss, and make her a saint."

And we heard floating in the air, spirit-voices, which chanted: "Be rested, sufferers; the arm of God is not shortened. Why do you disquiet yourselves about the smoke which arises from soured hearts and evil tongues? A breath from God can blow it away: He has allowed it for a moment for your good. Suffer, not for the sins you are accused of, but for those which you have committed, till Jesus sends you help and deliverance."

Now let us follow these supposed superior women to see the result. They have planted a poisoned dart in the brains and hearts which they professed to soothe in Heaven's name. The hard are harder, the weak are more despairing, and the "three" are sitting in society of their own kind, talking to an admiring crowd of the delights of "good Christian work," and what a happiness it is to be allowed to "walk in the footsteps of Jesus."

I was about to burst into a great laugh, but my good Angel put his hand over my mouth, and prevented me. I felt glad to quit this society, because he showed me that until general society finds out and discards Mrs. Grundy, no army of true, brave, wholesome spirits will be found to undertake a labour of love for God's sake in this quarter, to rescue the unhappy from the bad souls.

"Now," said my good Angel, "you have had hard and disagreeable work, and you have worse to do. I will therefore give you a short rest. Make yourself visible, and assemble around you the society after your own heart. Enjoy the presence of those you love on earth for a short while, and then take leave of them until you meet again in the other world, as we must go upon our mission again, and then return to Jesus. I shall like to see what you will draw about you, if left to yourself." "I will show you," I replied, "the society that pleases me. The best, the rarest, the most exclusive, which I, though a wanderer, seek and find. A charming society, where Mrs. Grundy cannot enter, were she to sell her soul to Lucifer for the privilege; where there is no vulgarity, no vice, no cruelty, no jealousy, no back-biting, no struggling up, no scheming, no 'getting on,' as they call it. All is intellect, sparkling wit, refinement, good sense, true friendship. The affairs of the day are earnestly discussed, travel, information gleaned, good stories told, and we separate in a wholesome, happy, refreshed state of mind, each one pleased with self and all the others, and only look forward to the next evening, when we shall meet again. If you will preside over us invisibly, even you will not have to veil your face, however merry we may be." Whilst talking I drew around me in my sleep all those I had known and loved from my birth till then, and others unknown to me, whom I have met since. I will not name any, as most of them are too well known, and others were added from all parts of the world, who suited and amalgamated with my London friends; I saw the interior state and workings of the heart of each one, and it composed a charming society not to be equalled in any part of the world. Every one there had some peculiar attribute or charm, to make him or her welcome. The men were highly educated and clever, all of whom had either travelled, or were living a public life in some useful career—the greater part of them of middle age—but some were young. The women were the best and noblest of my own sex—not women who care for the society of men, nor women who get on well only with women, for both are equally silly—but they were characters evenly balanced. Amongst us dwelt perfect happiness, true sympathy, and cordiality—a thorough mutual under-

standing and confidence, a genial atmosphere in every sense of the word, and real conversation about real things.

I said that my women friends were the best and noblest of our sex. I mean that they were women, with all the softness and refinement of a woman, who, without being in the least masculine, had almost the mind and education of man; that they were open to all that is true, tender, good, chivalrous, and noble; simple and natural in mind and manners, not because they lacked cleverness, but because they were good and honest—women of high-bred feeling and education, deeply religious without boring other people with it. I mean a loyal love of God, a religion with stamina, full of courage, wisdom, and prudence; soft-voiced women, with the sweet, humble dignity of a lady, and devoid of that flaunting bounce and stare which some people think gives an air of fashion and exclusiveness, but which makes them so *very* vulgar; women who, in a word, wherever they go, diffuse their sunbeams of good and comfort and brightness around them, making you feel that their friendship is one of your greatest treasures; women who know none of the smallness of our sex, except that it exists, and that they suffer from it without knowing why; who do not understand the little jealousies, spites, untruths, gossiping, mischief-making, and small intrigues about a straw, which make this glorious world of ours a purgatory, where every woman such as they are, is periodically vivisected. Thank Heaven, I do know such women, and their friendship is my pride. I do know many other kinds of women, and they make me thirst for the Desert. I was constantly wishing to do something wrong, or stupid, or imprudent, or lawless, by my own judgment, and without my Angel I should have fallen a thousand times into frightful precipices, but he always held me up.

I wanted to marry the women who cause all the annoyances of the world, to a certain class of feminine men who seem to have sprung up more thickly of late, and who breakfast, lunch, and dine on the pigmy horrors that their feminines create, and are only fitted to consort with these women. My plan was to purify society by marrying them, to make them all a happy home in the most distant island in the seas. I ran a needle through the earth, and it came out in Pitcairn's Island, so I fixed upon that for my Tophet, with other arrangements for their progeny; but my good Angel said that it would not be lawful to treat things with divine souls like reptiles and wild beasts, and that it must be left, like the moral plague, to time, education, and prayer.

Having done all we could for England, we returned to London, for I was anxious to pay my homage to my Queen before I left for ever.

When I stood in the presence of her Majesty, I again bowed down before her. She smiled, and spoke so kindly to me, and taking me by the hand, she said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. I know not how to tell you what my heart feels at the work you have done, and the changes you have carried out in my dominions by divine inspiration. I wish to give you some lasting mark of my favour."

"Madam," I replied, glowing with pleasure at her speech, "I am more than repaid by the approval of my Master, Jesus Christ, and by this expression of thanks from yourself, my Sovereign under Him; I have only now to settle France and the Papal States, and then I go for ever to Heaven. Earthly favours would be of no service to me, even if I desired them. But since your Majesty is so gracious as to offer me a boon, I have only one regret at leaving Earth, and that is that I leave behind me one very dear to me—my husband; and I commend him to your Royal care and favour."

Her Majesty then asked me what was my grievance, and I replied to her, "Madam, he is a man unlike everybody else—a very extraordinary man; I am not worthy to tie the latchet of his shoe; he has toiled every hour and every minute for *thirty-two* * years, distinguishing himself in every possible way. If your Majesty will inquire, you will find that he has done more than any other six men in your Majesty's dominions; that others, who are as nothing to him, are at the top of the ladder of fortune and honour, whilst by some strange fate he alone—a very king amongst them—has never been advanced, never received an honour, never received the thanks of any Government, save once, in a private letter for a petty detail of his career in discharging a dangerous mission as your Majesty's Commissioner to the Court of the King of Dahomey, with whom he resided, at the peril of his life, for three months; and after thirty-two years he is still a simple Consul, for which favour we are compelled to be very grateful. Madam, all England knows that I have passed the whole of my married life in trying to obtain justice for him. It has been my one occupation. It is a thorn in my side to see the best and noblest and truest man that breathes never employed in a sphere or in a matter suitable to his merits and talents. I am an ambitious woman, Madam, but all my life bears upwards to noble ends. I fear that I have been tiresome to many great and good people in your Majesty's various Governments for the past fourteen years in this cause; but, to the honour and glory

* In my dream, I only poured forth my grievance up to the time that it occurred (April, 1871). In printing the relation of it in 1875, I brought the dates up to that time.

of English gentlemen be it said, I have rarely been slighted or despised in the performance of my mission. I shall cry like an eagle for justice till it comes—I shall cry for it, Madam, till I die.”

The Queen was much moved at my words, which were eloquent with truth, and she replied, “Tell me all the public career of your husband.”

“Madam,” I said, “he began life at Oxford, and was destined for the Church—his grandfather and his great-uncle (two brothers) having been, one Bishop and the other Rector of Tuam—but he yearned so much after military service that his father, who was Colonel in the 36th, procured him a commission in the Indian Army, and sent him out to India in 1842, at the end of the Afghan war. He was nineteen years in the Bombay Army, eight years in active service, chiefly on the staff of Sir Charles Napier, who soon discovered his merits and turned them to account. He quickly passed examinations in eight Oriental languages—Hindustani, Persian, Arabic, and others. He now speaks and knows thoroughly twenty-nine languages, both European and Oriental, not counting dialects. As a horseman, swordsman, and shot, he became unsurpassed, and received from France a *brevet de pointe* for his swordsmanship. He published in 1853 a system of bayonet exercise. It is the one actually adopted at present by the Horse-Guards. He received no credit for it, the only thing he coveted; but it was acknowledged by an order on the Treasury for the sum of one shilling. In the Crimea he was Chief of the Staff to General Beatson, and he was the principal organizer of the Irregular Cavalry, and at the moment of their disbanding had 4000 sabres in perfect training, ready to do anything and go anywhere. Lord Palmerston was going to send Captain Burton to raise a large body of Kurdish horse, when peace was proclaimed. In 1861, when the Indian army changed hands, they managed to bring him under the reduction, and to sweep out his whole nineteen years’ service, as if they had never been, without a vestige of pay or pension. At this period commenced the neglect of his services. I think myself that he offended the Court of Directors by the freedom of his remarks upon their political neglect, and other lacks, on the shores of the Red Sea, which, had his warnings been listened to, would have prevented the Jeddah massacre. They avenged themselves on the boy-soldier with the long head, by general imputations and personal neglect. He published a satisfactory explanation of the case in his appendix to his ‘Lake Regions.’ If technically right—and, of course, they must have been—it was most ungenerously done, to sweep out an Indian career of nineteen years like a blank

sheet of paper, as if it had never been; and he only realized it on seeing his successor gazetted.

"That is all his military career; but during the times when he was not on active service he was serving his country, humanity, science, and civilization, in other ways—by opening up lands hitherto unknown, and trying to do good wherever he went. Barth was honoured, Colonel Grant was rewarded, Sir Samuel Baker was knighted for one expedition, Speke and Livingstone would have been crowned with glory had they lived: Captain Burton, their pioneer, alone is left without acknowledgment. It is forgotten that he was the first to lead the way; that he, so to speak, opened the oyster, for Livingstone, Baker, Speke, and Grant to take the pearl. Every item of news received from that large-hearted hero, Livingstone, tended to prove that Captain Burton's original theory was right: that his Lake Tanganyika is the head basin of the Nile. Again, it must be remembered that each of these heroic men had made one great expedition, except Livingstone, whose whole life was an expedition, and all justly won large rewards; whilst Captain Burton has made several under the Royal Geographical Society and the Foreign Office, most of which were at the risk of his life; for instance, Mecca and Medinah, in 1853.

"His talents for mixing with and assimilating natives of all countries, but especially Oriental characters, and of becoming as one of themselves without any one ever doubting his origin, his perfect knowledge of their languages, and his being gifted by nature with an Arab head and face,* favoured his first great enterprise. He is the only man who is not born a Moslem and an Oriental who has ever

* These sentences seem to explain how Richard Burton is an Arab in appearance, and that incurable restlessness, that being unable to wrest from fortune a spot on earth where to rest when tired of wandering, like the loose sands of the Desert. "There is a reason," says Gautier, who was a mixture of Andalusian and Moor, "for that fantasy of nature which causes an Arab to be born in Paris, or a Greek in Auvergne. The mysterious voice of blood, which is silent for generations, or only utters a confused murmur, speaks at rare intervals a more intelligible language. In the general confusion race claims its own, and some forgotten ancestor asserts his rights. Who knows what alien drops are mingled in our blood? The great migrations from the table-lands of India, the descents of the northern races, the Roman and Arab invasions, have all left their marks. Instincts which seem bizarre spring from these confused recollections, these hints of a distant country. The vague desire of this primitive fatherland moves such minds as retain the more vivid memories of the past. Hence the wild unrest that awakens in certain spirits the need of flight, such as the cranes and swallows feel when kept in bondage—the impulses that make a man leave his luxurious life to bury himself in the steppes, the Desert, the Pampas, the Sáhárá. He goes to seek his brothers. It would be easy to point out the intellectual fatherland of our greatest minds. Lamartine, De Musset, and De Vigny are English; Delacroix is Anglo-Indian; Victor Hugo a Spaniard; Ingres belongs to the Italy of Florence and Rome."

performed the Hajj to Mecca and Medinah, and can still live with the Moslems as one of themselves, in perfect friendship. He went as a Dervish, lived with the people almost a year, and is still called amongst them Haji Abdullah, and treated as one of themselves.

"He then explored Harar in Moslem Abyssinia, and went to Somali-land in East Africa, which had been vainly attempted by thirty travellers. He commanded the expedition, taking with him the brave and gallant Speke, who met with so sad a death in the height of his glory; also Lieutenants Herne and Stroyan, two young Indian officers. The explorers were attacked in the night by the natives, who endeavoured to throw down their tents, and catch them, as it were, in a trap. All fought their way bravely through the enemy; Captain Burton and Captain Speke were both desperately wounded, and poor Stroyan was killed, whilst Herne's fate was to be untouched. Captain Speke had eleven wounds, and my husband, with a lance through his jaws and palate, wandered up and down the coast, suffering from wounds, hunger, thirst, leaving the natives to sack their property, but carrying off the dead body of their comrade, and were at last picked up by a native dhow.

"In 1856 he set out for his great exploration of the Lake regions of Central Africa, again taking with him his comrade in arms and travel—Speke—who was afterwards, in his turn, Commander of a subsequent expedition with Grant. Then it was that my husband discovered Tanganyika. This was the first attempt to open up the sources of the Nile. They were absent three years, during which my husband had twenty-one fevers, paralysis, and blindness, and Speke had equally suffered. In 1860 he went to the United States, visited California, and spent six weeks with Brigham Young, the Mormon Prophet, at the Salt Lake City, and travelled during that expedition 25,000 miles. In 1861, when he came under the Indian reduction, Earl Russell sent him as Consul to Fernando Po, on the West Coast of Africa, popularly called "The Foreign Office Grave." Earl Russell was a kind master, and we were very grateful to him for this post at a moment when it was so much needed. The Bight of Biafra, 600 miles in extent, was his jurisdiction. He did good service here for three years. He thoroughly explored from Bathurst, on the Gambia, down to São Paulo de Loanda, in Angola, marched up to Abeokuta, and ascended the Camerones Mountains. He tried to induce the English Government to establish there a sanitarium for the West Coast, and a convict station for felons, who should construct roads, and cultivate cotton and chocolate. *He also gave the Government information which,*

had it been accepted, would have prevented the necessity of the late Gold-Coast War. He has been giving warnings to the various Governments, for at least thirty years, of coming troubles, and this information is never accepted in each case till the catastrophes have happened.

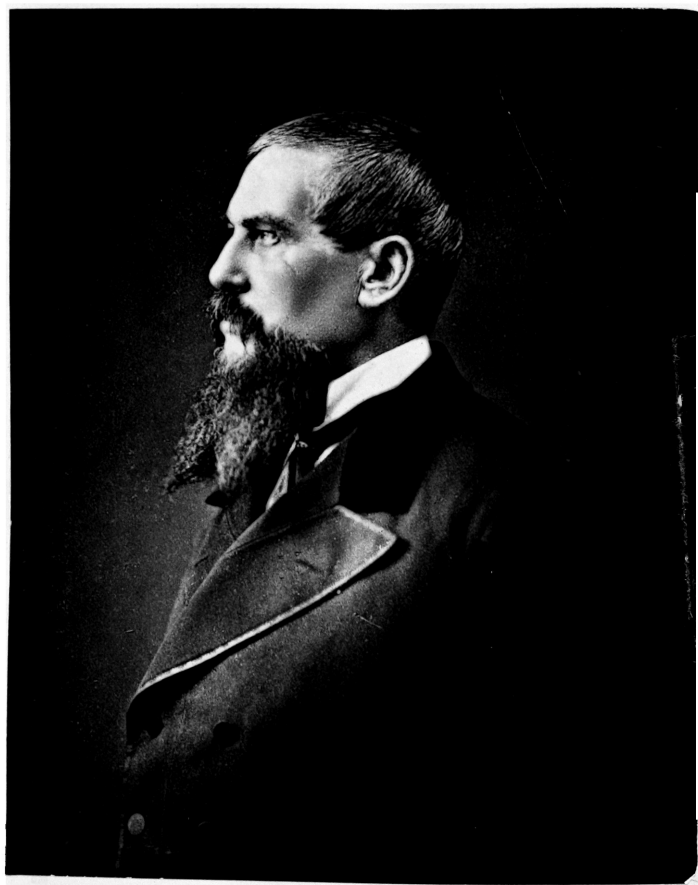
"He visited the cannibal Mpangwe, the Fans of Du Chaillu; he went to Benin City, unknown to Europe since the death of Belzoni; he ascended the Congo River, and explored the Yellalah Rapids, the Elephant Mountains, and the whole line of lagoons between Lagos and the Volta River. Then he was sent on a dangerous mission—a three months' visit to the King of Dahomey, as your Majesty's Commissioner, with presents, to induce King Gelele to abolish his "customs." The sights he was compelled to see daily would have broken any other man's nerves for life. His two volumes upon the subject have settled the 'Dahoman question,' and since he exposed the true state of the case, that blood-stained corner of Africa has taken its proper place in the estimation of Europe. Yet the only acknowledgment of this service was a private note from Earl Russell, in which he says that 'Captain Burton performed this delicate and dangerous mission to his entire satisfaction.' The Foreign Office List even omits to mention him as Commissioner. Captain Burton was then transferred to Santos, in São Paulo (Brazil), where he was active and useful for four years, both on the coast and in the interior. He thoroughly explored his own province, which is larger than France, the gold and diamond mines of Minas Geraes, canoed down the great river San Francisco 1500 miles, visited the Argentine Republic, the rivers La Plata and Paraguay, for the purpose of reporting to the Foreign Office the state of the Paraguayan war. He crossed the Pampas and the Andes to Chili and Peru, amongst the bad Indians, whilst on sick leave for an illness, during which he was at death's door, and visited all the Pacific coast. Returning by the Straits of Magellan, Buenos Ayres, and Rio, to London, he found himself appointed to Damascus, the first and only good appointment he has ever had. Lord Stanley's sound sense and great judgment knew exactly the post to suit the man, and the man to suit the post. It is a situation where his friendship with Mohammedans, and his knowledge of Arabic and other Eastern languages, put him in intimate relation with the Arab tribes and authorities. Of his career here, I can only say that he raised the English name to its former prestige. He has explored all the unknown part of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land. He saved the poor peasantry of Damascus from the usurers. He advanced the just claims of British subjects, kept the peace when a massacre seemed

imminent, and opposed the fanatical persecution directed against the Christians. These measures, it is to be regretted, necessarily awoke the active enmity and envy of smaller men, who excited the Governor-General against him, and kept the Foreign Office perpetually worried and misinformed.

"In addition, he has written some thirty volumes, which describe his travels.

"His languages, his knowledge and experience upon every subject under heaven, any one single act of his life, of which he has concentrated 500 such acts into thirty-two years, would have earned the highest honours, and made the position of any other man. In France or Russia, or in the East, such a character would have been the Emperor's or the Sultan's chief adviser." [Here I add on the remainder of Captain Burton's career up to the year 1875.] "In 1871 Captain Burton was recalled by the Liberal Government, under the misrepresentations above alluded to, and the Wali was, we understood, advised to pretend that he thought Captain Burton's life was in danger from the Moslems. Yet after he left, a monster meeting was held in the Great Mosque, where Mohammedans of all sects united to pray for his return. He came home and submitted a printed relation of his case, giving an account of his stewardship to the Foreign Office; and the Secretary of State, who would never have consented to his recall had he been on the spot to see the truth, not only exonerated him from all blame, but declared that his recall was due only to the Consulate of Damascus being reduced to a Vice-Consulate. Captain Burton, being out of employment for ten months, therefore set out for Iceland in 1872, and thoroughly studied and explored it, returning the same year to find himself posted at Trieste, a pleasant commercial European port, where the duties concerning British seamen hardly promised much activity for such a man. Yet he has been able to explore and describe all the surrounding *castellieri*, or preto-historical buildings, of Istria, supposed to be Roman, unknown to the literary world, and which are considered to be the most interesting in the Continent of Europe.

"Meantime, the events which followed in Syria form the very best testimonials to the wisdom and uprightness of Captain Burton. He was supposed to have indulged in undue interference to secure the good of Syria. Scarcely had he left than his suggestions were freely adopted, and your Majesty's Government formally congratulated the Porte thereon. Captain Burton, in plain words, ventured to make certain suggestions which the Governor-General was advised to resent. Captain



W. J. Downing

RICHARD BURTON.

Burton was recalled, and the Porte likewise recalled their own Governor-General, and sent a man whom all respected, viz. Subhi Pasha. He, on arriving, adopted Captain Burton's suggestions, gave posts of honour to those he had recommended, whilst his predecessor's *employés* were disgraced, and fled. Subhi Pasha's conduct was officially commended by our Government; yet Captain Burton was left at Trieste, and the other Consular agents were retained in office. This want of appreciation of Captain Burton's services is not only a neglect, it is simply an imputation upon his career. He is now not only the discoverer and opener of the Lake regions of Central Africa, but the senior traveller of England. Most men who have done even average duty, military, or civil, or scientific, during thirty-two years, are acknowledged by some or several forms of honour. To what, then, must the public at home and abroad attribute the cold shade thrown over exploits which are unparalleled, which are known and appreciated throughout Europe, all the learned societies of which have made him an honorary member? But the foreign Governments—for instance, the Italian, which bestowed gold medals and other honours upon Captain Speke and the Rev. Mr. Badger—cannot be expected to lead the way in honouring a man whose services are ignored by his own rulers.

“To use the expression of the stanchest Statesman in England at present living, when he was chairman at a public dinner given to Captain Burton (4th of April, 1865), he said:—‘Captain Burton is the most distinguished explorer of the day: he has condensed more of study, hardship, successful enterprise, and education, than would suffice to fill up the existence of half a dozen ordinary men. That if his career were to end to-morrow, he would have done enough to entitle him to a conspicuous and permanent place in the annals of our country. That his career had been one of infinite value, labour, and research at the imminent risk of his life. That he had done good service to the State in various ways, and extended our knowledge of the Globe by opening up barbarous and savage countries to enterprise—keeping up the spirit of adventure and enterprise, love of reputation, effort, and work, without regard to money—the old English native feeling which has made our country what it has become, and will keep our country what it is to be, and without which feeling our wealth and material prosperity would not be worth one year's purchase.’

“I sat in the gallery and listened with pride, and though it is ten years ago I can repeat it word for word.”

“And what part have you taken in all this?” said the Queen.

"Madam," I said, "except passing my youth and receiving my education at the Convent of the Sepulchre in England, and my having been his faithful companion for fourteen years, I have no history to relate."

"But, then, you are competent to tell me; have you any idea how this state of things came about?" said her Majesty.

"Yes, Madam, perfectly," I replied. "He has never in all his life told a lie. Humbug stands abashed before him. He lives sixty years before his time. Born of Low Church and very bigoted parents, as soon as he could reason he began to cast off prejudice, and to follow a natural law. Grace aiding the reason of man—upright, honourable, manly, and gentlemanly, but professing no direct form of belief, except in one Almighty Being, God—the belief that says, 'I do that because it is right, and not for hell, nor heaven, nor for religion, but because it is right'—a natural law of Divine grace which such men unconsciously ignore, as Divine intelligence—yet such it is. These sentiments, Madam, though creed should not be allowed to prevent public services being acknowledged, find but little favour in England; and when men want to advance in life they must truckle to what does find favour; and there are plenty found willing to do it, who thus receive the rewards due to better men."

The Queen was much affected. "Then," she said, "what would you consider to be his right position in the world?"

I said to her, "Madam, his just and right position, according to his work and merits, would be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to some Eastern Court, and K.C.B.; likewise to be restored to honorary rank in the army, which would be equivalent to that which he would have actually held, had not his career been ungenerously cut short. His talents, knowledge, experience, and merits fit into that position and no other. He has done military service as well as civil, and therefore there should be no difficulty. He can be rewarded not upon one ground, but upon eight or nine—as a soldier, as a Government Envoy, as a Foreign Office Commissioner, as an Author, a Linguist, as a benefactor to Science, as an Explorer, as a Discoverer, as an organizer of benefits to his country. It is a fine thing to stand before the World on a pedestal as a plain, unadorned hero; but it is a very bitter thing to sit as he is now doing by his distant fireside in a strange land, and read in the newspapers how England has forgotten him, and to know that men who have not done a tithe of his service will reap the credit and reward of his deeds, perhaps of the very ideas and words that he has spoken and written. For all these long years

he has thought, studied, and written, and in all the four quarters of the globe has been a credit to his country. All these long years he has braved hunger, thirst, heat, cold, wild beasts, and savage tribes; has fought and suffered, carrying his life in his hand. In these extremities the thought of England's credit and honour, of his Queen's praise and approbation, bore him through nobly and successfully."

The Queen then said, "Go forth, and finish your work with a rested mind. Your boon is granted. Take my blessing with you, and pray that our Divine Master may watch over me and my children, and my Kingdom."

I bowed down low, kissed her hands, and departed, happy and consoled.

My Angel and I then left England for ever, and we flew through the air like birds. There was a great storm in the Channel, and we saw several wrecks as we passed, which made me very sad. I wept, and begged my good Angel to save them, but he said, "I cannot—my Master did not give me that work to do; I dare not do any other than that appointed to me. If He wishes them to be saved, other angels will be sent to save those destined to live. My only orders are to attend upon you, and to be always by your side." We flew to the scene of the Franco-Prussian war, and we saw Lucifer and his Court directing the French forces, and driving them on to their miserable fate; and my Angel told me of Napoleon's flight to England, and his subsequent death. We first went to Fröhsdorf, and spoke with the King of France (Henri V.), to endeavour to prepare him to ascend his own Throne, and to wear his own crown and sceptre.

My Angel made me say, "Look, Sire, how God loves France, and how He is letting her chastise herself, but at the first sign of repentance He will bring you her King to her, and raise her above all nations except England. He wishes that we should pray for France every time we kneel, and it is only prayer that saves her from utter annihilation. She is to God in the nineteenth century what the Jews were to him in the Old Testament, a stiff-necked people, straying from their God and their laws. There is in her great evil and great good. If they were equal, God would not chastise her. We are ordered never to kneel without praying for France and the King (Henri V.). You alone can make France respected, because she is yours by divine right. Your reign would be one of virtue, religion, peace, and prosperity, a truly mild, loving, paternal epoch; but three things you will have to observe. Firstly, to hold the reins in your own hands, and to prevent the horrors of former monarchies; secondly, to keep in

order the worldly part of the clergy, and debar them from mixing in the political affairs of the country; and, thirdly, to allow full liberty of the Press as a safety valve." He now listened to the dictates of his heart and the traditions of his race, and was at times about to accept the position, and then fell back upon the difficulties of the white flag, and the impossibility of certain concessions, which I am not at liberty to reveal. I could not help saying to my good Angel, that I thought the very worst present God ever made to man was free-will. A noble, chivalrous-hearted gentleman the King will ever remain, but King of France with those scruples he can never be. Poor France! It was enough to wring the heart to behold the scenes that we saw. She would, under her rightful owner, have become healthy, and grown rich, powerful, happy, and good. How she does need rest! The only fear is, that when she waxed well and strong she might again become restless and faithless, and sting the hand that nursed her when she was sick. We begged, and admonished, and told the story backwards and forwards, and were wearied out, but on certain points we could not shake the King. "What do you argue from that?" said my good Angel. "I understand that France has not repented of her evil ways, and does not merit her good King. I see that God punished the sin of the first angels, of Adam, of the Jews, of all nations, of each individual, by terrible scourges, and of France now by this desolating war, and it is not ended; so He punishes each of us as a warning, if we do not renounce our sin. To do that we must study our sin, dissect it, its nature, degrees, sources, consequences—for we cannot fight an enemy we do not know, still less if we mistake it for a friend. I also understand that Europe is in a strange state, and is passing into another period, where there is no room in it for two such chivalrous, knightly relics of ancient tradition as Henri V. and Pio Nono. Europe has become commonplace, *parvenu*, and money-making, and she must have everything in keeping—brand-new, tawdry, and fleeting. She has rushed into a feverish progression, and does not know that she is racing madly round in circles. Now I understand why there is no place for Richard Burton. It is time for gentlemen to die." "You must not be angry," said my good Angel, smiling, "or you will be unfit for good work, and I shall have to reprimand you. What was rejected and cast forth will be called back. A young prince from across the seas will ascend the throne refused by Henri V." I understood Napoleon IV., now Prince Imperial.

From this time we had to do the last and most difficult thing, which required much thought and preparation, and prayer and holy

counsel with my good Angel. This difficulty was the Papal States. As we went on, I said to my good Angel, "I am terribly afraid to meddle with the Pope. I have noticed that every one who touches that sacred man withers away. Suppose he does not like our arrangement, and excommunicates me." My good Angel smiled, and said, "He will not do that; he knows you are a devout and earnest Catholic, and that whatever you do, you will mean it for the glory of the Church. He has already received a warning through his good Angel of your coming, and why?" I said, like a child learning a lesson, "Do tell me all about the Infallibility before we go in, for fear I should make some mistake." He replied: "That is very simple. Do you not believe in it?" "Oh yes!" I said; "of course I believe in it. Every one did before it was made an article of faith, and then some did not like it, or thought it unnecessary. But I suppose he was told to do it by his good Angel." "Yes," he said, "he was. This is the meaning of it. You must not confuse the Office and the Man, because it only relates to matters of faith. Christ, when He came upon earth, promised that 'His Church should not err' in matters of faith, and commended His flock to Peter. St. James became head after Peter, and then St. Simeon, and so on until Pio Nono, who is their direct successor. You know that upon the death of one Pope another has always been instantly elected, and ever holding their doctrine without reformation. Christ is the Church who cannot err, and is infallible. The Pope is His vicegerent, or agent, upon earth, who consequently cannot err. The Pope means the Church, the Church is Christ. You may tell it backwards and forwards as you please, but you must not separate the three. There stands the Church—the Rock of Ages—with Christ at her head in heaven, and the Pope to guide her on earth. The Pope is officially, not personally, infallible, and stands in the position of a judge who pronounces sentence upon a case."

We then went to the Vatican. How my heart beat with awe as we walked up the great steps! We were not announced, nor presented, as at an audience, because we were spirits, and passed where we would. I copied everything my Angel did. We knelt at the door and kissed the ground, again in the middle of the room. The Pope did not appear surprised, as if he were accustomed to receive such visits, and rose from a *prie-dieu* where he was at prayer. We knelt again at his feet, and kissed them. He did not see my good Angel, but only me, nor could I see his good Angel, but I understood that they were speaking together, and that his was one of "the Seven" who stand before the throne of God. And I was aware that my good Angel

saluted with great reverence some person in the room whom I did not see, for I beheld no one but our venerable Pontiff, who raised me, blessed me, and gave me his hand, which I kissed devoutly. I was very happy, for I saw around his head a ray of the glory which shone about Jesus. I waited humbly for his first words. At last he spoke and inquired tenderly about England, "a country never absent from his heart and prayers, on account of the virtues of our Queen, and the good and charity done therein; and said if it were not for his advanced age he would have paid England a visit." Then he spoke of the troubles of Italy, and his own imprisonment. The tears ran down his venerable cheeks as he spoke of Victor Emmanuel, whom he styled as "Nostro figlio chi sarà tosto o tardi il prodigo, e chi riceverei con gioja in queste braccia paterne." He then spoke to me about myself, and congratulated me upon "so soon entering into my rest," and about my husband, to whom "he sent his blessing as one of God's elect;" and amongst other things he said to me, "My daughter, why do you afflict yourself at seeing your noble husband passed over in regard to worldly honours? You see that he has done enough great actions to secure a high position, and that you have had friends and interest enough employed to have reached any honours, and all that has failed. Look at your husband, and then look at the people who do get these honours and places, and cease to repine. It is not the will of God, for your husband is far greater than any of these, and He has great designs, in proportion, in store for him. You are now going through severe trials; be prepared, and go and offer them up at the Sepulchre. Take this as a sign. In the very place where Jesus said, 'No man is a prophet in his own country,' the people shall treat your husband as they treated Jesus."*

A sensation of rest and confidence came upon my anxious, tired spirit, and my flagging energies seemed to revive. "Now, my daughter, the time is coming for Jerusalem to be glorified. That is why we have lost our temporal power in Rome. Christ calls us to our original, our native home. It may be in my time, or, as I am very old, perhaps it may be in another Pontiff's reign, for Popes will succeed to the end of time, no matter what the world may do to prevent it. Go, therefore, and prepare for us as you know." I again begged his blessing upon what I was about to do for the Church,

* It is only right that I should state that all this is a dream, that I never was in Rome till April, 1873, two years later. I went on purpose to see His Holiness, who was ill the whole time, and unable to receive me. I caught Roman fever, and had to leave; so that I have never yet seen His Holiness nor the Vatican, and I fear I never shall.

kissed his hands and feet, and went out as I came. My Angel was kneeling silently and respectfully in his presence, and accompanied me, bringing me through passages full of pictures. We then flew to Jerusalem, and there we built a splendid Palace on Mount Sion. It was more beautiful than the rising sun, of gold, silver, and mosaics, marble, ebony, mother-of-pearl, crystals, and precious woods. We brought him here in triumph, and installed him in it; but I cannot say if it was Pio Nono or a future Pope. It shed a ray of glory and light all over Jerusalem, and all the Holy Places had stars hanging over them, to mark the true sites for the Faithful. We imposed a Papal tax on all Catholic countries, which brought a sufficient revenue, and levied guards of honour, both naval and military, befitting Royal dignity; being a Man of Peace he needed not to fight. His revenues never fluctuated, and his mind was never harassed by politics or by warfare. The glory and prosperity that Christ promised to Jerusalem was fulfilled. The Jews believed in Him, and were converted. He was spiritual King of all the Faithful, and subject to no temporal, earthly King. He bore the title of Kudsu-hu Rasúl Allah (His Holiness the Apostle of God); but the Moslems objected to our taking a Mohammedan title, and for peace sake he said he was quite willing to be called instead, Kudsu-hu el Wakíl Allah (His Holiness the Agent of God).

Italy sank into obscurity, like Greece, and her glory and her art departed from her. She changed places with Jerusalem, and had to sing her lamentations, and Jeremias was verified in the prophecies of Baruch.*

His Holiness then instituted one new thing for the glory of the Church; it was in regard to the priesthood. He commanded that no priest of any country should be ordained till he was thirty years of age, that he might be old enough to understand his vast responsibilities before he undertook them. Furthermore, he exacted that no Churchman, excepting those destined for monastic life, should be ordained until he had passed a certain examination—a standard by which every ecclesiastic destined for public life should be a highly educated gentleman, and a man of the world. Thus they would take equal standing amongst the clever and gentlemanly Divines of other Churches, by natural acquirements alone; and so, backed up by the light of Truth and Divine ordination, they would weigh down all other Divines. Furthermore, each priest was obliged to take an oath at his

* Future Jerusalem (Baruch v. 1-9). Future Italy (Lamentations i. 1-15; ii. 1, 2, 14, 15).

ordination to obey the laws of his own country and the country he lived in, and to abstain from politics and temporal things, confining himself solely to the work of his sacred calling—the salvation of souls, and the offices of the Church. This brought peace to the Church.

My good Angel said to me, “You see what a difficult question it is. What a misfortune for a man to usurp the priesthood, or to renounce the priesthood; what a responsibility to reject the priesthood, or to receive the priesthood. How, those in power must study, examine, and scrutinize for years, and judge. What shall he do who has the misfortune to admit a bad priest, or who refuses a good one? For example, his Holiness cannot refuse to ordain A, B, or C, who are judged to be saintly men, and beloved of Jesus Christ, to whom it would be highly displeasing; and, on the other hand, A, B, or C may be what the *world* calls ignorant, and if he turns them into the world the world will persecute the Church on account of their ignorance. Remember that none of the apostles and evangelists, save Paul, were educated men, but they were inspired, and were also persecuted. Also observe what startling truths sometimes drop from the lips of a poor village priest. These, in the *world's* estimation, cannot serve the cause of Christ, but will be understood by the poor.”

“But,” I said, somewhat impatiently—and here an evil and a worldly spirit spoke out of my mouth for some minutes—“cannot the Holy Father appoint those that are fit for the world to the world, those fit for the poor to the poor, and those fit for monasteries to monasteries? As long as they are ordained priests, and are permitted to serve Christ at the Altar, and thus follow their vocation or religious calling, would it not suffice? I do not speak of England, or even France, but in remote countries where I have been, and seen the priests who are from the ranks of the people.”

“Tell me frankly what is upon your mind,” said my good Angel, “for though I can *see* who it is that is making you speak now, I want you to express it in so many words, and I will tell you what is right, to confound the spirit and instruct *you*.”

“I will do so,” I replied, “but, first, I beg of you to pardon me if I say anything which might seem disrespectful; my only anxiety being to purify what appears to me a blot in our system. You know that I have been born of saintly parents, brought up in a religious, strict Roman Catholic family, and have passed part of my youth in a convent of the Holy Sepulchre; consequently I was taught the deepest reverence for the holy character of the priest, and justly so, for all I saw, before I went beyond the precincts of France and England. Then

I married a man of very large views, who had seen and lived, bought experience, and studied all the customs, habits, and religions of the wide world. As the wife of an English Protestant Consul in the four quarters of the globe, I have also been supposed to be a Protestant, until a proper moment arrived to declare my religion by going to my own Church and Sacraments. I have therefore seen things from all kinds of positions and aspects, and much of it has troubled my mind; not that it staggers my belief in my Church, or my religion, but I want to cleanse the abuse before 'the people that stand by.' For as Catholic means Universal, we must not only look at what is done in our own little island, but what is done over the whole Globe. This is what I have seen in Portugal, Italy, Madeira, Brazil, Spanish territories, and other countries. It is only the system that is wrong. In England it is not the case. A young man expresses his wish to become a Priest, as his brothers choose the Army, Navy, or Bar. Generally every obstacle is thrown in his way, and he is tried by a long and severe noviceship, so that his vows are not taken till he is of an age to know what he is sacrificing of life. In England—which rarely occurs—if a priest is not all that a holy man of God should be, the whole of Catholic England knows it. He is passed by amongst ourselves with, 'There goes the bad priest, who did so and so.' The man is a Pariah: we hide his shame from outsiders as if it were our own! In France things are very well; but in Spanish colonies, Portugal, Madeira, Brazil, and Italy, it is not so uncommon to find a careless priest, which is a favourite retort upon us with all people of other religious professions. And why is it? Look to the system abroad! A family have so many sons. They do not know how to put them all out into professions. They are poor, or there is a living for a curé in the family. They select, probably, the least brilliant son—poor João or Carlo—who is told it will be a very fine thing to be like Monsieur le Curé, and say, 'We will make a priest of him.' He is shut up in the Seminary, and at sixteen or eighteen—before he knows what life is in its simplest forms—he is a priest, and perfection is expected of him. He has yet all the frolic of a boy, and what is he to do when he finds out what an ugly trick his parents have played upon him? He might have been an excellent Christian and Catholic as a married man, or in any profession but this one. He may eventually settle down to this, or he may not; and before he does he may have lost his holy reputation by some boyish levity. Every family yielding a priest must make too many, and too many are bad. Only a third of them can have spiritual work, and what is to become of the rest? But why

do wise heads and grey beards suppress those who work and do good, and turn all the young idle ones loose on the towns without Bishops. Private and worldly individuals also should be very chary of making vows until late in life; for if a vow well kept adds a merit to an act of virtue, it doubles and trebles the fault which is committed against it.

"I can call many saintly French and English priests to prove the truth of my assertions concerning foreign countries. Does the Holy Father himself know and sorrow over these things, or is he kept in ignorance of them?"

When I had finished, my good Angel, who had been looking serious, and even severe, but had listened attentively to my every word, said, "Listen, my child, and lay my words up in your heart. Have respect and veneration for the sacred character of the priest; he is the 'voice in the Desert,' the interpreter of God's Word to souls. I do not speak of any foolish enthusiasm for the man, or those little Church cliques gathered around a favourite priest or a good preacher. I say for the sacred character of the priest. You cannot show him too much respect for it.

"What our Lord said to His apostles may convey some idea to your mind of the awful importance of our subject, for it was said in their person to all their successors in sacerdotal orders, and the following texts from the Acts of the Apostles bear out what *they* thought of their Divine mission, and of their successors' work.*

"These texts prove the dignity of the priest and his power, and that in despising him, you despise Christ Himself. Whoever the man may be who is ordained a priest—be he a good man or a sinner—let him honour or degrade his dignity—be he faithful or unfaithful, 'he is a priest for ever,' and he possesses one thing which you ought always to respect in him: the character which is conferred upon him by the imposition of the hands of the Holy Father, the representative of Christ. That character may be degraded, trodden under-foot, sullied by him who bears it, but it can never be effaced, and he will carry it to his grave and to all eternity. You must learn to separate the man from his office. Judas was a traitor, but he was an apostle, and will be one for all eternity. There are also unhappily some on earth, but comfort yourself with the thought that the number is comparatively small. There may be many ignorant, poor, uneducated, unpolished, and risen from the ranks, but few are really bad. When you meet

* Acts vi. 3-7, xiii. 1-4, xiv. 23; 1 Timothy iv. 14; 2 Timothy i. 6; 2 Corinthians ii. 10.

such a one, bow down in veneration before his sacred character, but tremble for him and pray for him.

“The faithful do not think enough of their priesthood, nor do they pray enough for them. You can never repay the priest all that he does for you.

“When you open your eyes upon earth, who appears the first thing to Baptize you, to drive away from you the devil and original sin, and to make you a child of God? Your priest! Later in life, who uses his power of Absolution to forgive you your sins in the name of Christ? Your priest! Into whose ear do you pour your troubles, sufferings, wants, weaknesses, and sins? Your priest’s! Who soothes, comforts, consoles, encourages, and helps you on, taking half your burden upon himself, like Christ? Your priest!—through his ministry you are admitted to the great union of love between God and His creatures. Let people laugh at a confessor. We all want more light than that of our eyes and our intelligence. If the chiefs of families, patriarchs, legislators, judges, prophets, and pontiffs were the light of the people, why not the advice of a confessor inspired by God, since this is the law of God, from the apostles to this day? In natural life we take counsel from a man who is either a professional or a connoisseur of the thing we want to know, and why not spiritually? St. Paul could not walk alone after he was struck blind. The wisest man is blind as to what concerns himself, without the succour of a friend, but that friend must be prudent, learned, and charitable. He must have science and experience.

“Who offers the sacrifice of the Mass daily, every word of which he utters, every part of his dress representing some part of the Passion of Christ, who came down to offer Himself as an unbloody sacrifice to His Father for His people? It was to be the sacrifice of the new law, of which one would suffice to save the world, and each is of inestimable value to your soul. Who offers it? Your priest!

“Who feeds you with the body and blood of Christ—the Saviour who waits patiently and lovingly in the tabernacle at the will of His creatures, longing for them to ask to receive Him? Who gives Him to you? Your priest!

“Who gives you the sacrament of Confirmation wherein you receive the Holy Ghost? Your Bishop! When you come to the time of life to marry, who unites you by the sacrament to the one you have chosen for your life’s journey? Your priest! If your choice is a religious life, who ordains or professes you? Your Bishop!

“When you come to the dreaded hour of death, and are called to

appear before your God, to answer for your life, your good and bad deeds, to account for every thought, word, and action—you who have been criticizing, sneering at, and picking holes in every trifling defect of the priesthood, who do you call out for then? Who is the only being who can be of any use to you? Your priest! Then you know what the sacerdotal character is made of. You have some fearful disease, and those who love you best would fly from you. They are tired of constant watching and care, and your impatience, that has lasted for weeks and months, and worn everybody out, and the sleepless nights besides; they can do you no good; and the doctor has said he can do nothing for you—you are past his skill—Time is over as far as you are concerned. All think *it* would really be a blessing to yourself. They are frightened at the infection, and the noxious vapours of the dying chamber, and confess to each other that if *it* goes on much longer they cannot hold up, and they take it in turns, and pass you on to each other's care. It happens to all, and it must come. But where is your priest? He has nothing to lose, but all to gain. He is bending over your sick pillow at all hours of the day and night: he knows nothing of infection and horrible vapours. It is part of his daily life for Christ. He is listening to the old, old story—the ghastly story of the life of sin, and the until now forgotten Christ. Forsaken by all, and driven to turn to Him at the last moment, the priest is pouring promises of the love and forgiveness of Jesus in your ear; and telling you how you will open your eyes in the arms of that loving Saviour who was only waiting for that word of repentance; and he knows our Saviour, according to *His* promise, must do as the priest promises, 'Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven.'

"God wants repentance; that is, a determination to sin no more. He knows how weak you are, and is willing to forgive you as soon as repentance enters your soul.

"All would not have the grace, even at the last moment. By grace I mean all liberality of God, over and above what is due from a Creator to a creature; but the priest has charity, and charity to a fellow-man is the spirit of God, and is man's likeness to God, and who has this virtue is capable of all things. None can resist him, and were the guns of a battery turned upon him on a battle-field, had you even the plague, and he were bound to die, the priest will never leave you so long as you have breath, till he brings you the grace to repent to God. The priest gives you the Viaticum and the Extreme Unction, the Dying Absolution and the Departing Benediction; and when the last agony and the rattle in the throat, that startle everybody else out of

that room, commences, he is reciting the prayers for the departing soul, and is warding off the last efforts of Satan to grasp his prey, and he continues until the private and immediate judgment of God may have taken place, for there are angels in that room, rejoicing or weeping. Every man is judged privately the moment he dies, and he receives the public confirmation of the same sentence on the Last Day, when the most secret corner will be unveiled. When the mortal remains, already too distressing to behold, are borne from the house, it is the priest who accompanies them to the graveyard, with the burial service, and if it is a pauper, he stands alone! It is the priest who says the Masses for the repose of that soul, and prays for its deliverance from the pains of Purgatory, long after others have almost forgotten it; 'for it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.' Who, then, has been your Guardian Angel and best friend, and ushered you from your cradle to your grave? Your priest! Now you have some idea of what he does for you.

"But go to his home, his humble dwelling, where are hardly the bare necessities of life. For you, and such as you, he has renounced liberty, fortune, wife, children, and all the joys of life, to sacrifice Self upon the altar of abnegation and charity. What is he doing? His poor dwelling is surrounded by the hungry, the thirsty, the almost naked and starving poor, the homeless, the widow, the orphan, those who are goaded to despair by tyrants, and tortured by meannesses and injustices.

"How is he to relieve them from his bare cupboard and empty purse? Yet if he begs you for a little for the love of God, you do not remember anything he has done for you, but you shut your heart and refuse, or dole out a grudging trifle, saying or thinking, 'Those priests are always asking for money?' After a cold, haughty rebuff from the rich, and a hard morning with these poor at home, faint, hungry, and weary himself, he goes forth to spend his afternoon in the hospitals, the prisons, or perhaps to attend a burial. He counsels the doubtful, instructs the ignorant, comforts the afflicted. He admonishes sinners, and meets with rudeness in reply. He must receive all insults and injuries with a patient smile and a sweet word, bear wrongs and calumnies patiently, and pray for all the living and the dead. He comes home, worn out body and soul, to a frugal meal—perhaps none—and in the evening recites his Office, or prepares his sermon. Besides all this work, the Offices of the Church are performed by him. His life, like Christ's, is all love for his flock, and he receives nothing but

rebuffs, insults, calumny, and criticism in return. Do you think that Nature could stand its forces being daily and hourly exhausted, body and mind, if a great supernatural grace were not supporting it invisibly? The priest is the father of your salvation, your most faithful friend. Pray for him with the profoundest respect, and the greatest veneration for his sacred character. Pray above all for the Holy Pontiff, for your Bishop, for your Confessor, for the priest while saying Mass at the Altar, and for him whose lot it will be to assist you at the hour of your death. Your Confessor is the physician of your soul, and you must be as honest with him as you would be with the physician of your body, or he cannot help you. My child!" he concluded, "never forget that, according to the words of Christ, he who despises or insults a priest is guilty of a sacrilege, and deserves the same chastisement that the Jews deserved, when they crucified the Son of God. Blessed be he who sees the person of Jesus Christ in His priests, and honours, and respects, and venerates them as their great dignity and sacerdotal character deserve."

I listened with breathless attention, and I thought that I had never until then understood the greatness of the priestly dignity, and it made a profound impression on me, and I treasured it up as a great grace in my heart.*

I am describing imperfectly what I saw and heard, because I have no actual words to express spirit or dream talk, which, however, was an internal teaching which I understood. I felt to understand my Angel not only when he spoke, but to understand his look, behaviour, gesture, mark of kindness or severity, though if awake my spirit would have been too narrow, by reason of my body, to have done so.

Suddenly beautiful bells began to boom slowly and in time. I thought they sang "For ever, ever, ever, ever, for ever," and then clanged out, "Come, come," and my good Angel said, "Our time is ended, we must go back to Jesus now." So saying, he marked the

* Friends have advised me that my description of the priesthood is so purely Roman that it may excite some indignation. I trust not! I like to believe that every good Protestant clergyman does the same for his flock as our priest does for us, and hope that my readers will accept my view, that I dreamt of the type of the Universal Pastor. I think and hope I am right; although I naturally write in my own language, and speak of the rites of my own Church. I did not compose any part of my dream for the public; I really did dream it, and therefore I cannot conscientiously alter or take away one word to suit the tastes of my readers, nor would they wish it.

letters THAU upon my forehead with his finger, and handed me a paper upon which was written—

“ + May the Lord guard and bless thee, and turn His face towards thee!”

“ + May the Lord have mercy upon thee, and give thee peace!

“ + May the Lord give thee His holy blessing!”

A cross preceded each sentence.

“This,” he said, “is your ‘passport;’ wear it around your neck, and make one like it for your husband. Whoever molests you show him this.” A flood of joy rushed over my soul, accompanied by a violent shock.

I awoke! a peasant (a goatherd, I think) had entered the cave, and I fancy had shaken me, for he looked scared, and said, “Pardon, yá Sitti, I thought you were dead.”

The bells of the Sepulchre were giving out their deep-tongued note, and echoing over the hills. When I came to myself I looked at my watch; it was the Ave Maria—sunset.

Then all my happiness was gone. I was no spirit with a Guardian Angel, flying about and governing all things by a wish, seeing the world and even individuals unmasked at my feet, and moving Emperors, Kings, Queens, Pontiffs, and Ministers like chessmen; but only my poor humble self, private and obscure, still to toil on, and work and suffer. Nay, I had to rouse myself at once, and almost run, to pass the gates before I was locked out of the town for the night. Who would have thought of coming to look for me in that cave? I should have been certainly reported as murdered and thrown down a well, until sunrise, and that some Jinn had been seen hovering near the walls in the night. With the “pomp and circumstance” of a Kawwás, before and behind, they would have perhaps let me through after time, but a lone and an unknown woman would have had a poor chance.

When I reached home it was long past sunset, and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and Captain Burton had not returned from the Caves. The gates of the town were shut, and I felt seriously alarmed lest they should have met with some accident, perhaps used all their magnesium and been unable to find their way out again, for the caves are miles long, deep, and unknown; so before settling myself to write, I ordered my horse and rode back to the Damascus gate, to propitiate the guard, and to post a Kawwás there, that they might get into the town; and as it was dark, I went down myself with men, lights, ropes,

and more magnesium ; however, in a quarter of an hour I met them coming back safe. I then locked myself up in my room, and wrote down in notes all that I had seen and heard in dreamland, and afterwards daily in detail. Yet I do not think I slept more than two hours, if so much. Again I say it was but a dream. Do not fancy that I suppose it was a miracle : nothing but a long, detailed, vivid dream, a *bonâ fide* honest dream, and I am subject to them whenever I am overtired, or over-excited, or fast. I am glad and grateful when they occur, for I am always better and wiser after them. I never dream nonsense on these peculiar occasions, but learn more from them than by books, and see clearly how I ought to act. I recount this one because I think there are so many "grains of wheat amongst the chaff."

My experience of dreams of this strong nature is, that they throw a physical languor over one that is subject to them, which indisposes for work for a time, and renders it hard and distasteful, as magnetism or electricity acts ; but that shortly a fresh vitality and elasticity sets in in favour of that which one has to do.

The trouble, and sorrow, and work, I must say, began directly, and have continued steadily ever since ; I have done my best, often faint-hearted, but struggling on. He has brought me by a way which He has shown me, and which I shall never leave, though it is a continual struggle and a travail day and night. He sends me all His cases of distress, and I feel what is placed upon my shoulders. The line of conduct He has traced for me I always fear to leave, and if I am beguiled for awhile from my work, by the World, or naturally joyous spirits, I am made to feel it, am bitterly punished, and invited to return and to be more faithful. In short, I may not desert my work. I know that such dreams are a great grace. I know that it began, I feel it developing—I shall see it finished here or there. A time is passed and has only left a souvenir. A time will come, and to that I look forward. There is hardly ever a contingency, or a situation, which to me is strange, and which I do not foresee ; and I have known beforehand, places, people, books, and situations, in a similar manner to the above. You may call it by what name you please, dreaming, instinct, electricity, or mesmerism, only you must not call it miracles, for those never come to people like me, only to the very good.

This proves that whoever does not fast discreetly, on religious or sanitary grounds, which doubtless was the reason for the example of Christ, carries about a body gorged with food, which hinders the

vigour of the mind, clogs the brain, and stands between our intelligence and a clear view of high objects; but, also, a medical man ought to decide how much individuals can stand, for they vary; and, carried to too great an extent, the imagination becomes too exalted, perhaps because the body does not make enough blood to supply the brain. This in badly disposed persons would turn to evil, like opiates, of which Charles Kingsley so graphically wrote:—"Never trust a laudanum drinker as a friend. With the eye of imagination, he will see me commit all the seven deadly sins in the morning, and with the tongue of inspiration, will proclaim it through the town in the evening."

CHAPTER XXVII.

PILGRIMAGE—(*Continued*).

Easter Sunday.—I was up before dawn, and had the happiness of hearing two Masses and receiving Holy Communion in the Sepulchre, and was the only other person besides the officiating priest and acolyte. There is only room for three, and therefore it is a blessed privilege to be watched and waited for, and as so many are desirous of obtaining it, we have to await our turn.

After this took place the Grand High Mass and a very fine Procession. The Patriarch, Monsignor Valerga, performed the ceremony, and gave us the Pontifical blessing and plenary indulgence on the part of the Pope. I and my party had the good fate, as usual, to be with the French Consulate, so that we were in the best places, and formed part of the Procession, being next to the priests.

We then went to congratulate our Patriarch, Monsignor Valerga, on the Feast; and the fast and church ceremonies being ended, I had a long conversation with him about my Convent, and I asked him for five things, which were all granted, except one—I asked him to make me a “Chanoinesse du St. Sepulchre,” and laid before him some family claims. He said that he had had orders from Rome respecting Canons, but not respecting Canonesses, but that when he could obtain leave, my name should be first on the list, and with that I had to be content. He gave me a printed paper, signed with his own hand, and a medal with an inscription on it, which certified that I was a good pilgrim; likewise his photograph, his blessing, and several other little things; and I came away much pleased. Also we went to thank the Greek Patriarch, who gave us Easter eggs, chocolate-coloured, with white angels on them, and his blessing.

We then went to see the Máristán, formerly Hospital of the Knights of St. John, an interesting ruin; and thence we went to the Tower of David, which is the chief fortress, and is situated on the site of the Palace of Herod the Great. It commands the city, and is occupied by a part of the garrison. It has four towers: the first is Hippicus, built in honour of Herod's friend; the tower of Mariam after

his mistress; the tower of Phasaël after his brother, who perished in the Parthian war. The tower of David is by far the most ancient, and has a window which was supposed to be the oratory of David. At a little distance is the site of the house of Uriah, whom the king caused to be killed, so as to marry his wife Bathsheba, who was the mother of Solomon. It was from this window, it is said, that David first saw her, and here that he afterwards did such bitter penance, humbling himself before God and composing his psalms.* We found here, as we have so often done, mason's marks in the stone.† Close by lives Bishop Gobat, whose house and the Protestant Church also occupy part of the site of Herod's palace.

Near it is a little church dedicated to St. James the Less. Again a little farther are three small chapels, built upon the spot where Jesus, after His death, appeared to the three Marys.‡

Continuing our walk we soon came to a little church built by the Crusaders over the site of St. Thomas's house. The Mohammedans turned it into a Mosque, but finding, as usual, that it brought bad luck, they left it. Next we pass the convent of the Armenian Orthodox Sisters of Charity, whose church is built over the site of the house of the High Priest Annas, father-in-law of Caiaphas—the first place to which the crowd brought Jesus, and where Jesus was first examined, and received a blow.§

There are some stones which are said to have belonged to Annas's house, and some little olive offshoots of the tree to which they tied our Saviour, whilst they disputed amongst themselves where they should next take him. Close to it is the Armenian Cathedral, College, and Hospice for Pilgrims. The next interesting object is a pretty little church, built on the spot where St. James the Great, son of Zebedee and brother of John,|| coming from Spain, where he had preached Christ and built a little church, was decapitated by Herod Agrippa. An altar in the north wall is shown as the precise spot. It is said that the disciples stole the body and buried it at Compostello. The Armenians showed us the tomb of St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem in St. Helena's time. They also keep three large stones, one reposing on the two others—one from Mount Sinai, one from Tabor,

* 2 Samuel xii. 7, 13, 17.

† Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and my husband of course denied that the building, as it now stands, is of ancient date. They found reason to conclude that the old materials were rebuilt by the Saracens. At the same time, after carefully inspecting the foundations of Hippicus, they believe that they may have dated from Jewish times.

‡ Matthew xxviii. 9, 10.

§ John xviii. 13, 14, 22-24.

|| Acts ii. 1, 2.

and one from the bed of the Jordan. At a little distance from Báb el Neby Daoud (Gate of the prophet David, which is the Gate of Sion), is shown the spot where the apostles, carrying the remains of our Blessed Lady to her grave, were stopped by a crowd of Jews, who, still bearing rancour to the mother of Him they crucified, tried to upset it. The most bitter was a Rabbi, who put his hand on the bier—I give you the tradition—it stuck there, and his arm withered; all the rest were struck blind. They repented of their sacrilege, and the apostles knelt and prayed for them. They received their sight, and the Rabbi saved his arm, and they were all baptized. There is also an Armenian convent built on part of the site of the house of Caiaphas on Mount Sion. His country residence is traditionally placed on the "Hill of Evil Counsel," but the Armenians show this their convent as the place where Jesus was examined by the High Priest, where Peter denied him, and where the Master passed part of the night between Thursday and Friday. The exact spot is covered by a side chapel in the sanctuary of this church, and the altar is formed of part of the stone which was rolled back by the angel from the Sepulchre.

This stone, "which Jesus raised from the tomb, and rolled back, and upon which the angel sat, crying to the world that He was risen," must have been large, for pieces have been cut and given to various churches, and there remains a large bulk in the entrance to the grave at present. Leaving this convent we found ourselves again in the Christian Cemeteries: the Armenians, Catholic and non-Catholic; Greek, non-Catholic; and the American; and we are close again to the house where our Lady dwelt after the death of Jesus, and also near the Coenaculum. Near the English hospital is an arch, generally thought to have been the Gate of Genath (the gardens). Close by was a church which they used to show as a prison of St. Peter, but it is not there now.

There is a tradition to the effect that by the advice of St. John, whilst living in the above-named house, our Lady addressed a letter to the people of Messina, when St. Paul was preaching the Gospel. The nuns of the Sepulchre kindly gave me a copy of it, which I think is interesting enough to introduce, and if true is a valuable relic. I translate it into literal English:—

"This letter was written by the very happy Virgin Mary, at the time that Paul Apostle preached the Gospel, and was conserved in a reliquary on the high altar at Messina.

"I, Mary, Virgin, servant of God, and very humble mother of Jesus Christ,

Son of God, Father all powerful and eternal—to all those of Messina health and benediction in our Lord.

“You have heard by the Ambassadors sent to you, as by the preaching of Paul Apostle. You have received the Gospel, and confessed the *whole* to be true, that is, that the Son of God was made man, and this is Jesus Christ, the true Messiah, as He really is.

(Signed) “MARY, Virgin, handmaid of the Lord.”

And after it is written, “This letter is the same which was found in the City of Messina. Whoever will carry it upon them (about them) shall not die by iron, or the sword, nor fire, nor water, nor by sudden death, nor without having received the Sacrament.”

We then walked half round the walls of the town; first passing the tank of Hezekiah, which many suppose to be the Lower Pool, which he constructed at the same time with an aqueduct, at the approach of Sennacherib, to be able to draw water from the Upper Pool of Gihon (Birket Mamilla), on the road to St. John in the Desert. The aqueduct still exists, and when the Upper Pool is full it serves to fill the lower tank. These pools and aqueducts are mentioned in Isaiah xxii. 9–11. We then went towards St. Stephen's Gate, and passed a large piscina, Birket Sittná Mariam (of our Lady Mary), and arrived at the north-east corner of the walls, where Godfrey de Bouillon first arrived in 1099. Not far from the Báb es Záheri is the site of the house of Simon the Pharisee, where Mary Magdalen also anointed our Saviour's feet. She must have done this more than once during the time of her repentance and conversion, as Matthew, Mark, and John mention it at Bethany in the house of Simon the Leper, and Luke mentions it at the house of Simon the Pharisee, in Jerusalem.* There used to be a cross on the pavement where He sat, but now they show a footprint said to be His. The church that covered this spot once belonged to the Jacobites, then (probably) to the Canons of the Sepulchre; to the Crusaders; and, lastly, it became a Moslem School, El Maymumíyyeh. It is now an Arab pottery. Then we walked on to the Gate of Damascus, once called the Pilgrims' Gate, not far from which is the supposed site of the old Church of St. Stephen, built by Eudoxia, wife of the Emperor Theodosius. There are here three tombs, and one of them is thought to be the Empress's. Here camped Robert Count of Flanders in the Crusades, and close by the Knights of St. John had their stables. We continued our walk round Jerusalem to the Jaffa gate, where we met our horses, mounted, and rode back to St. Anne's; and we finished our evening, as we often did

* Read Luke vii. 36–50.

when worn out with fatigue, with our French friends and Mr. Mauss, amongst the excavations. A divan out of doors was soon arranged in a shady spot, with Narghilehs and sherbets for refreshment, and there we used to talk when we liked, and sleep when it was too warm.

Easter Monday.—To-day we went at an early hour by the invitation of the Armenian Patriarch to witness their High Mass. These are Armenian Orthodox, but whenever I say orthodox, of course I should say schismatic, because whatever calls itself orthodox means non-Catholic.

The gospel was read in three languages: Armenian, Turkish, and French; the two last inside tribunes. I could hardly decide which exhibited the most splendour, the Armenian or the Greek Orthodox. There could not have been less than thirty deacons serving on each side of the altar, and each one's dress was more splendid than the others'. One held up a Testament of red and gold; two carried huge candles, like small trees; two bore silver *quinholi*, or tambourines, on tall sticks inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and silver bells. These represent the Order of the Angels with six wings, whose Greek name is Hexaptérugoi. Before the altar were six High Priests, with caps like mitres, surmounted by a cross and inlaid with gold, pearls, and every kind of jewel, but mostly pearls. The Patriarch and High Priests wore wonderful vestments, topped by a standing collar a hand deep, which ran like a wall round their shoulders. They were studded with jewels and lined with red silk. I counted eight or nine of the above gorgeous caps inside the sanctuary. There were also about fifty chanters in gorgeous dresses; the meanest of them all, who was close to me, had the whole of the Last Supper embroidered on his back in rubies and pearls. The mitre was the same shape as ours, but it was a mass of diamonds; as also was the crozier, which was shaped like a vase, with a crook at the top.

Suddenly, at the time which would have been in our Mass the Offertory, a large red curtain was let down as at the first act of a play, and this happened thrice. It hid the Patriarch and the high dignitaries within the sanctuary, and left out below it only the chanters, with the deacons wearing pearl caps.

There was a five minutes' interlude for us outsiders, during which I was able to notice the splendid church. Every part of it is in gold filagree and carving. It owns all the colours of the rainbow, and yet they harmonize. The chair of St. James is under a tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl canopy, with a silver lamp hanging over it.

As they say he always occupies his own place invisibly during Mass, the Patriarch cannot sit there, but has a chair beside it. It is surrounded by gorgeous carpets, embroidered by hand. The one we sat upon was priceless—about 100 years old, Persian silk, and hand-embroidered inscriptions. I was sorry to have to tread upon it. The church was full of quaint old pictures, representing Church traditions. The tribunes were very grand, two plain, and three splendidly ornamented. St. James was beheaded here; his head has a beautiful shrine.

I will begin at the grey silk curtain and silver door, set in tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, which leads into a chapel or oratory or shrine, within which is an altar. It is surmounted by a little cupola, painted blue, with flying angels on it to represent the heavens: a recess or niche, and a balcony which is framed round with gold ornamentation and lamps, looks into the church. Each tribune is ornamented with gilt railings, and an arched fragment of flagree studded with malachite and precious stones. The whole church is hung with silver lamps on silver chains and ostrich eggs in festoons, some plain and others ornamented. These last are an Oriental custom for good luck, taken from the ancient Greeks, and mean, "If the ostrich neglects to watch her eggs they addle; and that if we neglect our souls, or, in other words, if we be not watchful over ourselves, our souls addle." The altar is, unlike ours, surmounted by three tabernacles.

The procession of the Holy Sacrament then takes place, when the curtain rises, the chalice being carried round the church. And the "Elevation" is more like our Benediction after Mass. They also have, like us, the "kiss of peace." They beat gongs and cymbals, carried in the hand and struck with a piece of wood. The music is peculiar. There is constantly a prolonged humming on one note, and bells appear to be the principal sound. The effect is bizarre but pleasing, and the *quinholi* are very pretty. All the church plate is studded with jewels; their riches surpass the Greeks, and certainly the Latins. The preaching is like a lesson, and, as I did not know Armenian, it appeared to me that they never stopped to take breath. When the Patriarch came out the second time his dress was embroidered with a wreath of vine leaves, grapes, and flowers. There was a representation in cloth, in the centre, of our Lady sitting and holding St. James' decapitated head in her lap, and surrounded by angels. All around were pictures of deceased Patriarchs, and their mitres and breviaries were each upon an ornamental shelf over their

heads. Just before the Elevation they lit up a lamp before each head, and candles above it, and it had a very strange effect.

The two incense-bearers had their gold stoles fastened round their backs crossways, the two ends hanging down in front. One had a long black velvet and gold stole over his shoulder, hanging down fore and aft. The deacons had embroidery, an inch and a half thick, of embossed gold and flowers upon their shoulders. The bell-carriers had a kind of Chinese cloak covered with huge and gorgeous flowers. All the ornaments of the High Altar are little enamel pictures, set in form of screens, or monstresses, with gold and silver rays darting from them, and studded with pearls, a huge one next to the Retable, and seven smaller ones on each side. For Communion the Patriarch kneels and breaks off a bit of bread from a larger piece, over the chalice. Deacons hold the communion cloth, and they receive standing. The chalice was of gold and enamel, set with jewels. The curtain falls a third time, and there is a magnificent procession, with music. I could not help thinking what they would say of this in England, where even our Roman Catholic ceremonies are thought so pompous, and so sensuous to attract the people's imagination; whereas we consider our own so severe, simple, and Apostolic.

All these ceremonies occupied some hours, but began early and were over early—so we ordered our horses and went with our French friends to visit Ayn Karim, "Saint John in the Desert." We went out by the Jaffa gate, and turned to the west. We almost immediately passed the "Upper Pool" (Birket Mamilla), at the end of the Gihon valley, where Solomon was anointed King by David's order, by the hands of the High Priest Sadoc, and the Prophet Nathan.* Here Isaiah prophesied (vii. 3-14) 740 years before Christ. It is called in Scripture the Pool of Serpents, and the Pool of Bethara, and the field above is the Fuller's Field, where Rabaces, Sennacherib's general, encamped with the Assyrian army. Before the fight Rabaces harangued his army, insulting the true God outside His holy city; and Hezekiah, and the Israelites inside the holy city, prayed to God. The prophet Isaiah came to tell the latter, on the part of God, not to fear; † and when Rabaces got up in the morning he found 185,000 of his soldiers dead in their tents, so that he fled with the few that remained. St. Mamilla here buried a number of martyrs in a cave, and after a battle between Saracens and Christians, there is a legend that a lion picked up all the Christian bodies and took them to this

* 3 or 1 Kings i. 32-40.

† 4 or 2 Kings xix. 32-36.

cave. Besides the pool, or Birket, there was once a church and a convent here called after St. Mamilla.

One hundred yards from this spot was buried Herod Agrippa, who killed St. James and imprisoned Peter.* He died in A.D. 44, at Cæsarea, whilst his admirers were proclaiming him to be God. The tomb is a cave for sepulture as usual.

The road to St. John of the Desert is very bad, and going slowly it occupies two hours. The Terra Santa Fathers (Franciscans) have a monastery there and a boys' school. The Sœurs de Sion have a convent, a school, and an orphanage for girls. Their director is Père Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne. The village might contain about 600 inhabitants, 100 of whom are Catholics. It is the summer quarter of the Sisters, whose establishment belongs to Monsignor Valerga. Ayn Karim is the ancient Ain, a priestly town of the tribe of Judah, mentioned in Joshua xxv. 32, also xxi. 16. Here lived the High Priest Zachariah and his wife Elizabeth, who gave birth to St. John the Baptist.

We descended into a small chapel, cut in the rock, in which was born the Baptist.† We went to the source of the water, which one always does in the East, water being the first thought. It is called the Virgin's Fountain, because whilst she stayed with her cousin St. Elizabeth for three months, she must have come to draw water here. We then mounted a hill and came to the Sanctuary of the Visitation, where Zachariah had a country house, where the Virgin stayed with St. Elizabeth, and where St. John was circumcised. When Herod sent in quest of male children, St. Elizabeth fled with St. John into a cave, and holding him against the rock, the legend says that it melted like wax, enclosed and hid him, and a niche is shown which is supposed to be the spot. This part of the rock is venerated, and also a rock, now covered with stone or marble, where St. John used to preach.‡

We then rode out about forty minutes away over bad country to the Cave of St. John the Baptist, where he led the life of a hermit; and prepared for his preaching.§ It is a natural cave, perhaps seven yards long and three high, and is on the incline of a mountain overhanging the Valley of the Terebinth, which from that point is very deep. There is a bench cut in the stone, which served the Baptist as bed, and priests now say Mass upon it. Tradition declares that the Magi passed the night here.|| Near the grotto are some débris which

* Acts xii. 3, 4.

† Luke i. 5-25, 39-66.

‡ Read Matthew iii. 1-17.

§ Read Luke i. 80 and Mark i. 4-7.

|| Read Matthew ii. 1, 2.

are said to have been part of Elizabeth's tomb, who, after Zachariah died, came also to inhabit the Desert.

Our party consisted of the French Consul, the Chancellier, M. Lacau, and the Chancellier of the French Consulate at Port Sa'ïd, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, my husband, and myself. I need not say that at the end of our two hours of stony and mountainous ride the Sisters of Sion gave us a most cordial reception. After dinner we had coffee and Narghilehs out of doors. Père Ratisbonne accompanied us and showed us everything. There is plenty of water, and by-and-by they will make it a beautiful place. Their convent, school, and orphanage are well organized, as indeed these French religious establishments always are. Above this convent is the Spanish Monastery. We spent the day here with the nuns and Père Ratisbonne, and when we left we came round by the Jaffa road. The horses were restive, and we wanted to save sunset before looking up, so we galloped back, running races and playing Jerid tricks, and one of our French friends had a very bad fall, and was much shaken.

Easter Tuesday.—Her Majesty's ship *T*— is at Jaffa; a number of men-of-war's men rode up this evening, and it sounded strange, in the solemn silence of Jerusalem, to hear "We won't go home till morning," "Champagne Charley," and "Sally come up," till past midnight. I ordered some drink for them, with a message to sing "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen" for me, which they did with a hearty good-will. It made the old walls ring again.

On Wednesday, the 12th, we went to Bethlehem. It was a delightful day and a pleasant little ride. The first interesting object was the well by which the Magi are supposed to have seen the star before entering Bethlehem. The Magi lost sight at this well, since called Bir Nejím, of the star which up to now had guided them. After having visited Herod in Jerusalem, they again returned to Bethlehem, and on arriving at this well the star again appeared to them, guiding and preceding them until it rested over the stable.* The second was Rachel's white tomb on the way of Ephrata.† which we stopped to reverence, and then we entered Bethlehem. It is a pretty and flourishing townlet on a height amid hills and groves. There is only one place to lodge in, and that is the Terra Santa Monastery, which covers the holy stable where our Saviour was born. We met with a hearty

* Matthew i. 15, 16 :—"And Eliud begat Eleazar; and Eleazar begat Matthan; and Matthan begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ."

† Genesis xxxv. 16-21.

reception, nice rooms, every attention and comfort, including good food. The only difficulty was stabling. I sallied forth again to look for it, and I at last found accommodation, but of the worst kind. It was too windy to picket out without absolute necessity.

The Basilica attached to the Monastery over the Holy Places is dedicated to the Nativity. The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians have each their chapels. Where the three chapels meet, you descend a staircase into the crypt, which is better described as a series of grottos, caverns, and passages cut in the rocks, which must have formed part of the old Khan (inn) where Mary brought forth our Lord. The centre of attraction is a large grotto with an altar and a silver star under it, marking the spot where this Divine Event took place, and around the star is written "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." The manger, or trough, where the animals feed, is an excavation in the rock, and there is an altar over the spot where the Magi—Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar—adored. It is said that in this grotto the Angel from heaven warned Joseph to fly into Egypt with Mary.*

Here I remained for a long while, reading Luke and Matthew, and reflecting on the position in which all Christians should, and all Catholics do, stand towards Mary. Do not call it a sermon if I tell you my reflections upon the subject, because I never yet met a Protestant, however well educated, who understood the relation between Mary and Catholics.

Mary, as mother of Jesus, is above all creatures, and more honoured than the saints and angels in heaven. I do not adore her, because she is not God; but I render her all the honours which a creature may receive which are not due to God. In her maternity I unite the creature and the Creator, the Son and the mother. No! I do not adore her, but I venerate her; and I adore in her Him whom she conceived and brought forth, and gave to us for our salvation.

Mary was chosen, thought of, planned, perfected, and sanctified for all eternity to be the Mother of God. Jesus knew that he would become man, that man would sin, and could not save himself alone, and that He would not abandon him. What was resolved in eternity was to be accomplished in the middle of time, and to extend its efficacy over all time from the beginning unto the end. Sin, therefore, never could have been in her. Her conception must have been pure and holy, without stain, and immaculate, like her life. It could not have been fit that God could have been born of, or come in contact with, anything else; reason as well as faith demands that we should

* Read Matthew ii. 1-18; Luke ii. 1-20.

believe He exempted her from it. What is there to stagger us? We believe that Sarah, and Elizabeth, and Anna her mother, bore sons at a time which in another woman would be a physical impossibility. We believe that Elijah went up to heaven in a fiery chariot, and that the apostles raised the dead to life; and we are scared at the possibility that God might have created for Himself one pure vessel from which to be born. It is truly "straining at a gnat whilst we swallow a camel." The honour that we render to her—this *chef d'œuvre* of God—is a direct homage to Him, and a pleasing and indirect way of showing our love to Him whom we adore. And in my humble opinion the proclamation of this belief as an "article of faith" is the brightest ornament of Pius the Ninth's reign.

Mary was likewise the Mother of Virgins, for at a time when marriage was the universal vocation, when the glory of a woman was to have sons, and of a man to have a wife who bore him sons—at a time when every virgin bewailed her virginity, for each one had a secret hope that they might bring forth the long-expected Messiah—she was the first who voluntarily practised virginity, and consecrated herself to God without command, advice, or example. Before her doing so it was an opprobrium. I have finished.

We can imagine Mary and Joseph arriving late at dusk, weary and footsore from the long journey from the mountains, where she had been staying with her cousin St. Elizabeth, hungry and thirsty, looking so poor, dirty, ragged, and travel-stained. The plumage of the night growing fast around them, the bitter, cold, and driving wind—just such a night as this—yet she, of the Royal House of David, born immaculately of two saints, consecrated in the Temple, protected by a saintly husband, and served invisibly, tradition says, by Angels in the Temple; she, the Mother of our God, had to wander about in search of a lodging, meeting scanty pity and many insults from the rich and well housed, well clothed, and well fed, her pitiable condition being partly the cause of their being turned from every door where they sought shelter; and here, in this rocky stable, needing all earthly things, she brought forth "The Light of the World"—your and my Redeemer. And it happened then, just as it happens now, that the rich of the world were indifferent to the Great Fact which took place close by them. Some few, especially in high quarters, persecuted Him, and some few came to adore, and for those few then, as for you and I now, the star still shines to show us where.

Tradition tells us that the Angel came to the entrance of the grotto, and, prostrating before Jesus, said, "Lord! the Magi from the

East have seen your star and have come to adore you." Jesus said nothing, but looked at Mary, and they came in, each one wearing a robe, which descended to his feet; a crown on his head, and in his hands gold, incense, and myrrh. Each one humbly prostrated on the ground and put his crown at the feet of Jesus, which they kissed, saying, "I adore you, Oh Son of God. I adore you, Oh Son of God, made man! I adore you, Oh King of the Jews!" and offered him their presents. Jesus blessed them. Mary spoke to them of original sin, of the promise of a Redeemer, the Holy Trinity, and of the changes that were about to take place through the Incarnation, *i.e.* the reformation of religion and laws for the Jews; to which they listened with the greatest respect, alternately looking at Jesus and Mary. She then put Jesus into each one's arms for a moment. They were overjoyed, and prostrating, retired.

I must now tell you all the facts, traditions, and legends concerning Bethlehem. On leaving this principal grotto you walk through many passages and caves, lit up with lamps and wax-lights, each of which has an altar dedicated to different holy persons. One to St. Eusebius, a disciple of St. Jerome; another to St. Jerome on his tomb. There is a room which was his studying place and retreat, as well as his school, where he publicly taught the Christian doctrine in Bethlehem. He was born in 340. There he began to translate from Hebrew the Scriptures in A.D. 390. And here he died in 420, aged 80.

There is also an altar dedicated to the Holy Innocents massacred by Herod. One to St. Joseph, said to be the spot to which he retired when our Lord was born. One to St. Paula on her tomb, and one to her daughter St. Eustatia, both disciples of Jerome. There are some wonderful privileges attached to this altar, the same as those conferred on that of St. Catherine at Sinai.

After seeing all, I returned to the Grotto of the Nativity, where I passed a very happy hour reading and writing my reflections; but I was teased by some funny English examining the tapestry which hangs on the walls, and poking the rock with their umbrellas, I suppose to see if it was solid. They never even looked at the Holy Spot. They talked loud, and said it was all "bosh." I felt very badly till the rocky floor, slippery as glass, intercepted to deliver me—two of them slid and sat down, and as it is also hard and jagged, it kept them quiet till they left.

We then went out to see what there was of interest round the town. First we visited the mother-of-pearl workers. Large quantities of mother-of-pearl are brought here from the Red Sea, and bituminous

schist from Neby Musa (Moses' tomb). These, together with olive wood from Mount Olivet, are the chief materials. They work them into beautiful things and sell them at Jerusalem. Bethlehem contains about six thousand inhabitants. The Franciscans have a school for boys, and there is an orphanage conducted by an Abbé for the Patriarchate. The Sisters of St. Joseph teach the girls. Bethlehem, 846 feet above sea-level, is situated upon a mountain, and surrounded by well-cultivated valleys planted with fruit trees. Its existence was known 1740 years B.C. Many historical personages were born here, but until the birth of our Saviour, perhaps the most interesting event was that Ruth in her widowhood came with her mother into Bethlehem.* Shortly after leaving the village you see a little plain, which was the fields of Boaz, where Ruth came to glean; and Boaz, who was a Bethlehemite, married her, and had a son Obad, the father of Jesse, and the grandfather of David. Here David was consecrated King, 1072 B.C.† Here was born Jacob, father of Joseph, our Blessed Lady's husband; ‡ St. Anna, our Blessed Lady's mother, was a Bethlehemite, and then our Saviour Himself. Before Herod became King of Judah, whilst Cleopatra was Queen of Egypt, there lived at Bethlehem a priest named Matthan, of the race of David by Solomon. He had by his wife Mary three daughters, Mary, and Saba, and Anna. Mary married at Bethlehem, and had a daughter Salome; Saba married at Bethlehem, and her daughter was Elizabeth, mother of the Baptist; and Anna, mother of our Lady, married Joachim, an Israelite, and settled in Nazareth in Galilee.§

Round about Bethlehem are the following objects of interest which we went to visit:—A tower on a high hill, called the Flock Tower, where it is said Jacob pitched his tents when Rachel died, giving birth to Benjamin: the tomb we passed on the way into the town. We cross over the field of chick-peas, to which is attached a legend: our Saviour passing by saw a man sowing peas, and said to him, "What art thou sowing, friend?" The man answered impudently, "I am sowing stones." Jesus answered, "Thou wilt reap stones." And when this man's harvest came he found only what there is in it to-day, stones in the form of chick-peas. This field is also said to have produced the plate of lentils for which Esau sold his birthright. Not far away is a rock, which we also passed coming in; it is near the

* Read Ruth i. 15–22.

† 1 Kings or 1 Samuel xvi. 1–13.

‡ Matthew i. 13–16.

§ My husband, who has scanty faith in Holy Places, holds that the tradition of Bethlehem is the most, if not the only, reliable one.

ground, and bears an impression something like what a heavy body would leave on a feather mattress. This also has its legend. When Elijah, having put to death the priests of Baal, was persecuted by Jezebel, who swore that he should die, the prophet fled, and reposing here under a rock fell asleep; an angel came and said to him, "Arise and eat," and he beheld near him a cake baked in the ashes, and a cup of water; he ate, drank, slept again. By-and-by the angel called him again, and said, "Eat and drink again, for thou hast a long way to go." He did as he was commanded, leaving the impress of his body on the rock, and fortified by this nourishment he walked forty days and nights to Horeb, the mountain of God.* But in this legend the localities do not correspond to the text.

From this rock you can see both Bethlehem and Jerusalem. A little eastward there used to be a church, built over the spot where Habacuc was going to carry his workmen their dinner, and met the angel (B.C. 540).†

We then went to see the Grotto of the Milk. Tradition tells us that when Joseph was warned by the angel that Herod would seek the life of Jesus, he took the Virgin and Child, and lived with them in this cave, waiting a favourable moment to continue his flight into Egypt; that our Blessed Lady fed the Divine Infant; that some drops of the milk fell on the ground, which blessed the cave. Since that time mothers of all nations and creeds, Moslem, Christian, and Jew, when they are in distress at being unable to nurse a child, take a bit of this chalky stone, and drink it dissolved in water. People who do not believe in miracles tell me that the stone certainly has some properties that produce this effect.

A gun-shot from this grotto is the site of a house in a little field, which it is said belonged to Joseph, and where he lived before his marriage. It had descended to him from Jesse, and he was not admitted on the night of Christmas Eve, on his return from Egypt, by the then lodger or tenant, out of contempt for the condition of Mary, which is more remarkable because both Mary and Joseph were son and daughter of Bethlehemites, and the tie of relation and neighbour is so sacred in the East.

At the bottom of the mountain, about a mile from Bethlehem, is Bayt Sahúr, the house or grotto of the shepherds to whom the Angel announced the birth of our Saviour. You descend to it by twenty-one steps.

* 3 Kings or 1 Kings xix. 4-8.

† Bel and the Dragon, 33-39; Daniel xiv. 32-38.

In the village is a well, called Bir Mariam, with its legend. Our Blessed Lady passing by saw a man drawing water, and asked him for some; but he refused the jar, saying, "Drink there." The water rose up to the brim of the well, that Mary might drink, and then returned to its usual level, thus rebuking the rudeness of a creature to the mother of God. Not far from Bethlehem is the well or cistern of David (Bir Daoud), mentioned in Paralipomenon.*

Our dinner and our hosts were Spanish. The Superior looks as if he had been carved out of some old oak tree. The monks served us, and we passed a cheerful evening with them. The wind, sighing through the olive-trees, made a murmuring like the sea throughout the night.

Next day, having heard Mass and received Holy Communion in the Sacred Stable, and having exhausted the objects of interest in and about Bethlehem, we continued our travels. We rode over what we Damascenes thought a very pleasant road, albeit considered very bad in this part of the world, till we came to Solomon's Pools or basins, which are thought to have been made to water the "shut garden" mentioned in the Canticle of Canticles.† They receive only rain water, and are situated in the Wady Artas, on the border of what begins a wild and desolate country, which has from time to time justly a very bad reputation. They are three, and the largest is 182 yards long, 79 broad, and 16 deep. The road lay over hills alternately stony, and here and there carpeted with the prettiest wild flowers. Close by the reservoirs is a castle or fortress, called Kala'at el Borák. There is a little building over the Sealed Fountain.

From here you see a hillock crowned with ruins, which is supposed to be the ancient Etham, famous for its cave in which Samson hid from the Philistines, and at the foot of which was the "shut garden." ‡

We then came to Bayt Surr, and afterwards to Ramet el Khalíl, ruins of an ancient city, with a foundation of big stones. Thence we turned off out of our way to the right over a very stony country. Our object was to visit Abraham's Oak, or rather terebinth, of Mamre. The relic stood alone, surrounded by a railing, near a well in a field. It is a large holm oak, and cannot be the original, though it may be the site; and thereupon we tried to realize Abraham's tents and flocks.§

* 1 Paralipomenon or 1 Chronicles xi. 15-19.

† Song of Solomon iv. 12:—"A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse: a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

Ecclesiastes ii. 6:—"I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."

‡ Read Judges xv. 7-10.

§ Genesis xiii. 18.

We then rode on to Hebron (El Khalíl), and went straight to the quarantine ground, a large building used to receive strangers and Mecca pilgrims, in order to prevent them from communicating diseases to the town. But there was no quarantine, and we found ourselves quartered on the house of a Jew, who carried his hospitality so far as to vacate his house altogether for our use, we providing for ourselves and our people. This was a most comfortable arrangement. The house had been freshly whitewashed and done up, and was beautifully clean. Here we remained for three nights and two days, and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly, except for the "Norfolk Howards," who were so large and so numerous that if there had been any *esprit de corps* amongst them they might have turned us Giaours, our servants, horses, and baggage, into the street over and over again.

Hebron is an ancient town lying in a depression, surrounded by ten hills, of which it straggles up three. The two to the west are well wooded with olives, and the rest are either barren or own a little sparse vegetation. The houses are stone, each has a square roof with a dome, and the whole is clumped together like Baghdad dates. They look old, untidy, and ruinous, save a better one here and there. One cannot go out upon the roof without all the other roofs being crowded, and cries of "Bakhshish" arise like the cackle of a fowl-yard at feeding time. The quarantine is a square white building, and stands alone to the south-west, in what would in England be called a small common, and cattle feed upon the green slope. The only thing worth visiting, and it is a host in itself, is the Haram el Khalíl, which all venerate, and which none are allowed to behold except from outside. From a height you see embattled walls and a square chapel which looks like a white cottage. Inside this is a cave difficult to descend, they say, where lie the remains of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, Rebecca, and Leah; we commenced by entering an arch and ascending a flight of thirty steps. There was a high wall on our right, the base of which is composed of huge stones, here and there a pilaster. Then we sighted a corridor, where we put on slippers—here the Shaykhs and Moslems kissed the ground. It has a groined roof, and inscriptions all around the pilasters. At the end is an arch, with an iron door. The Mosque is square; it has also pilasters, and domed and groined ceiling, with honey-comb ornamentations. The Mosque contains two Mihrabs (prayer-niches), one in the wall and another facing it, with its back to the interior. When we left the Mosque we saw two flights of steps entering long, groined, arched passages, which were entrances to the street. There were water-tanks, and the Shaykh's house at the back

of a fountain in the street, and a tank or trough for horses to drink from, over which are a spout and an inscription. This was the old Serai. We turned a corner and descended twenty-eight steps between two walls. The Jews are only allowed to advance to the eighth step from the bottom, and there are two or three holes which, however, do not perforate the wall enough to touch the interior, and into this the poor people poke their hands to touch it for a blessing, and weep and pray.

We then went out of the Great Gates and entered a rough courtyard, hung with vines, where the poor are lodged. There is a ruined fort under repair full of passages, and small rooms, and débris; up a flight of stairs they showed us a door with a hole, through which we saw a passage and a painted door behind, which they call Joseph's Tomb. There is a round well on the stairs, and higher up than that, you can look down into this building—a bare wall, a curious window with round holes, and a cupola above, where the tombs should be. There was a curiously painted door and passage, with small ruined places outside and below.

The *loculi* are situated three due north, one bends to the right, and some are laid out like the letter S, east and west. The Haram is on a slope, and the wall is built up to hide the Birket es Sultan, the tank where David fought. It has sixteen columns or pilasters of basalt on each side, and twenty-five battlements. The west side is round, the east oblong. The minaret is to the east, and the west corner contains the cottage like the chapel of ease, which has three windows of bull's-eye glass. You can see it from a height, and on its top glitters a crescent and a star. There is a suburb Hârat esh Shaykh. The minaret is Shaykh Ali Baká'a. We were surrounded by guards, Shaykhs, and slaves—amongst the latter we distributed a few napoleons. The two Shaykhs of the Haram were Ibrahim Effendi el Hammuri, and Abdo Salámi, son of the principal Shaykh.

It was very irritating that Captain Burton, who had made the Meccan pilgrimage, and who is considered as having a right to enter where Moslems enter, could not be admitted by the Hebronites to the cave below the Mosque, the only part hitherto unvisited by travellers. The answer was—"If we went, you should go too; but even we dare not go now. The doors have been closed, one for 70 years, and the other for 150 years. It would be a matter of life and death to risk it." Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and I, who had no right except by courtesy, offered them £50; but they were, if not unmoved, stanch to their orders. As it was, I was the only woman who had gone so far,

and that was conceded on account of my being the wife of Haji Abdullah.

The town with its pavement, looked as if it had dated from the year One. The people were very respectful, albeit fanatical. The Shaykh gloatingly told us that there were no Christians in the place—he evidently did not think he was speaking to Christians. Lazy fellows sit in a dirty market-place, smoking unclean Narghilehs in the mud. There is a manufactory of glass, as delicate though less pretty than old Venetian; also soap, and water-skins. There are 600 Jews here, chiefly Pharisees. They are very quiet and respectful, not so pampered as our Damascus Jews. To-day being their sabbath they hardly speak. The Shaykhs are not in the least fanatical to us. They spend all their time with us, and go as far as they dare without infringing their orders.

On Low Sunday we again left Hebron. It was a long dreary ride to Jerusalem, owing to clouds and darkness and driving wind and rain, through barren hills and rocks and stony ground. We passed nothing on the road but a few goats and wild flowers, both looking miserable. I was indisposed to stop anywhere, even to breakfast, so we rode hard when we could, and we did not rest at Solomon's Pools, nor pass again by Abraham's Oak. Only one instant in the stable at Bethlehem, and a salute to the tomb of Rachel, and we made straight for Jerusalem.

Mr. Holman Hunt paid us the compliment of showing us, in confidence, his "Shadow of Death," and of asking our opinion upon it. We kept his secret faithfully. It is a beautiful idea, symbolizing the home life at Nazareth, where doubtless "the sword," spoken of by Simeon, "pierced Mary's soul." Where, when she kissed His forehead, she must have seen the crown of thorns; when she saw His hands and feet, she also saw the nails; when she felt his heart beat, she thought of the lance. She constantly saw Him on the cross, a prey to fearful agony, insulted and derided by the people with His last breath. Yes, it is a beautiful "home" idea, and the scenery, landscape, and all the minor details, are perfectly true to nature. When the great artist gives us a "Last Supper," life size, it will efface all others; but I hope he will paint it at Jerusalem itself, and in the Cenaculum.

The 23rd, St. George, I went to hear my last Mass in the Sepulchre, and receive Holy Communion on Calvary.

On the 24th of April we left Jerusalem; Mr. Moore, M. Lacau, and many other friends accompanied us out. We all parted at Bir

Ayyúb (Joab's well). Our friends rode back, Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake went another way, and I remained alone with our servants, horses, and baggage, under escort of Mohammed Agha. I sent them on, and turned my horse's head round, to take a long, long last look at the sacred walls of Jerusalem, with a hearty thanksgiving for having been permitted to visit it, and a fervent hope that I might one day return again. According to our custom I recited the psalm, "Super flumina Babylonis illic sedimus" ("Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept"); I added of my own accord from Joel (ii. 21-32):—"Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice: for the Lord will do great things," etc., etc.; after which I galloped after my belongings.

My road lay through orchards and grass, and there were many *loculi* on the hill-sides. I climbed up to some of them to describe them to Captain Burton. They consisted of an outer chamber, or vestibule, and two inner; some contained nine *loculi* in tiers of three. One had two large places for sarcophagi, or two sides, and a third side had two big and one little one for a baby. I passed the graveyard of a Bedawi tribe, El Abbadiyah.

Leaving this honey-comb of tombs, I followed a winding footpath amongst bleak mountains and narrow places through Wady en Nár (Valley of Fire), when the scenery again became pretty and pleasant. I passed one fountain like Rámet el Khalíl, near which it appeared as if *loculi* had been begun and not finished. The Wady ed Dayr then burst upon my sight, and quite took away my breath, for it was by far the most curious rock formation I had ever beheld.

It is a wide and deep defile two or three miles long, winding like a serpent, and broadening at the curves into amphitheatres. The sides resemble castellated piles and Gothic cathedrals, so fantastic are the shapes assumed by the natural rock; under St. Saba it became a monastery for all penitents who wished to live a hermit's life. It bears evidence of having been inhabited by austere men, for it is as full of caves as a honey-comb with cells, and these were used by the earliest anchorites.

The country is truly the abomination of desolation. Not a sound, not a drop of water, not a leaf, nor a plant, nor a living thing, nothing but that gigantic, naked, awful rockery for miles and miles, with the everlasting sun raining fire upon it. This Greek Orthodox monastery is a sort of convict station, or reformatory, for those who behave badly, and are sent here under a kind of arrest; so I was told, at least. The monastery clambers up from the bottom of the ravine to the top, and

it is flanked by a wall, which runs up its side in ridges, or steps. It is topped by the ugliest square tower I ever saw; it ought to be in St. Helen's, Lancashire. This convent is extensive patchwork, rock eked out with brick. The church has big buttresses, a dome, and a belfry. There is a watch-tower on another eminence, where they put women, who are under no pretence admitted into the monastery. They say that whatever woman enters there dies. I had a great mind to enter like a boy, but the Patriarch had been so kind to me, and had been so courteous in desiring me to remain on the day I entered by mistake into the Holy of Holies, that I could not make up my mind to the treachery of playing such a trick. As it was I pulled the ends of my habit out of my big boots, and presented myself at the door in my own character, asking leave to enter, but was strictly refused. The good monk said, "We do not like women here, my daughter. We are afraid of them."

"You don't look so, Father," I answered him.

"Well," he said, laughing, "it is our rule, and any woman who passes this door dies."

"Will you let me risk it, Father?" I asked.

"No, my daughter. No! Go in peace," and he shut the door in a hurry for fear I should try.

It appears that Madame Ida Pfeiffer was once here and also wished to go in, and was very irate when she was put in the watch-tower. However, we had our tents, and wanted for nothing. I strolled off, and perched on an airy crag, from which I could look down upon the monastery, and I thought the monks at any rate liked to watch the forbidden article, for I counted sixty, who all came out to stare. When my husband and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake arrived, they were admitted willingly enough, and shown everything. A deep-tongued bell tolled out at sunset and echoed strangely through that awful ravine. The sun was still tinting the stone-coloured hills and the dark-blue range of Moab, when a gong sounded through the rocks, and at its echo, to my surprise and delight, I saw flocks of jackals clamber up to the monastery to be fed; they were followed by a flight of black and yellow blackbirds. The monks tame all the wild animals. They do what I also do in solitude, make the lower animals companions and study them.

When we strolled about and examined the locality we found quantities of black worms with many legs; also white snail-shells, and a few new wild plants. In the morning, from dawn to sunrise, the colouring was magical, in the ravine especially, and I left with

the impression that Mar Saba is the most picturesque and de-olate spot in Syria. There is something before dawn in the East that invigorates and inspires you, when the large morning star is hanging over the distant mountains. It is so sweet and still. It has the beauty of a patriarchal repose, and as you contemplate it, you almost pity enlightened Europe, who thinks herself happy, in her fever called "progress."

The watch-tower, which I must have occupied if we had not had our tents, is a square ugly chimney on a separate eminence, a regular feminine quarantine. It was built by the Emperor Eudoxia, where she lived, and led a holy, penitential life. The door is so high that you must ascend and descend by a ladder. I suppose dresses were not so long and voluminous in those times. St. Euthymus was the first anchorite who took up his lodgings in this ravine in A.D. 405. St. Saba, his fervent disciple, succeeded him, and built this monastery. In his time 4000 religious lived in it; and 10,000 penitents under St. Saba occupied the holes in the rocks below. They show a palm-tree planted by St. Saba, which yields dates without stones; also the tomb and oratory of St. John Damascenus; and likewise a cave and little chapel once inhabited by St. Saba, called the Grotto of the Lion, and which has a legend as follows:—Once, the saint having gone out, a lion entered and took up his quarters there. The saint returned and, confiding in God, entered as usual, and began his divine office, but went to sleep over it. The lion took him by the sleeve and dragged him out. This happened twice. Then the saint, turning to the lion, said severely, "Is there not room for both of us?" and pointed to a corner. The lion lay down there, and ever after took up his quarters with the saint. I have no doubt that St. Saba did tame some wild beast, and hence the origin of the legend.

We had read in various handbooks that the journey from Mar Saba to the Dead Sea was very difficult, and we disbelieved and laughed at it. I shall show how severely we were punished. Early next morning we walked over the rocky descent by the Wady, full of slippery slabs, and then rode a mile or two. We were again in Bedawi land, a Desert of the most sterile description, the earth reeking with heat—salt, sulphurous, carbonized, and stony. We found more black and grey mountains, more descent, and then a gallop over the plains. Here I believe it was that Lady A—— was attacked and robbed in 1870. Our way lay over more grey, barren hills, up and down. The Desert of Judah seemed interminable and so hot, and this went on nearly all day. At last our descent became so rugged and so bad,

that our baggage mules stuck fast in it, and we were four hours extricating four poor beasts who were regularly jammed each between two rocks, and could move neither backwards nor forwards. We had to cut away straps and cords, and sacrifice our boxes to release them. It was hard toil after all we had gone through, and we were justly punished, and cried, "*Mea maxima culpa*," for scoffing at handbooks. We had a way of thinking that we could do what nobody else could, and in spite of the entreaties of our muleteers, who knew the road, we forced them on. They had cried "wolf" so often, that we never believed a word they said. However, happily, no beast was injured. We could see the bright blue Dead Sea long before we reached it, and we had to crawl and scramble down on foot under a broiling sun as best we could, letting our horses pick their own way. The business was too difficult to admit of their running off or fighting, and an Arab horse that is treated like a friend will always follow you in desert places by instinct.

Looking back we could see El Lisán, "the Tongue," marked in the maps on the Moab side of the Dead Sea; and on the heights above that, and a few miles inland, is the spot where the famous Moabite stone was found.

The Dead Sea—called also the Salt Sea,* the Sea of the Plain; by Arabs, Bahret Lút, (Lot's Sea); by the ancients, Asphaltites—is situated thirty miles to the east of Jerusalem, between the mountains of Judah and Moab; it is sixty miles long, twelve broad, in places very deep (it is said 188 fathoms), and reminds one of a desolate deserted Lake of Geneva. There is a Merj, or swamp, below the height which we are descending, and a border of jungle, and patches containing brackish water and flinty sands. The ruins of Gilgal and Jericho, and the supposed sites of Sodom and Gomorrah, are at our feet. We encamped at Ain Feshkah, as Captain Burton wished to examine the soil; and he was of opinion that even without a miracle, they might have been set on fire, as the land is thickly covered with lumps of pure sulphur, and he thought some unusual atmospheric influence might have produced spontaneous combustion. I, however, cling to a blind belief in my Bible, and think that this was once a fertile plain like the Garden of Eden, until the crimes of men and God's anger made it what it is. The sea-water analyzed contains principally lime, magnesium, sodium, and potash. I may without pedantry inform my readers that the bitumen so often spoken of is a

* Read Genesis xiii. 10-12. Genesis xiv. 3:—"All these came together into the woodland vale, which now is the salt sea."

vegetable product washed out of the limestone rock by rains and by the waves. We must now call to mind that we are near the third and lowest basin of the Jordan, which we first made acquaintance with at Hasbeyyah (p. 288), which rises, not as set down in maps and books, but at a spot north of Hasbeyyah, close to Hanna Misk's bitumen mines, a small water overshadowed by rocks and oleanders, in a secluded spot; that it runs down the whole centre of the country like a backbone, forming three large basins in its course. The first and smallest of these basins is Lake Húleh; its second and larger is Lake Tiberias, which is 716 feet higher than this; the waters are very rapid, and carry away the best swimmers, as I have seen; and the third and largest is this, the Dead Sea, its final reservoir, which receives daily, I am told, seven million tons of water, and has no outlet, but whose evaporation forms the Desert of Salt called the Ghor, about its southern shores.

Whilst waiting for the mules and baggage, we scooped out with our knives the only bush, and hid from the sun, tying the horses to bits of rock. Then we plunged into the sea, and had a glorious swim. You cannot sink, but you make very little way in the water, and tire yourself if you try to swim fast. You can put yourself in any position in the sea, but still I would recommend people who do not know how to swim, not to go in, as the legs have a propensity to come up as if they were made of cork, and the head to go under: a non-swimmer might easily drown, some parts of his body floating on the surface all the while. To swim you must lie on your back, or tread the water standing upright. If a drop happens to get into your eye, nose, or mouth, it is agonizing: so salt, hard, and bitter. In spite of its being believed that nothing can live in that sea, we saw five little live fish swimming away merrily, and water-birds could swim and dive. After bathing we dined on the borders. The colours of the sea were beautiful, blue shot with all shades, like the opal; and the mountains of Moab were splendid in the last light.

April 26th.—I felt very ill from the effects of the bath. Firstly, we were too warm after our day's ride to plunge at once into cold water; besides which, being the only woman, the others kept out of sight till I was well out to sea. And when the bath was ended, I had to stay in the water till my husband and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake dressed and went away, discreetly keeping my head towards Moab, so that I was more than an hour in the water. We had a hard ride to Neby Musa, the so-called Tomb of Moses, over that frightfully desolate

country, but I was too ill to heed anything. I had a touch of that terrible Jericho fever which has since killed our poor friend.

The "Tomb of Moses" is in the centre of the building, a little room, full of stripes of red, black, and white paint, and inscriptions. The grave itself is covered with a green, tattered, ragged pall, also inscribed. A triple dome forms its roof. It has a dead wall around it, with three buttresses and one arch, which is the commencement of others. A groined pavilion runs around it with pointed arches, five on one side, and the one already mentioned at the corner. There is a large recess as if for an entrance, but a Mihrab occupies the place of a door. It has also a little minaret; this is surrounded by a courtyard, which has ten pointed arches on its longest side, then three, and two, and four. These run round in the form of cloisters; some are bricked up, and over many of them are little rooms, mostly ruined and fallen in. I should have thought it was an old convent, but am told it was a Khan. An outer lower wall runs all around, forming an enclosure like a stable-yard; and it has a massive iron door and chain to guard the entrance.

The Moslems told us a very pretty legend about the death of Moses. When he had arrived at the age of 120, Allah, whose favourite he was, promised to leave him upon earth until he chose to die. As Moses knew his people would fall away from God's worship as soon as he was gone, he carefully avoided entering any tomb. However, one day whilst walking in the mountains, he saw a hill as white as snow, and four men working hard at scooping a room. These were four angels in disguise to deceive the prophet. "What are you doing here?" he asked of them. "We are ordered by our King," was the reply, "to prepare a room wherein to shut his most precious treasure, and this is why we have retired to the Desert. Our task is nearly finished, and we are to wait until the precious freight arrives—it cannot be long." The sun was very hot, and there was no shade anywhere, but only the cavern, which was invitingly cool. Moses was tired and sat down to rest on the stone bench at its further end. One of the workmen approached, and offered him most respectfully a beautiful apple, which the prophet accepted to quench his thirst—it is always an apple!—but as soon as he had eaten, the eternal sleep stole over him. The angels carried his soul to God, and his body remained in the cave. Since then the rock, like all the others in this part, has conserved its external whiteness, but when pierced its inside is as black as possible. As we all know, Moses died on Mount Nebo,

and was buried secretly, that the Israelites might not pay him divine honour; the same Mount Nebo where Jeremias hid in a cavern the Tabernacle, the Ark of the Covenant, and the Altar of Incense.*

The country is full of sand-coloured hills and Wadys, or valleys. The way seemed interminable, but at last we sighted pleasant grass near the Jordan (Es Sheri'ah). We encamped on the banks at Bethabara, a little above the first ford. The river is winding, broad, and deep, with a strong current, and overhung by trees. I felt so ill and feverish I could hardly look at anything. We breakfasted and took our *siesta* on its banks, and were nearly maddened by ants, mosquitoes, and other similar trifles. We saw some little birds, something like humming-birds, only somewhat larger and not so pretty. All the others bathed, but I only dipped my head in, and filled three bottles to bring home, for baptisms. Having travelled so far to enjoy the blessing of plunging into the water where our Saviour was baptized by John, and being unable to satisfy this longing, my readers will not laugh at me when I say that I cried with vexation and disappointment.

On the spot where we now stand the river Jordan was miraculously dried up for the passage of the children of Israel. Here Elijah was taken up to heaven in a fiery chariot, and the waters were parted by his mantle which fell upon Elisha. Here David, pursued by Absalom, crossed the Jordan accompanied by his faithful servants. Here Naaman of Damascus (the leper) came to bathe, and was cured. Here Elisha ordered the iron part of an axe, that a child had let fall in cutting a tree, to come to the surface. There is a legend that here Adam and Eve were sent to do penance separately, after their fault, to wash for forty days to efface their sin, and to return to Paradise. Adam went through his penance rightly, but poor Eve, deceived a second time by the Fiend in the figure of an angel, disobeyed and came out too soon. There is also a legend that it was here that St. Christopher, who for charity used to carry persons across, to and fro, was honoured by carrying our Saviour on his shoulders, of which tradition we see so many pictures, especially in Spain and Germany. It was here that the Baptist preached and baptized our Lord Jesus; and Jesus crossed the Jordan to reach the place where John baptized.†

In the early Christian times, many pious people came to him on

* Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1-8; 2 Maccabees ii. 4-7.

† Read Joshua iii. 15-17, iv. 1-7, iv. 17-25; 4 Kings or 2 Kings ii. 6-14; 2 Kings or 2 Samuel ii. 17-22; 4 Kings or 2 Kings v. 10-14, vi. 4-7; Matthew iii. 13-17.

its banks, which in this same part were covered with flags of marble, and a huge cross was planted in the middle of the stream where Jesus was baptized. On the opposite side, facing us, St. Mary the Egyptian, who, we remember, was converted in the Chapel of the Porch of Cavalry, after having led an austere life for thirty-three years, died in 430, and her body was buried here by St. Zozimus.

In the cool of the following afternoon we rode to modern Rîhá (Jericho), or at least the site now so called, for *savants* say that the ancient Jericho was further down in the plain. The ancient City was destroyed during the siege of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, and it was rebuilt by Adrian and became a Christian town. It enjoyed splendour for many centuries. It was one of the first to fall into the hands of the Moslems, and soon became what it is now, a group of huts holding about 300 wild people, who are always either pillaged by Turks or attacked by Bedawin. This is the reason they do not cultivate their fertile and well-watered land, famous in the old time for precious balsams. The rose of Jericho, a little brown ugly flower that opens in water, is found all about these parts, but can hardly have been what is mentioned in Ecclesiasticus xiv. 18, "I was exalted like a palm-tree in Cades, and as a rose-plant in Jericho;" and the Zakkum, which is a kind of thorn from which they extract a white oil, and which may be the much-vaunted balsam, is plentiful: it is still famous for curing wounds.

Jericho, as we now see it, consists of a few huts and tents, and a small part surrounded by pleasant orchards, so-called gardens. We encamped on a dry elevation under the mountains, where lived the prophet Elisha, who purified the fountain called by his name (now Ayn es Sultan). From this spot wrote poor Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, when ill of the Jericho fever which carried him off in 1874:—

"We are now camped in just the same place upon which we camped three years ago, when we left the Dead Sea. You will remember it on the edge of the Jordan valley, near a fine spring, Ayn es Sultan. I enclose you a sketch of it as it is at present."

(The sketch makes everything invisible from a pelting rain.)

We remember that Jericho, a City of the Tribe of Benjamin, was the first town Joshua took from the Canaanites, the place where he blew his trumpet and the walls fell down, and that except Rahab, the site of whose house is just above this water, all were killed. She was spared for her charity in having protected the spies of Joshua.*

* Read Joshua xviii. 21, vi. 16, 17, 20, 23-27; 4 Kings or 2 Kings i. 17-25; 3 Kings or 1 Kings xvi. 34; Luke xix. 1-10.

Herod adorned this city with a hippodrome, amphitheatre, and castle. Here he drowned his son, who was the last of the Maccabees. Here he gathered all the great people of his own kingdom into the amphitheatre, so that at his own death there might be a general mourning, and dying, killed his son Antipater, and was buried at Herodium. Jesus Christ passed one night at Jericho. The site of the house of Zaccheus is shown near the modern fort, and the sycamore which he mounted to see Jesus pass by was enclosed by an oratory, and existed till the sixth century.

In the evening we had a splendid view towards the north end of the Bahr Lút (Dead Sea), the Valley of the Jordan looking so green on this side of the river, and on the other side so barren in the distance. A delicious evening it was in camp, although we are still in the Ghor—there was perfect stillness, the stars were bright, and the moonlight streamed on the Moab mountains and the hills of Judæa. The only drawback was the mosquitoes, which prevented sleep. It was hard to imagine that this poor patch of huts was ever a City of Palaces and Towers, Gates and Theatres, Circuses and Colleges; that it was ever embellished with Grecian art—a royal City smothered in balsams and scented shrubs, oranges, dates, and pomegranates, and illuminated at night like a Catherine wheel, where proud, cruel Herod and the great and luxurious Cleopatra revelled.

April 27th.—We rose out of the depression of the Jordan into a naked land near the Convent of St. John, in ruins. A short half-hour away from the foot of Jebel Kuruntal is the spot where Jesus fasted forty days and nights, and was tempted by Satan.* It is riddled with rock-cut cells and natural caves, where anchorites passed their lives. There is one in particular which tradition declares to be that of our Saviour, and it became a chapel. There is a story that an Arab Shaykh cut away the only accessible path to the grotto, to prevent the pilgrims from ascending, and the holy men from descending. The one leading to our Saviour's cave is of polished slippery rock, only to be attempted barefoot. It has a fine view of Jericho, and the Dead Sea, and Moab. I have noticed that all the places most loved by our Saviour looked on bold, wild, and extensive scenery. There is a story that in this mountain was a cavern for seven virgins, doubtless in imitation of the seven virgins who served Mary in the Temple. They lived each in a separate cell. They were taken as children, and when one died her cell became her tomb, and a new cell was scooped for the new-comer. This mountain belonged to the Canons of the Holy

* Luke iv. 1-4.

Sepulchre, who had a chapel. At its foot are the remains of a little fortress built by Ptolemy, where he invited his father-in law, Simeon Maccabæus, and his two sons, Mathathias and Judas, to a feast, and killed them in order to succeed them.*

We pass in a little while the spot (Kharbet el Kakum), where our Lord cured the blind man, which appears now a ruined reservoir. Part of our journey to-day was over terrible break-neck mountains, the country deserted and wild. In these solitudes it is said that Joachim came to pray that our Lord might grant him a son. Here also is located the site of the parable of the good Samaritan.† During this march we passed the Fountain of the Apostles, and drew water for our horses, whose throats were filled with leeches by it. The Apostles must have passed this way many times, for it is the only water on the road, and is thought to be the Fountain of the Sun, on the borders of Benjamin and Judea.‡

It was a pleasant morning; we crossed first the torrent of Nahr el Kelt, the ancient Cherith, in 3 Kings or 1 Kings xvii.§ We could still see Jericho in her gardens, and the Tell or eminence of the ruins of Gilgal, the first encampment of the Israelites,|| where Joshua made an Altar of the "twelve stones," where the Ark of the Covenant rested for six years, and where Saul was anointed King over Israel. From the heights of Jebel Kuruntal we had a magnificent view of the Jordan plain, the wilderness of Judea, the mountains of Moab on the far side of the Dead Sea, and of the highlands of Judea upon which we are standing. We are facing northwards. Immediately below us is a plain some twenty miles broad, not level and smooth, but of curious formation, little mounds of all shapes and sizes, so regularly placed that you would say that man had made them. They seem to form domes and villages, and they owe their existence to rains unevenly washing away the composite soil. The Dead Sea lies to our right hand, and the Jordan fringed with verdure winds like a green serpent through the arid, burning plain.

We can also see Ayn Hajla, Castle Yabrud, and El Ayn, a village on a high hill. Yonder are the supposed sites of Sodom and Gomorrah, whereabouts we had encamped; there are the beginning of the

* Read 1 Maccabees xvi. 11-17.

† Read Mark x. 46-52; Luke x. 30-37.

‡ Joshua xviii. 17 :—"And was drawn from the north, and went forth to En-shemesh."

§ 3 Kings or 1 Kings xvii. 3-7.

|| Joshua iv. 13 :—"About forty thousand prepared for war passed over before the Lord unto battle, to the plains of Jericho."

mountains of Ajlún, and still again white hills of every shape, square and domed. It was a difficult and tiresome road, all heat and glare like a furnace, especially to a sick woman. The ground upon which we trod, the wavy atmosphere in the ardent sun's rays, the pale yellow landscape, scorching like fire, tortured every sense. The air burnt us, the ground burnt us, the sun and glare compelled us to look on the ground, which in its turn forced us to look straight ahead. You must not shut your eyes, for you must see where your horse is going. Your head throbs, your pulse beats with fever, your mouth, throat, and tongue are parched, your chest aches with thirst, your eyeballs seem to glow in their sockets.

In this state we passed the white peak of Rummon, and read Judges, 20th and 21st chapters, and then Dayr Durwán, a good village, situated in a stony depression, containing fig and olive groves. Next was the dark cone of Thaibeh, ancient Ephrem, "near to the wilderness," where our Lord withdrew with His disciples after He raised Lazarus; and we then came to cultivation and fields, wild flowers and trees. We were now nearing Bethel, the ancient Loza of the tribe of Benjamin. Some three-quarters of an hour before entering that village we passed through one of the most ancient sites in Palestine—Hai. The camping ground of Abraham before entering Canaan seems to have begun at Hai and ended at Bethel, including both towns, a distance measured by an hour's leisure riding. Hai was chiefly celebrated for its capture and destruction by Joshua. Between the two places Abraham erected an altar to God, east of Bethel, and called upon the name of the Lord. It was here that Abraham and his nephew Lot parted and divided their flocks, Lot choosing the plain of the Jordan. So early as this was the lesson learnt, that two households cannot live together in peace on account of their servants. It was not Abraham and Lot, but the herdsmen who could not agree. Mrs. King, who now advocates families living together in a sort of club, with servants and all things in common, should remember that they have no wilderness to choose from, when the quarrels shall take place.*

We finally encamped at Bethel (Beitin), which has a long and interesting Bible history. The ruins of the ancient city cover the high ridge, at the bottom of which stands the present village, to the extent of three or four acres of foundations and scraps of walls and stones. In the hollow there are grass and water, which were doubtless the attraction of Abraham and Sarah to this spot for pasturage for

* Read Genesis xii. 8, and all chapter xiii.

their camp and flocks. Here Jacob, flying from Esau, dreamt of the ladder to heaven, with angels ascending and descending, and heard the words, "In thee and thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed," etc.

Beth-el means the house of God. "El bayt," in Arabic, is the house, and this is unquestionably one of the most ancient towns of Abraham. Here he buried Deborah, Rachael's nurse. Here he set up a pillow of stones in the place where God spoke to him, and poured wine and oil thereon. Here arose Jacob's altar to Jehovah. The town was the seat of the Assemblies in the days of the Judges. Afterwards it became idolatrous and was cursed. Whoever goes to Bethel should read Genesis, Joshua, Kings, Judges, Amos, Isaiah, and Hosea, and the very true description in "Murray," page 210. Abraham, when encamped, here made an altar to God, east of Bethel. I have selected all the principal texts from the Old Testament, showing the importance of Bethel in that time, to refresh the reader's memory and to save her trouble.*

I was so ill that it was proposed we should ride on to Núblus next day, distant about ten hours, and that, once there, we should encamp for four or five days, to let me recover. I mention this because so many English come out to Palestine for riding tours, and from the same cause die, or suffer for years afterwards, from the want of the simplest attention in the beginning.

April 28th.—We left camp at a quarter to seven, and rode over a very bad track, beginning from the Wady et Tín (Valley of Figs), through cultivated mountains and fig and olive groves. No English horse could have even stood upon the places over which we had to ride, but everything, save the ground, was charming. Leaving Bethel, we change from Benjamin to Judah. We passed the villages of Ayn Yabrúd, Wady Abu Teraybeh, which valley contains Ayn el Haramíyeh, on the banks of a torrent, formerly a robber's dwelling, a bandit's nest, two caves supported on pillars. This valley is delightful, the air was fresh, redolent of sweet smells. There are tombs cut in the rocks, and a ruin and tower, of which the ancient use is not known, but it is thought that it might have been to protect the road from the robbers. The grey stone walls were rudely piled up, and tapestried by clematis and wild parasites, green and scarlet, which hung down

* Read Genesis xii. 8, xiii. 3, 4, 8-11, 18, xxviii. 10-22, xxxv. 6-8, 14, 15; Joshua vii. 2-5, xii. 16, xviii. 22; Judges i. 22-26, xx. 31, xxi. 13-24; 1 Kings or 1 Samuel vii. 16, xiii. 2; 3 Kings or 1 Kings xii. 28-33, xiii. 1-5; 4 Kings or 2 Kings xxiii. 15-17; Isaiah xxvii. 9; Hosea x. 15; Amos iv. 4, v. 4, 5.

in rank luxuriance. We passed Abu Sarár Turmus Aya, and came to Sinjal and its Wady. Here we breakfasted in the shade of an olive grove—a Fellah took our horses to a bit of grass within sight. At Khan Libbún, near the village Libbún, we watered our horses at a splendid water-source, where there was a ruin. Here I entered a villager's Harím, and being mistaken for a boy they all ran away screaming, and the men reproved me, which set us all laughing. I apologized, saying I was ignorant of their customs. This village is the ancient Libnah, where Joshua put the idolators to death.* We had left Silo to our right. We ought to have gone there, because its history is most interesting, but on my account it was given up.

We went over endless stony hills, relieved by fruitful valleys, olives, cultivation, and occasional wells. The people in this part of the world are boorish and stupid. About an hour and a half before reaching Náblus, I felt too ill to go on, so I fell behind with two of our servants, hoping to get better, and let the rest go on to prepare the camp. However we lost our way afterwards, and galloped back part of the road we had come, and then found out our mistake, and had to retrace our steps. My husband, alarmed at missing me for so long, waited for me at Jacob's Well, where our Lord asked the Samaritan woman to give Him to drink.

We arrived at our camping ground by a stream, amidst olive groves and gardens, outside Náblus, at 4.30 p.m., having been out ten hours. This is the boundary between the Damascus and the Jerusalem Consular jurisdictions, so we may now consider ourselves once more upon our own ground.

* Joshua x. 29, 30.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONTINUATION, AND LAST OF OUR PILGRIMAGE.

THE lepers and a large crowd collected on the hill to stare at us. I felt very thankful to feel settled for a few days, and to have a long sleep, and got well here. The population is said to consist of 16,000 inhabitants, chiefly turbulent Moslems, a few Catholics and Greek Orthodox, 135 Samaritans, and many Jews. The people of Náblius are supposed to be so lawless that the Governor sent us a guard of soldiers at dusk, who were relieved till daylight. We found them extremely civil. They were not fanatical, but showed us everything with much pleasure, and stood up and saluted us as we passed; except being on the outside of and beyond the town, we incurred no other risk; and beyond being serenaded by jackals, and the owls hooting in the trees above, we heard no sounds.

Náblius is a very pretty and prosperous-looking town, with good stone houses and Egyptian-looking windows, and owning a nice Súk, or bazar. It is situated in a fertile Wady, or valley, between the two famous mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, which form natural fortifications for the town. It is well cultivated and planted with thriving trees, especially quinces, and well watered by streams which run several miles. One end opens towards the sea, and the other towards the plain, so that there is always a fresh breeze blowing through it, and nevertheless the only bad thing in it was its foul smells. There is also an ancient aqueduct. We passed all the 28th, 29th, and 30th here.

We went up Mount Ebal the first morning, from which is a splendid view. In the afternoon we rode up to Mount Gerizim, by far the most interesting. It is a difficult ascent of an hour and a half. On the top are the ruins of a Christian church, and a temple, marked by a little "Wely," as English travellers say, and immense débris. The mountain is entirely covered with stones. Here are encamped at the top all the Samaritans now existing on the face of the earth. They number 135, and are governed by their Chief and High Priest, Ya'akúb Shalabi. Here live entirely apart from the rest of the world eighty

males and fifty-five females, including children, and here they celebrate their Passover on the 3rd of May. We were invited, and wished for an excuse to remain, but if I felt well before the 3rd of May we were bound to proceed.

They showed us a small Square, with stone walls, where they celebrate their Passover exactly as the Old Testament dictates.* From here there is a beautiful view of the Sea, and Moab, and the Plain; also of Jacob's Well and Joseph's Tomb beneath. The Samaritans were very hospitable. I noticed that they did not like my dog to go near them; and suspecting that it rendered them "unclean," according to their faith, I tied him up.

I will describe the Samaritan women's dress, and will take for a model the wife of Ya'akúb Shalabi, who was more richly dressed than the others. She wore large leather shoes, cotton trowsers gathered in at the ankle, red-striped silk petticoat to the knee, a jacket or bodice over it. She had on five jackets of different colours, open at the bosom, and each was so arranged as to let the border of its neighbour be seen. A girdle was around her waist, a necklace of chains clasped her throat, and another of large gold coins hung round her neck. Her hair was not shaved or tucked under like our Jewesses, but dressed in a thousand little plaits down her back; a thousand worsted plaits to imitate hair covered her own hair, and hung down her back below the waist, and were fastened off, and covered, with spangles and coins of value. Upon her head she wore a coat of mail of gold, and literally covered with gold coins, of which a very large one dangled on her forehead. She wore diamond and enamel earrings, and a string of pearls coquettishly arranged on one side of her head in a festoon. A yellow handkerchief covered her head, but hung down loose upon her shoulders. Her eyebrows were plucked out, and in a straight line in their place patterns were thickly marked in ink. I thought wrongly that they were in Hebrew characters, but they presented that appearance. A silver charm, like a jewel *etui*, and a little silver book containing a charm, she wore upon her heart. I forgot to add a third thick chain of gold around her neck, and that all the head ornaments were surmounted by a large crescent studded with jewels.

We walked about with them and sat in their tents for a long while, and then we came down by a different way, very pretty but very steep. I was suffering, and had to go to bed without any dinner, and was ill all night. The jackals and owls seemed company. There was a delicious rain all night, which refreshed us much.

* Exodus xii. 1-13.

Next morning we went to the Súk, and bought some rough leather tobacco-pouches, which please travellers. Some morning visits had to be returned, and we were attended by Khawaja Jirius, formerly Dragoman to the Russian Consulate at Damascus. We called on Abdu Effendi, the Wakíl, or agent, of Mohammed Said Pasha, the Káim-makám, or Governor. Abdu was not civil enough to rise off his divan to receive us, and had to be taken in hand. Abdullah Effendi, the Treasurer, was very hospitable; and a sister of our already mentioned Dragoman, Hanna Azar, was married to one of the authorities, who gave a beautiful garden *fête* for us in a fair-sized pretty orchard, containing a summer house and a large Birket (fountain). Under an arch was spread a nice European dinner, and actually, though so far from civilization, there was beer and claret, beside the native coffee, sherbet, and Narghilehs. All the best of Náblus was there, and included two French abbés and some missionary ladies, amongst whom was one English lady, Mrs. Youhannah el Karey, of the Palestine Christian Union Mission. The French priests were l'Abbé Bost, of Náblus, and l'Abbé Maritain, of the Village des Pasteurs (Bayt Sahúr). There were all the materials for a pleasant day; and it was pleasant, but I was too unwell to appear to advantage, much as I was disposed to enjoy it.

We then went to Ya'akúb Shalabi's house in the town. He took us to their present synagogue, a miserable small groined room, hung with a few indifferent lamps. A recess was hidden by a long white counterpane, which had a Hebrew inscription worked upon it in gold, hiding another curtain 350 years old, also inscribed. He then sent out of the room a few Samaritans, and showed us a cupboard containing several old MSS., kept in gold and silver cases, ancient, carved and scroll shaped. One is held most sacred; it is a copy of the ancient Jewish law, written on vellum, and said to be 3374 years old. This venerable Pentateuch dates 1500 B.C., to Abishua, son of Phineas, son of Eleazar, son of Aaron.*

Then we went back to the Samaritan Chief's house, a quaint old place enough, where we had coffee and pipes, and he gave me his photograph and that of his tribe in a group.

We visited the Mosque, formerly a Christian church of St. John, with a Crusader's gate, called in "Murray" Saracenic; the façade was built by the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre, in small imitation of the Sepulchre of Jerusalem. St. Justin was born here, and was martyred by Marc Aurelius. We climbed up the minaret, and had a good view.

* Read Ezra vii. 5.

There is a stone in the wall of the Mosque tower with the Ten Commandments in Samaritan characters.

Then we went to the "Hisn Ya'akúb," which is the wailing-place of Jacob, "where he could not be comforted for the loss of Joseph," a small dark room without a window, just like a coal-hole, and is on the site of the ancient Samaritan synagogue. A garden of orange flowers made the air heavy.

We then went through the Samaritan burial-ground at Ras el Ayn, and paid a second visit to the Samaritans' tents on Mount Gerizim, returning to ours at night, exhausted by our exertions and the heat.

On the 1st of May I took my Bible, and rode back to Bir Ya'akúb (Jacob's Well) and Joseph's Tomb, to enjoy them by myself. I found some Jews praying there, but we did not disturb one another, as we were all doing the same thing. Jacob's Well is surrounded by a square wall and broken fallen columns, the skeleton ruins of a Christian church. The well itself is like all others, in a small cave beneath, and would be unnoticed now-a-days but for its tender associations. It was cut by the servants of Jacob through the solid rock, and it is more than 100 feet deep, with smooth sides.

Joseph's Tomb is the usual "Wely"—a white square room, without a roof and an open door, with a plain white tomb in the centre. Who would say that this was a fit memorial for Pharaoh's right hand—and yet it meets with more reverence than the Pyramids or "Tombs of Kings." Here lies the Joseph who was the favourite and dutiful son, who was cast into the pit by his brothers' jealousy, and sold to the Midianite merchants, and was bought by Potiphar, a captain in Pharaoh's army*—this is the virtuous man who resisted Potiphar's wife, and interpreted the dreams from his prison, into which Potiphar cast him, who afterwards interpreted Pharaoh's dreams, and at thirty years of age became the Governor of Egypt, and saved it from famine. The affectionate and forgiving brother who received his ten brethren, Benjamin and his father, with all his House, and they were seventy souls in all Egypt; and Jacob died there at 147 years old, and Joseph, by Pharaoh's leave, buried him at Hebron. When Joseph died at the age of 110 years, he was embalmed in Egypt for a while, and there the brethren kept their oath, and carried him to the burial-place of his choice. Read the thirteen last chapters of Genesis upon this spot, for the life of Joseph.

Shechem became for a time the religious capital of the ten tribes, who cut themselves away from their brethren, and were in opposition

* Genesis xxxvii. 29-36, i. 24-26.

to the two who remained in Jerusalem; also where Jacob once resided. These Samaritans have been here between 2000 and 3000 years, keeping to the old rules, rites, and ceremonies of their faith—living, labouring, acting, thinking, feeling, and worshipping, as did their Patriarchs and Prophets—tabooed by the world, and content to be so. They have dwindled to a handful, and have remained so for many generations, but always existing. There is constancy, strength of character, and something to be relied upon in this; think of the many religious sects they have seen rise, grow, and shiver into empty air. Some people who are in prominent positions to-day are proud of knowing who their great grandfathers were, and those who can tell back to our old Anglo-Saxon days, before the Norman Conquest, prefer their blue blood to the highest positions held by new men. But the high claims of the Samaritans are sadly discounted by the orthodox Jews, who declare them to be “Cuthim,” converted Babylonians. Then to Shechem came Abraham to pitch his tent when God led him out of Haran with Sarah his wife, and Lot his nephew, and raised an altar to our Lord. Jacob, coming from Mesopotamia, also bought the field for 100 ewe lambs, of the children of Hamor, father of Sichem, and he made this well. Then Joseph lived in his father’s tents, and came from Mamre to find his brothers. Jacob left the field to Joseph as a heritage, and the Israelites here brought back his bones from his great Nile sepulchre, as shown in Genesis l. and Joshua xxiv. 32.

Between the two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, Moses caused the Law to be proclaimed afresh, so Gerizim became a second Sinai.* Joshua here called the tribes together, and said to them, “Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.”

On Mount Gerizim Joshua placed the descendants of Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Joseph, and Benjamin, to bless the observers of the law; and on Mount Ebal—Reuben, Gad, Asher, Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali to curse its transgressors.† Sanabalat, Governor of Sichem, built a temple upon Mount Gerizim, which was the cause of the schism between the Samaritans and the Jews.

Manasses took to wife a stranger, a daughter of Sanabalat, contrary

* Deuteronomy xxvii. 11-14:—“And Moses charged the people the same day, saying, These shall stand upon mount Gerizim to bless the people, when ye are come over Jordan; Simeon, and Levi, and Judah, and Issachar, and Joseph, and Benjamin: and these shall stand upon mount Ebal to curse; Reuben, Gad, and Asher, and Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali. And the Levites shall speak, and say unto all the men of Israel with a loud voice.”

† Joshua viii. 33, 34.

to the Mosaic law. The Jewish people in anger obliged him to put her away, and to come no more near the altar. Manasses went to his father-in-law and told him that, much as he loved his wife, this was more than he could bear. Sanabalat made him keep her, under promise of making him prince of Judah, and to obtain of King Darius leave to build a temple, and to appoint him high priest. Alexander the Great conquered Darius, so Sanabalat made the petition to the former, which was granted. In three years the temple was built, and Manasses was the Great Sacrificer 330 B.C. Several Jews joined him, and thus was accomplished the schism and enmity between Jews and Samaritans, who numbered about 11,000. A political and religious hatred had been confirmed by the Jews refusing to let them join in rebuilding the Temple of Jerusalem, or to recognize them as descendants of Abraham after the Captivity.

The principal chapters of the Old Testament which are interesting concerning the history of Nâblus, or Shechem, are Genesis xxxiv., where the sons of Jacob slew the Shechemites for their sister Dinah; and Genesis xxxv., Joshua xvii. and xxiv., Judges ix., and a portion of 2 Esdras (Ezra).

Jesus, footsore and weary with His long walk from Jerusalem over stony hill-sides, without shade or water, under a fiery Syrian sun, stopped to rest here whilst the disciples went to buy bread in a little detached village called Sychar, close by, and which forms a suburb of Shechem, the city now called Nâblus.* Around Him were strips of cornfields, Joseph's white Tomb, and patches of olives. As He sat on the rim of the well, purposely, knowing what would occur, this talkative, light-famed woman came with her jug on her shoulder to draw water. He said to her, "Give Me to drink." The woman stood aghast, knowing that she, a Samaritan woman, should be as a plague spot to a Separatist Jew. "How dost Thou, being a Jew, ask of me to drink, who am a Samaritan woman?" Instead of rejecting the grace conferred upon her, and despairing on account of her past life, she stood humbly and ashamed. To this poor sinful woman He first announced His mission of love in Samaria, to join some of the remnants of the election by grace to His Church. By her talking in Shechem, the Samaritans came down to Him, and He abode with them two days, and many were brought into the fold. The disciples almost broke out with wrath, but they were beginning to see that His ways were not the ways of other men.

Purím is a great Feast, which the Jews learnt when they were

* Read Genesis xii. 5-7, xxiii. 18-20, xxxv. 1-5, 22, 23, xxxvii. 12-16; John iv. 5-43.

in captivity in Babylon, and it is kept till now. It was then that the King of Babylon, Ahasuerus, put away Vashti his queen, and took Esther in her place. Esther was a Jewess, and her uncle Mordecai refused honour to Haman, the king's favourite. These two saved the Jews, who were persecuted, and Haman was finally hanged on the gibbet he meant for Mordecai. It was a favourite Feast, like our Christmas, given to making the hearts of the poor glad. Thronging in the synagogue when the Book of Esther is read, the boys clap hands, and the elders and the people shout, "Cursed be Haman, blessed be Mordecai." They afterwards eat and drink in their houses, have music and dancing, and sometimes it ends, their enemies say, in an orgie, both sexes drinking too much. In old times it was their custom to drink till they knew not who was cursing Haman and who was blessing Mordecai. They then go up to those two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, and shout across to each other, "Blessed be Haman and cursed be Mordecai." We found we could hear each other from their respective summits.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon relates, in his beautiful and devotional book on the Holy Land, a little story from the Talmud, as follows:—"Two pious elders, Rabba and Zira, agree to keep the Feast of the Purim together, and, both being so tipsy as to be rolling on the floor, Rabba killed Zira. In the morning he awoke and found that he had murdered his friend, and prayed to the Lord; and the Lord listened to his voice because the deed was done in Purim, and restored Zira to life. Next year, when the feast came round, Rabba proposed that they should drink together again, but Zira declined the proposal on the ground that miracles do not happen every year."*

We left Náblus at 6 a.m. (*May 2nd*), and after a delightful ride through groves, and Wādys, and streams, we entered Samaria (Sebastiyyeh). The site of the old city, called Sebaste, is on a hill-top, from which we beheld the sea north of Cæsarea on the coast. A little to our right is Bayt Imrīm and the village of Burka, a turbulent and fanatical place, but, nevertheless, the population was very civil to us. As we stood on the Tell (hill) we could see valleys all around us, like a conjunction of huge trenches, which were enclosed by mountains, and whose central spot is the Tell. There are still several columns and remains, probably of the pagan temple built by Herod the Great, in honour of Augustus. The position of Wali, or Governor-General, must have been even more lucrative and expensive in those days than

* Captain Burton tells me that this is also mentioned in Dr. M'Caul's book, "The Old Paths."

it is now, if the petty rulers of Syria could build magnificent temples to their Emperors, instead of sending occasionally a costly present. There are the ruins of an ancient church of St. John Baptist, and his Tomb, with the prophets Abdias and Elisha. We cannot be certain that the bodies are there. In the time of Julian the Apostate they were exposed to profanation. We also passed sixteen standing columns, looking like trees planted in cultivated land. They are supposed to have been part of Herod's theatre at Sebaste. Here Herod married Mariamne, and later strangled two of the sons she bore him. His second wife, Malthacea, mother of Archelaus and Antipas, was a native of Samaria. St. Philip here preached, and performed miracles and cures. Simon the magician was a native of this place, and a favourite of Nero. He was the cause of the death of Peter and Paul. He had been baptized, but could not perform miracles, which irritated him. Read here the whole of chapters xviii. and xxi. of 1 Book of Kings or 1 Samuel, and part of chapter xix.; and also of 4 Kings (Catholic), 2 Kings (Protestant), chapters i., vi., vii., x., showing the history and importance of Samaria, though, to look upon it now, none could realize that, except by its columns and ruins, it had ever possessed more than a goat-track and a village. It has truly born "the weight of the House of Achab."*

We passed Bayt Imrīm, a large village at the foot of the mountain, and Sanur, or Bethulia, the country of Judith. An hour and a half after leaving Samaria we came to Bir Zakharīyyeh, where we breakfasted. There were villages dotted here and there; thence we went to Kubatīyyeh, and Dothan, where Joseph, son of Jacob, was sold by his brethren, was slightly to our left.† After this we had a beautiful and delightful ride, going always north towards the Plain of Esdraelon, and the country was full of cultivation. When I say beautiful, the roads were as bad as they could be, nevertheless the country made up for it. Our camp for the night was Jennin, ancient Engannin, a fanatical Levite town of the tribe of Issachar, on the borders of Galilee and Samaria, where Christ cured the ten lepers.‡

We had the company of five Englishmen on the way, and they also

* Read Acts viii. 1-25; 3 Kings or 1 Kings x. 23-33; 3 Kings or 1 Kings xxii. 37-39; 4 Kings or 2 Kings xiii. 9-16; 4 Kings or 2 Kings iv. 14-23, xv. 7, 8, 12-14, and 27; 4 Kings or 2 Kings xvii. 26-33, xxii. 13.

† Judith iv. 5:—"And Eliachim the priest wrote to all that were over against Esdrelon, which faceth the great plain of Dothain, and to all by whom there might be a passage of way, that they should take possession of the ascents of the mountains by which there might be any way to Jerusalem, and should keep watch where the way was narrow between the mountains."

‡ Read Luke xvii. 11-19.

camped there. They were Messrs. North, Taylor, Parsons, Nevill, and Barnum. There were also encamped Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell, whom my husband had known formerly, and likewise an American and a German camp, besides our own—five camps in all. The locality must have been astonished at its own liveliness. Here we heard the cuckoo for the first time, an event always noticed by English people. It was a glorious evening, with a May moon. The little white village and its Mosque peeped out of the foliage of palm trees; its dome and minaret nestled in orange, fig, and mulberry groves, and a few pomegranates. It was a pretty scene, with plenty of watermills, and gardens of citron and cactus. We were situated on the mountain incline near its foot, on the opening of the Plain of Esdraelon. There were distant ranges of mountains all around, and we caught the first view of the head of our old neighbour, Mount Hermon. The mountains of Moab and Hermon always remind me of “crossing the line,” when you leave the “Great Bear” for the “Southern Cross.” You must always see one or the other, and so it is with these two mountain ranges. Mrs. Bicknell was ill, so that I remained in the tent with her, and Mr. Bicknell dined with my husband and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake. There was also a man sick with fever, who had followed me for two days. I kept him in the camp, and cured him with Warburg’s drops. The burning day was succeeded by a bitter night. I was much touched by an act of motherly love. A youth, one Ahmad el Karsi, had got into a scrape at Nablus, and had been thrown into prison. We had asked and obtained mercy for him, but it proved to be only complimentary, and as soon as we left the authorities put him back into prison. His mother, Hajiyeh el Abba, followed us on foot all over that dreary stony land, in the heat, and arrived, footsore and exhausted, in the middle of the night to tell it to us.

May 3rd.—We left camp at 7 a.m., and arrived at Dayr Ghrayabi, a little village on the plain of Esdraelon (Merj ibn Amir), undulating and triangular, about thirty-six miles long and fifteen broad, and well watered. The plain is bounded by the Mediterranean on the north-west, and its sides are also bound by great landmarks. As we at present stand, you would say that one was between Mounts Tabor and Hermon, whose peak is now visible, one between Mounts Hermon and Gilboa, and one between Gilboa and Jennin. This plain is also called in Scripture the Valley of Jezreel, and is chiefly celebrated for the victory of Gideon and the overthrow of Saul and Jonathan (Judges and Samuel). We come to the mountain Gilboa, after an hour over some hills to Fukúa, where Saul, and his three sons with him, perished

in the battle with the Philistines. The village Gilboa is situated on the mountain incline. Fukúa is a village at the foot of a range of mountains of the same name, the ancient Mount Gilboa. We then had a gentle ascent, followed by a terrible descent on foot from the height above Scythopolis into the Ghor. From the height, this part of the Valley of the Jordan appears to be watered by four waters, Ayn Jalút, Ayn Asy, Ayn Rijdaf, and Ayn Josak. The others chose to bathe in Asy, a charming blue basin, 83° (Fahrenheit), and slightly salt; so I went to try the aqueduct of Rijdaf, but found it hot enough to burn the skin. Josak was just bearable. Here, when we all met again, we found a waterfall, a mill, and Bedawin. There was coolth under the arches of the aqueduct. The Ghor men spread me a grass bed and mats, seeing that I looked ill, and brought me Leben and vegetables, so we ate, drank, and slept. We toiled another hour through the burning plain, zigzagging on account of the swamps, and came to a fine Khan, 350 years old, built by Senán Pasha. It must have been splendid in its day, and it still has noble gateways and inscriptions. We then came to a ruined Mosque, with a Cufic inscription, on the edge of Scythopolis, where we camped.*

Beisan, Beth-Shean, Scythopolis, is well worth a visit, and we wondered that no antiquity hunter had undertaken its excavation. It is the only city, of the ten (Decapolis) visited by our Saviour, on this side of the Jordan. The village itself is wretched, but outside are the ruins of a town, which was Christian in the time of Julian the Apostate, and of an amphitheatre. This last has thirteen tiers and alternate entrances and cages for wild beasts, quite perfect, and an outer gallery all around.

To see the plan of the ruins we ascended a very perpendicular hill, Tell Súk, which was the chief site of the city, and saw on the ascent an ancient gateway, of which one side was of very large size, and in ruins. From the top we saw the Valley of the Jordan, near the Sea of Galilee; east, Jordan's green fringe and famishing desolation side by side; opposite, on the other side of the Jordan, the mountains of Ajlún and Gilead, and Fáhíl (ancient Pella), another town of the Decapolis—the north was hidden by a rise. West was Jebel ed Duhy (Little Hermon), Wady Juled, the mountains of Gilboa, and a contraction of the plain. South is the new village of Scythopolis, a few huts, a ruined mosque, a little barrack; and a large Khan, a quarter of a mile to the north. Immediately around us on the hill-top, below and likewise all around, are splendid ruins—the amphitheatre, columns,

Roman remains, and earthworks, showing it to have been an important city and of considerable extent. The remains of Roman outworks on one side were evidently once a broad and magnificent bridge, moat, or drawbridge, around the fortified hill, now a green undulating waste, with a stream rushing and bubbling through it, and, at the moment I write, is occupied by a solitary Ghor man and his cow.

On the morning of the 4th of May, Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake went for a thirteen hours' ride to take some observations. I was not yet strong enough, so it was agreed that we should send on our camp to Nazareth, and I rode away with my Sais and a Druze named Shahadeh.

Being alone, that is, with a servant and a master muleteer, I did not know, until too late, that I was leaving Zerín (Jezreel) and Ayn Jalád to my left, and went straight across the plain to Shuttah, Nowris, and Itell, Nowara a village in Esdraelon, to Sunem (Súlem), so that I did not see the town where Jezebel fell out of the window and was eaten by the dogs, nor the latter site, Ayn Jalád, rendered interesting by Gideon and the Madianites.*

This day did me good, for I jogged along at my ease, stopping to admire whatever struck me. I had not to ride against time. Súlem is a small village at the foot of Little Hermon, which is mentioned in Scripture.† At the top of Jebel Duhy there was, in St. Jerome's time, a convent of virgins (see St. Jerome's Twelfth Letter to the Virgins of Hermon). There is also a legend attached to this summit. Adam so often expatiated on the delights of Paradise to the descendants of Seth that, in the hope of obtaining from God the boon of returning to their state before the Fall, they went up to the top of Jebel Duhy, and lived there in chastity and penance; but as God took no notice of this act, they came down and went into the land of Naïd, that is, the heights between Carmel and Duhy, where Cain took refuge after his crime, and was killed by Lamech. Seth's descendants married the daughters of Cain, and brought forth the Giants.

Everywhere this day the earth was beautifully green, and carpeted with wild flowers. The air was fresh and balmy, and laden with the sweet scents of spring—grass, herbs, trees, and flowers. We passed the black tents of the Arabs, who gave me milk to drink; and also one well, where we watered the horses. In the Sahl, or Plain, of Esdraelon,

* Read Judges vii.; 1 Kings or 1 Samuel xxxi. 1-13; 4 Kings or 2 Kings ix. 30-37; 1 Kings or 1 Samuel xxviii. 4-25.

† Read all 4 Kings or 2 Kings iv. concerning Elisha and the Sunamitess, and part of 4 or 2 Kings viii.

there were thousands of storks, which were quite undisturbed by our appearance, and let us ride through them like a flock of sheep; but when they rose to fly altogether, they made such a fearful noise, and looked so large, that my horse took fright, and ran away for about a mile. The sky was so blue; the mountains and plains looked so beautiful; the birds, insects, the wild flowers, the fresh balmy breeze, sweet smells, and gentle sun, the black tents, all combined to make one glad to be alive. The senses were satisfied, and it was a day of physical enjoyment, of real "Kayf," so few of which fall to the lot of Man. However, when all is said, nothing is perfect—I was alone!

We rode on till we came to Nain, where our Saviour restored the widow's son,* and from there to Endor, the town of Saul's witch. Here we reposed under some figs for an hour, and were twice insulted for so doing. The atmosphere is very turbulent all about Nazareth. First came Mohammed Abdul Agha, son of Shaykh Said Abdul Agha, who, despite his grand name, would have made the servants count spoons and umbrellas, if he had entered an English door, so much like a common tramp did he look. He said "he did not care for Consuls, nor English, nor Kawwáses; that the Wali obeyed him, and that if he did not he would soon let the Sultan know." A poor woman standing by humbly begged me to wend my weary way in the sun, and not to shade myself under the figs, and thus displease this Great Man. She said, "You know *we* all bow down before him, because he is a great Shaykh." When I was sitting down he thought by my face and voice that I was a woman, and as long as my servants only addressed him in the coarsest Arabic, he bounced exceedingly. But when I rose up, and he saw my riding habit tucked into my boots, he thought I was a youth, and I said, "You may not, O Shaykh, care for Consuls, nor English, nor Kawwáses, nor Wali, nor Sultan, but I am going to make you care about something." Thereupon he jumped up as nimbly as a monkey from his squatting position and ran for his life. Then the villagers, considering me the best man of the two, brought me milk for driving him away. He was followed by a poor Fellah with half a shirt, who did not even belong to the place, but simply came out of his way to insult a stranger, and to ask by what right we sat under the shade of the figs, a thing which in any other part of Syria would have been esteemed an honour, and the only distress would have been, lest we should pass their place without notice. His only answer was from the Sais's "Dabbús," a knobbed stick, or

* Read Luke vii. 11-17; 1 Kings or 1 Samuel xxviii. 7.

shillelagh, as soon as the words had passed his lips. And after that we were left in peace to enjoy the view.

Taamra is seen on a neighbouring domed hill. Jebel Túr (Mount Tabor) rises opposite where I sit under Endor; and under Tabor, but invisible, is Daburri (in maps Daburriyyeh), ancient Dabereth of Zabulon, between that and Issachar, where the nine Apostles waited during the time of the Transfiguration, and vainly tried to cure a child possessed of a dumb devil.* The Plain of Esdraelon ends behind Tabor. Jebel esh Shaykh (Hermon) is white with snow in the horizon. The long range of Jebel Násirah (Nazareth) seems to run from behind Jebel Túr, and to stretch away further than I can see. Endor itself consists of twenty wretched huts on the incline of a hill, and above and about it are many caves, but that of the original witch, whose descendants are quite worthy of her, is the largest and most accessible, and contains a fountain. Inside, at a guess, it is about twelve yards long and five wide, high enough to walk about in, and the water may be a foot deep. At the end where the big fountain is, there is another little fountain, and a dry scoop in the rocks with water dripping from the top; on the other side is a larger scoop, the shape of a big head, which also drips. There were crones and pretty girls drawing water—dreadful old women who accused me of having the “evil eye,” which made my servants very nervous. Blue eyes are always considered dangerous in the East. I said, “You are quite right, ye women of Endor, I was born with the evil eye.” Whereupon they were very civil to me that I might not hurt them.

We then descended into that part of the plain between Endor and Nazareth, still called Merj ibn Amir (Esdraelon), and it was so hot and close that I fell asleep on my horse for fully an hour, and he only awoke me by breaking out unasked into a furious gallop, which he declined to slacken till we came to the little village of Iksal. The plain I thought was more beautiful and better cultivated than our Buká’a. Iksal is the ancient Chesulloth, of the tribe of Issachar. We then came to the torrent of Kishon, where Barak and Deborah delivered Israel from Jabin and Sisera, and Jael drove a nail through Sisera’s head.† Here also Alexander, son of Aristobulus, at the head of 30,000 Jews, was defeated by Gabinus, who killed 10,000 of them. He was decapitated at Antioch by Pompey’s order.

We next came to the Mountain of Precipitation, whence the Jews wanted to throw down our Saviour. The ascent was very steep, a goat-path scramble, which we did on foot leading our horses. We are

* Read Mark ix. 13–28.

† Read Joshua xix. 18; Judges iv. 4.

toiling up this famous steep to see our Saviour's old home, and the synagogue which spurned Him. There is a slight descent, and we leave to the left Yafa (Japhie of the tribe of Zabulon), the country of Zebedee, father of James and John. We continued half an hour more, riding in the vale of Nazareth. Beautiful and refreshing was the little town nestling in the peaceful, smiling vale, part of its houses straggling up the hills. The first sight that met my eye was my baggage mule, with my "little all" on its back, which had left us at early dawn, struggling in a big tank of water into which it had fallen. It was likely to be drowned, for it was tired of swimming, and it would have sunk had Shahadeh not ridden up and promptly gone to the assistance of the muleteers. I felt glad to ride into camp, where I found all our former fellow-travellers, who were very hospitable to me whilst our tents were being pitched. Whilst sitting about waiting, the Copt Pilgrims came in a body to ask for bakhshish. Being in our own jurisdiction, I did not like to send them away empty, and gave them a handful of small silver, as did also my fellow-travellers.

May 5th.—I had not long to wait for the first fulfilment of my dream. Very early in the morning the Nazarenes sought out the Good One, and paid him the high compliment of stoning him and trying also to thrust him out of the City. Verily, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" The camps were all pitched in a small grassy plain without the town, close to the Greek Orthodox church, near the Fountain of the Blessed Virgin. The two other English camps, the American and German, were at the further end of it, whilst ours was lower down, nearest the church, and hidden from theirs by a slight eminence. This day was the Greek feast of St. George, and the church was opened for a religious service. At sunrise a Copt wanted to enter my tent, either for curiosity or stealing, or perhaps for the more innocent purpose of asking for bakhshish. At all events, to intrude upon "Harím" in the East is an outrage. I was still in bed half awake, and I heard the servants tell him to go. He refused, and was very insolent; he took up stones and threw them and struck the men. No one knows what a weapon the stone is in Syrian hands: it is their natural defence, and they are so well skilled in it that the very girls could defend themselves. The noise awoke me thoroughly; I got up and watched the proceedings through the top of my tent-wall. I called out to the servants to leave him alone, but by this time they were angry and began to beat the Copt. A little affair of this sort amongst the people is such a common thing

that nobody notices it, and it would have been over in a moment, but as ill-luck would have it, the Greeks, whom it did not concern, were coming out of church, and seeing a quarrel they could not resist joining, and sided with the Copt against the strangers. The cause of disturbance then fled, leaving the Greeks and the servants to fight over the discord which he had sown. But our men were but six, and the Greeks were 150, not a troop of innocent children playing at games as they afterwards stated at their trial. Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, hearing the noise, ran out of their tent half-dressed to see what was the matter, and said and did everything they could to calm the people. They were received with a hailstorm of stones, each the size of a melon, which seemed to darken the air for several minutes. A rich and respectable Greek called out, "Izbahdhum; ana b'ati Diyat-kum!" ("Kill them all, kill them all; I will pay the blood money!") He was doubtless accustomed to settle all these sort of things by a bakhshish to the Majlis. Shahadeh, the Druze muleteer, called out, "Shame! Shame! this is the English Consul of Damascus, and on his own ground." Another Greek replied, "Wa in kán'! Wa in kán'!" meaning, "And what matter? What do we care?" I put on some clothes while the fight was going on, and watched my husband. As an old soldier accustomed to fire, he stood perfectly calm, collected, and self-contained, though the stones hit him right and left. Most men under such pain and provocation would have fired into the crowd, but he simply contented himself, between the blows, with marking out the ringleaders, to take them afterwards. I ran out to give him his two six-shot revolvers, but before I got within stone's reach, he waved me back, and I understood that I should embarrass his movements; so I kept near enough to carry him off if he were badly wounded, and put his revolvers in my belt, meaning to have twelve lives for his one if he were killed. Seeing that he could not appease them, that three of his servants were badly hurt, and that one lay for dead on the ground, with two Greeks jumping upon him to stamp in his chest, and that there remained but three against 150 infuriated barbarians, he pulled a pistol out of Habib's belt and fired a shot in the air. I understood the signal, and flew round to the other camps and called all the English and Americans with their guns. When they saw a reinforcement of ten armed English and Americans running down towards them, the cowardly crew turned and fled. But for Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake's perfect self-possession, and our friends' timely assistance, we should none of us have been left alive. They were as

bad as the savages of Somali-land. The whole thing did not last ten minutes, and we were taken completely by surprise.

The cause of the ill feeling originated with the Greek Orthodox Bishop Niffon, of Nazareth, who has since got into trouble and been recalled. The Turkish authorities had sold to this prelate a synagogue and a cemetery belonging to the Jews of Tiberias, some of them British-protected subjects, who applied to Captain Burton to protect their property, and who brought eighteen respectable Moslem witnesses to prove that it had belonged to them for 400 years. Captain Burton protested strongly against this unjust sale; and the authorities promised to reconsider the question. Russia has bought the Oak of Abraham near Hebron, Mount Tabor, and Jacob's Well, near Nâblus; this was about to be added for a Greco-Russian Hospice and Convent, perhaps a Fort in disguise, when it was unfortunately Captain Burton's duty to oppose the purchase.

Captain Burton then went to the Káim-makám to report what had happened, and to ask for redress. The official, who had been pipe-bearer to the Wali, appeared a meek but kindly man, and asked how it was possible to help him, "for," said he, "I have only twelve Zaptiyeh (policemen), mostly young boys armed with small canes; the population is 7000, 2500 of them are Greek Orthodox." So we had to wait at Nazareth five days, whilst Captain Burton sent to St. Jean d'Acre for soldiers. Testimony was then taken in the Majlis, twelve or thirteen of the ringleaders were sent to prison, and finally were brought to Damascus. Their behaviour was extremely insolent. "What do we care?" they said; "all will be afraid to punish us because we are Greeks, and our Bishop can get us off with a word to the Wali, as he has often done before." So they went to their Bishop with these words, "You have got us into a scrape, and you must get us out of it; we will draw up our own report, and you must sign and seal it; and if you do not, leave Nazareth now, for we will not have you any more."

The Greeks, finding that Captain Burton was in earnest about having the outrage punished, and fearful that one or more of his servants might die, came in a body to beg pardon—the women also called upon me. The Bishop sent to say that he deeply regretted the part he had taken. He was not there, he saw nothing, and could swear to nothing, but that his flock drew up the report, ordered him to sign it, and take it to the Wali, for transmission to Constantinople, or not to show his face in Nazareth till it was settled in their favour. The culprits, meanwhile, lay all the blame upon their Bishop, con-

fessed that they were guilty, and that their report was false, and begged to be forgiven; but of all this no notice could be taken, till it came in writing.

Whilst they were so occupied in our presence, this is how they were manœuvring in the background. They sent in a most untruthful and scandalous report of the affair to Damascus, Beyrout, St. Jean d'Acre, and to Constantinople, which was signed and sealed by their Bishop, and, curiously to say, indorsed by the Wali of Syria, who had not waited or asked for one word of explanation from Captain Burton.

The Greeks, in their report, said that *we* began the quarrel, when, in fact, we were all in bed, and only ran down to find it was at its height, and to save our servants from being killed; that Captain Burton arrested people hap-hazard, whereas he marked all the ring-leaders whilst they were fighting—never forgetting a face—and carried justice to such a point as to let off one of the worst, because a single servant could not swear to him, although all the rest of us could. In their report they declared that our servants were quite well. One was insensible, a second spat blood for two months, a third had his ribs dislocated, and Mohammed Agba received such injuries as to be in bed for three months, and narrowly to escape with life. Not a single Greek was hurt. But here comes the most astounding statement of all: that "they were a group of innocent children playing at games, and that Captain Burton fired into them several times:" and that is almost equalled by another statement, that Captain Burton entered the church, armed, to profane it, tore down the pictures, broke the lamps, shot a priest, and that I went in also in my nightgown and, sword in hand, tore everything down, and jumped upon the débris and did many other unwomanly things. This document was actually signed and sealed by a Bishop, and a man equal to a Viceroy, and forwarded to Constantinople and to London, although they knew that every word was impossible, and an untruth; yet it was done for the sake of turning a village row into a religious and political question, and ridding themselves of a man whose honesty and independence did not suit them.

Captain Burton neither went into the church, nor fired, nor insulted, nor did any one of our party. I never had a sword in my hand, and when I had called assistance, I stood still till I saw my husband safe, and all the wounded men brought in, and then I sat the whole day, staunching their blood and dressing their wounds. I did not see the Greek Church for three days after my arrival. It was not my church,

but the nearest to me, and being invited by some priests, I went in, and said my prayers at the sanctuary. They gave me blessed water to drink from the fountain under the altar, and I gave them some money. There was nothing broken in the church then, and nothing out of place. They had not had time to invent it.

There is no doubt that Nazareth is very turbulent, and that the Greeks rough-ride over everybody there. The language used is so bad that if travellers understood Arabic there would be a quarrel every day. This was by no means the first, but we were perhaps the first to resent the injuries done to us. Captain Burton was most calm and moderate, and all the English and Americans, and the non-Greek residents of Nazareth, were in admiration of his prudence and *savoir faire*, and every one expressed great regret and sympathy for our troubles. We had always been on most amicable terms with the Greeks, whose civil and religious authorities were our personal friends, and all except the Bishop of Nazareth were perfectly satisfied. But naturally, Captain Burton's few enemies, and especially those nearest home, who might envy him the respect he inspired, tried to make capital out of the accident. The only mistake Captain Burton made was thinking that, the post being very unsafe, it would be better to defer sending his report of the affair to Constantinople and London until he reached Damascus, when he should explain the affair personally to the Wali. Meantime the scandalous reports were already sent, and he appeared to remain silent. Before he left Nazareth he took the precaution to make all the heads of religious factions sign a Kefil, each to bind their own party to keep the peace after our departure, or the Greeks and Latins would have made it an excuse to light up the whole country. Immediately on arriving at Damascus he made his explanation to the Wali, who condoled with him in the kindest terms; he wrote to our English Consul-General likewise, to M. Petkawitch, the Russian Consul-General, to the Greek Patriarchs of Tripoli and Jerusalem, and the Greek Bishop of Damascus, most of whom telegraphed and sent letters of satisfaction and regret. Our Ambassador at Constantinople, who had received the bad report, telegraphed to know what it all meant, and a full report was sent to Constantinople and to London.

To this succeeded nine months of sham trials, of false verdicts, and suborned witnesses, the prisoners being moved from pillar to post by the local authorities, each Majlis sucking their blood in the shape of "Bartıl."

We received some very kind letters in our troubles. At last,

however, as all the respectable authorities were anxious to prove the truth, and were, after nine months, under a new Wali (and we had also left), they resolved to obtain a hearing. Mr. Consul Moore, of Jerusalem, was sent to examine into the affair, and the culprits were sentenced to three and four months' imprisonment, and to a fine of 5000 piastres, which money was distributed amongst the injured servants. Subhi Pasha had appeared to be very sore about the discharge of firearms by Captain Burton; but surely firing in the air as a signal, when one's life is threatened by a lawless crowd, is a mild proceeding. Had a Turkish Pasha received the minutest insult, his gnard would have fired into them, and killed twenty or thirty of them, and the rest would all have been bastinadoed and worked in chains for seven years; but an English Consul must not fire in the air as a signal for assistance! I only wished they had attacked a French or an American camp instead of ours.

In support of this I may quote, that when the Arabs about Tripoli revolted, in 1870, against the Government, and killed the Governor appointed by the Turks, the Wali went in person, with troops, and burnt several villages. Of course it was his duty to enforce discipline; but what a farce it is to complain of an English Consul firing a pistol in the air, to obtain assistance to defend his own wife, his friends, and four servants' lives, against an unprovoked mob, who wanted to kill them. A French, German, American, or Russian Consul would have shot down as many as possible, and their Government would have said they were right. It only shows the amount of support given by the English Government to their employés, and the secret of our position abroad. The treatment and policy that is successful in Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, is little understood by people who have never seen anything but food, piastres, and stick.

If you are not to acquire influence and respect in the place where you live, how can you transact your work, how can you be responsible for anything? From the highest position to the lowest, the man whose orders are to efface himself is in a terrible position. Yet those were the first instructions my husband received from his immediate superior. Shall I give you an example of France? A native Consul always rises and salutes a European Consul. Once when the French Consul came in, a native sat and stared at him. He immediately walked over and pulled him up by the beard—a very strong measure, which my husband would not take. The Pasha reported it to the French Government. An English Consul would have been recalled for "violence to a native gentleman." The French, knowing that if

they put their employé in the wrong, it would reflect upon their Government, telegraphed that he was perfectly right, and to the Consul, "Your leave was on its way out to you, we must defer it for three months, lest the natives should think you were in the wrong, and are recalled." It must be a pleasure to serve a Government that treats its employés like gentlemen to be relied upon, and not like naughty school-boys. Our own Government accepted for nine months the Greek report, backed by a "Bishop" and a "Viceroy," until it was proved false.

The Greek Bishop Niffon, encouraged by that moral support, began a crusade against the Protestants, and succeeded in preventing several Protestants from Keneh from cultivating their land, the possession of which was guaranteed to them by the local authorities, and by several orders from the Pasha of Acca.

I have said that the air breeds mutiny in this part of the world, and it continues from between Náblius and Nazareth nearly to Safed.

At Nazareth a Jew cannot cross the bazar without being insulted, nor can the Sultan's subjects inhabit Nazareth. They attacked the Protestant schoolmaster of Jaffa a year ago. Mr. Zeller is often annoyed and oppressed. The Rev. Sholto Douglas was here robbed.

Two persons tried to quarrel with us at Ayn Dor. At Tahun Tabyeth they threatened to shoot us for crossing the corner of an open field without hedge or walk. At Tiberias they struck a Jewish-protected subject, and another protected Jew, Yahuda Sampton; and on the way to Safed, the Bedawin were quarrelsome, because our horses ate wild grass, and a Mogháribeh wanted to shoot Mr. Finzi; and on no one occasion was provocation given. Simply there is no one to keep order. I wrote this three years ago.*

This is what is to be seen in Nazareth, and what, in spite of our enthusiastic reception by the Nazarenes, we continued to visit.

First, the Latin Church, which is its largest building, and has an

* It is a thousand pities, as the state of the East is so important to England, that we do not establish a Committee who shall be called together to sit upon all questions of difficulty that take place in the East; or, being absent, their opinion should be sent for. That the High Powers at Home, instead of always deciding in favour of the opinion of the officer of highest grade employed in the locality in question (whose interest, probably, it is to please the local authorities, and keep his place), might refer to that Committee for judgment as to whether the conduct pursued by A. B. was right according to Oriental customs and needs or not. I would compose it of men who really know the East, not of men who have read about it—such men as Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Lord Strathnairn, the late Lord Strangford, Lord Stanley of Alderley, Captain Burton, Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Dufferin, Colonel Rathbone, Consul-General Richard Wood, etc., etc. Then we should cease to be ridiculous in the East, as we are now.

ugly outside. It contains twenty-six Franciscan monks, who own a comfortable hospice, and are hospitable, well-educated men of the world. This church covers the home of the Holy Family, the scene of the hidden and private life of Jesus during eighteen years, the only part of his life of which we may be said to know nothing.* The house itself is said to be at Loreto, where I have visited it. This is the site, and here the rooms are scooped out of the rock. The entrance has a ground floor with marble altars, and "stations" all around, and a double flight of stairs leading up to a chapel built over it. At the top of these stairs is a High Altar, and inside, behind it, are the Latin cloisters, and a large painting of the Annunciation. But we must return to the ground floor, and descend fifteen marble stairs to a low black and white marble arch supported by two granite pillars. Pass under this and you are in the house scooped out of the rock. There are two Side Altars; one is dedicated to St. Ann and St. Joachim, the parents of our Lady, and one to the Angel Gabriel, on the left. A deeper recess contains the Chief Altar, the real shrine, under which there is a black marble cross in the floor, and this is the Altar of the Annunciation. Behind the marble cross is written "*Hic Verbum Caro factum est.*" In a back room in a little chapel, without a light, is St. Joseph's Altar, and this and the Altar of the Annunciation are back to back against the stone wall which divides them. Phocas, the Greek, says that "this little chamber, without light, was the room of Christ from the time of His return from Egypt till the death of John the Baptist, and that on the right hand is the Sepulchre of St. Joseph, and moreover that Christ buried him there with His own hands." It seems more natural, as he died there, that they would bury him in their own *loculi*, instead of carrying him to a spot which, humanly speaking, had not yet been thought of, though afterwards consecrated by the Garden of Gethsemane and the Tomb of our Lady. Yet on the other hand this might have been Christ's intention, or Joseph might have had the natural Jewish yearning to be buried within sight of the Temple.

Now there is another very puzzling question, not that I wish to throw a doubt upon or disbelieve what I ought to believe. This is a

* "And coming he dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was said by the prophets, that he shall be called a Nazarite.

"And he went down with them and came to Nazareth: and was subject to them. And his mother kept all these words in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age, and grace with God and men.

"And after they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their city Nazareth. And the child grew, and waxed strong, full of wisdom: and the grace of God was in him."

cave or grotto, and there never seems to have been in Nazareth any question of a built house. On the 10th of May, 1291, "the house disappeared from Nazareth, and was recognized at Tersato in Dalmatia. On 10th December, 1294, it was taken to Reconati; thence to a neighbouring mountain, and finally to Loreto, where it is now venerated." But the natural grotto or cave being still in Nazareth, it appears to me that it must have been the chapel built over it by Constantine the Great that was transplanted to Loreto. Still it must be considered as a possibility, because though many ancient and early writers speak of a church, and more than one, for they have been so often knocked down, only one later writer mentions that the Franciscans, in clearing the ground to build their church (1620), discovered the actual foundations of the house at present at Loreto. We have thus one proof that there *was* a house. At Nazareth no one knows when it disappeared. Still I should always honour the house at Loreto in case it might be *the* house, and should be afraid to disbelieve the legend.

Here is a winding passage to the right, hewn in the rock. There are twelve steps roughly cut in the stone leading to a room above, also scooped out and said to be Mary's kitchen. There exists what must have been a fire-place, and another for a washing or cooking place, for everyday life in Nazareth would have been then just what it is now. Four steps branch off from the twelve to a little low door, now made to communicate with the convent.

Let us now return to the principal shrine. This was formerly a little cell in the rock. On the 24th of March, 1875 years ago, in the year of the world 4000, a young girl of fifteen knelt, her arms crossed upon her breast, her eyes lifted up to heaven. The Jewish virgin prayed to God for the deliverance of the world, and sighed for the coming of the Messiah. In those days, in Jerusalem, every girl bewailed her virginity, for each one hoped to be the mother of the Messiah; but she, though of the Royal House of David, though born free from original sin, destined for this particular purpose by God from all eternity, though served and guarded by angels in the Temple, and betrothed herself to Joseph, the humble and venerable carpenter, and this only by obedience for the protection necessary in those days to avoid scandal, and meaning still to keep her vow. This was readily agreed to by Joseph, who was ashamed of being married, on account of his age, until the designs of God were made known to him.* There

* In explanation of the assertion that Mary lived in the Temple in her infancy, I may remark that tradition, and the Apocryphal eight chapters on Mary, and

is a broken granite column to the left, and a little recess near it: here Gabriel, one of the seven archangels who always kneel before the throne of God to execute His orders—the most beautiful and the most powerful: “Gabriel” means “strength of God”—appeared and knelt, not before the great, the rich, the powerful, the Kings, but before Mary, before the purity and humility of an unknown Jewish girl—the virgin announced by the Prophets, awaited by the Patriarchs, and promised to the first Man—and said, “Hail! Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.” At these words the young girl was frightened and trembled; not at the presence of the Angel, for she must have seen many, but that her purity and humility were startled. “Whence is this to me?” she exclaimed; and he replied, “Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found grace with God. Behold! thou shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus.” And then Gabriel awaited for her answer, kneeling respectfully during her silence and reflection. At length it came, full of wisdom, courage, prudence, humility, simplicity, and confidence in God. The few words which settled for ever the question of our Redemption, “Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to His word.”*

This is what took place in that little recess. The workshop of Joseph is covered by two plain, square, whitewashed rooms. In one of them are visible the foundations of an ancient chapel built by St. Helena to cover the spot, but it was destroyed by the Saracens. There is now an altar of beautiful marbles and mosaics from Naples, and a cross in marbles on the floor. Tradition says that Joseph was a very bad carpenter, and that his work never fitted, but was always too short or too long, and that Jesus used to pull them and make them all right for him. A small, white, domed chapel with a Sacristi covers the Table of Christ (*Mensa Christi*), an oval stone, twelve feet long, nine broad, and four high, which stands in the centre. It is said that our Lord used to sit at the highest part of it—it gradually slopes to about three feet—and His disciples all around. The altar of this chapel is also of marbles and mosaics from Naples. The fountain of our Lady is of stone, and consists of an arch with six taps; the water is good, but on the ground and in the tank it is muddy—by

Protevangelion, say that “the High Priest Issachar made a decree that all virgins who had a ‘public settlement’ in the Temple should leave it at fourteen, lest the holy place be defiled. Mary was unwilling to leave it. ‘Seven undefiled virgins of the tribe of David’ were appointed to wait upon her, and she was in the Temple from the age of three to fourteen.”

* Luke i. 26-38.

"the tank" I mean a Birket close by, for catching rain water. Crosses of Henna are patched on its walls by the devout peasantry, who come to draw water, and carry heavy jars on their heads, as Mary must have done every day. The Greek Church is built close to it in the form of a cross, enclosed in square walls with a tower in one corner.

The chief ornamentation is its ancient and beautiful carved wood, and quaint holy pictures painted before perspective was understood. The Greeks show also a holy spot. They pull up a little trap-door, and let down a silver goblet by a chain to pull up a draught of delicious water, and this spring is the source of the Virgin's Fountain. It is the only time I was ever in the Greek Church of Nazareth, and I received and returned both respect and civility.

The Protestant Church is not pretty, for it looks like a blancmange fresh from its mould, but it is most praiseworthy that there should be one at all under such difficulties; and it is only justice to say that the Mission, Schools, and Church, and the good works and example which emanate from them, are all due to two of the best and most Christian of people—the Rev. John Zeller, a Swiss, clergyman of the Church of England, and his wife, a daughter of Bishop Gobat. They are doing all they know to benefit the people, and they deserve every possible support and assistance from those of their own faith.

The solitary Mosque is the only picturesque spot here—a few palms in a green enclosure, a little minaret and a dome peeping out from the foliage.

The Greek Catholic Church is a poor tawdry chapel, but it covers one of the most precious, and by far the saddest, reminiscences of Nazareth's history—the ancient Synagogue where Jesus last opened His mouth to speak to the people of His own village, and where they spurned their God, and cast Him out for ever and ever.* And Nazareth, which was His home, never saw Him again. It is now an arched chapel with two pointed niches, one containing a small window, and the other an altar. The sanctuary contains a tattered, tawdry Greek Catholic rood-screen and two altars. The part of the church near the door has a portion railed off by a sort of wooden lattice; and this is what remains on the site of the last scene between Jesus and the Nazarenes, where it is well to kneel and offer up a fervent ejaculation that you and I may not do as they did.

The Dâmes de Nazareth own a convent of ten Sisters, who have a school for 126 children, and a small chapel attached.

The best view, far better than Tabor, is from the top of the hill

* Mark vi. 1-6; John i. 45, 46; Luke iv. 16-30.

which backs Nazareth, and from the little Wely at the top, called Neby Ismail. You can see Jebel esh Shaykh (Hermon), blue and white, the Mediterranean, Haffa and Akka on the coast to the south; Tabor, like a mound, on the edge of the Plain of Esdraelon, the "Kishon" watering the battle-field of Deborah and Barak and the Madianites; Jebel ed Duhy (Little Hermon), Endor, Nain, Mount Gilboa (Jebel Fukúa), Zer'in or Jezreel, Jennin, Ta'annuk, El Lejjun (Magíddo), Tell Kaímún (Camon), Sefuriyyeh (Sepphoris), El Buttauf, the Plain of Zabulon, and Cana.

We rode to Cana of Galilee, where our Lord changed the water into wine.* It is one hour from Nazareth, so that it was natural that Jesus, Mary, and Joseph should have been asked as neighbours, in the same way that whole villages now flock to a neighbouring wedding, and that He should have performed His first public miracle for the edification of His own people, yet sadly knowing that "no man is a prophet in His own country."

Amongst the ruins of Kefr Kana (Cana in Galilee), the scene of the marriage feast, there are those of an ancient Christian church, and a broken marble column shows the site of the house of Simon the Canaanite, where the water was changed into wine. The Greek Orthodox show one of the vessels which our Saviour used in performing this miracle. It was cut in the stone of the country, and rudely carved. There is a ruined Mosque on the supposed site of the house of Nathanael and of St. Bartholomew. Here the centurion asked Jesus to cure his son.†

The only other visit that remained to us was to devote a morning's work to ascending Mount Tabor, a rounded mountain with patches of shrubs, and with a second-rate view, but still endeared to us for the sake of the Transfiguration. Tabor is on the borders of Zabulon and Issachar.‡ There is a cave said to have been inhabited by Melchisedec, King of Salem. Every race has in turn fortified itself on this mountain—Jews, Romans, and Crusaders. Now it is quite deserted, unless a priest comes up to celebrate a Mass on the holy site, or a traveller to visit it, or a few birds (partridges chiefly) perch there awhile.

We returned again by Iksal (Chesulloth), a poor village, from which we begin our goat-like scramble for nearly an hour up the nearly perpendicular Mount of Precipitation. From the top the Jews

* Read John ii. 1-11.

† Read John i. 18, iv. 44-54.

‡ Read Mark ix. 1-12; Joshua xix. 22, 23. Also Jeremias xlvii. 17, 18; 1 Paralipomenon or Chronicles vi. 77; Psalms or Psalter xlviii. 13, 14.

tried to throw down our Saviour. Arrived at that spot, we had the best view of Esdraelon, and the torrent of Kishon, and also we can see Safed suspended on a mountain, Tiberias, and the Sea of Galilee.

Nazareth appears a large town for Syria, and exceedingly pretty, nestling in a basin, and climbing up part of the surrounding hills; but it has never been mentioned in Scripture till in connection with our Saviour, as the residence of the "Holy Family."

Nazareth contains Latins, Greeks (both Catholic and non-Catholic, called Orthodox), Maronites, Protestants, Moslems, and one Jew.

The houses of instruction are—the Latins, a boys' school, the Dâmes de Nazareth (French Sisters), a girls' school and orphanage; and the Reverend John Zeller, a school for Protestants.

At Nazareth, as at Jerusalem, they dance a solemn sword-dance for funereal as well as for joyful feasts. When the Greek Orthodox women of Nazareth visited me in a body after the outrage, I was very much struck with the head-dress worn by the married women. It consisted of two horns of silver on a cushion of blue, beginning very large at the bottom and becoming small and tapered at the top. It was covered with coins, worth from 4 piastres (8d.) to 26 piastres (52 pence). It had a little green and red striped cap behind, shaped like our modern nets, and a green silk lappet. First, there were sixteen pieces of 26 piastres each, like a fringe on each side. There were two half-pound pieces of gold, and one very large old French coin in front, of gold, and exceedingly heavy. The lappets had six pieces of gold in two and two, and there were sixty-five pieces of gold in all. I asked her if I might look at it, and she took it off. I was not prepared for its weight, and almost dropped it; it was 14lbs. weight—a stone. She begged me not to keep it long, as her head was so used to it that whenever she took it off she suffered from lightness of head. It gave me the idea of having some connection with ancient customs, such as the worship of the moon-goddess, as it seemed exactly like two half-moons beginning near the ears, and meeting at the top of the head.

I need not say that on the day of our brutal attack we had to do all the work of our own tents, and cooking, and horses; and even if we had wished it, we could not have moved on with four men disabled and helpless. Dr. Varden and myself were entirely occupied with the suffering men. Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake took charge of the tents and horses, and the doctor sent me a woman to help me to cook, as it was also necessary to prepare soup and invalid food for the wounded, who, in consequence of their injuries, suffered from fever.

The Sais, or groom, was the first to recover. My husband's sword arm had also been injured by stones, which put him out, as without a right arm a man is rather helpless, and the sprained muscles were not thoroughly cured for two years. Besides this, we were obliged to be prepared for a night attack for revenge; and what with the whispering of the soldiers who had come from St. Jean d'Acre, the evident excitement prevailing in the town, and the barking of dogs, the nights were not peaceful enough to rest well.

On the 6th took place the deputation of Greeks and women. The men to my husband, the Harims to me. All day and every day we had crowds of visitors.

On the 7th I was able to receive Holy Communion in the Grotto of the Annunciation.

Mr. Cunningham Graham was here, and so ill that we were afraid of his not recovering. We induced him to take up his quarters at the Latin convent, where he was carefully nursed till he was able to move towards home, and I saw him in excellent health at Trieste in 1874. He had the Dragoman who so interested a Reverend Gentleman I spoke of at Bludán by pretending to take notes of his sermons, which proved to be three letters of the alphabet written hundreds of times over.

When my husband and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake were occupied with the trial at the Majlis, I used to spend much of my time with Mrs. Zeller and the French Sisters, who had a nice bath-room with taps of hot and cold water—a great luxury in these latitudes.

The last trial lasted four and a half hours. I sent a petition by the Latin Fathers, whilst it was going on, that the sentence might be as light as possible, only to show them that these outrages must be punished. Nevertheless the Káim-makám sentenced them to walk tied together two and two through the town, and so make their exit to St. Jean d'Acre. It was a wise and firm step on his part, as subsequent events showed that this was the only part of their punishment which made any impression upon them, and afterwards deterred them from those outrages which they had always until then practised upon travellers. The whole town turned out to see them go. A guard was ordered for our tents. That was our last evening, and we dined and spent it with Mr. and Mrs. Zeller.

At 7.25 a.m., 10th May, we left Nazareth, and every one came out to see us depart. Our exit was over a steep country, composed of slabs of slippery rock. The man in front of us was riding a nice mare. She fell on her side down the rocks, but fortunately the rider

was not hurt; she was picked up without much more than a good shake and a scraped flank. In half an hour we arrived at Er Raineli, another village on a hill where the Protestants have a little chapel. And in another half-hour at Neby Yumáz (El Meshed), the ancient Gath-hepher of the tribe of Zabulon, the country of Jonas, who was buried here.* Another quarter of an hour took us to Cana (Kefr Kana), already seen. We then turned off our way to visit Sefuriyyeh (Sephoris, ancient Diocæsarea, Diocletianopolis, Autocratorida, Zippor, now Sefuriyyeh), a fanatical village upon a steep hill, containing about 3000 inhabitants, the road to which is a pleasant ride through a cultivated plain (El Buttauf) and olive groves, but with a steep ascent at the end. The Sanhedrin took refuge here in A.D. 70, when Titus destroyed Jerusalem. It is the country of Joachim, father of our Lady, who married Anne the Bethlehemite, daughter of Matthan, an Israelitish priest of Bethlehem, by Mary his wife. It is covered by a castle. Here are the ruins of a Gothic church, which covered the site of Joachim's house, and a square tower on the hill-top, of Jewish workmanship. In Roman days, this was the strongest tower of Galilee. We passed the Sahl Turrán on the edge of a basaltic plain, where we saw the field of wheat supposed to be that where our Saviour, being hungry, ate the grains.† We reached in three hours the tomb of Neby Sh'aib, where we breakfasted.

The greater part of our journey had been made pleasant by cultivated undulating flowery plains, but every here and there were stony and difficult passes and tracks. We fell in again with our former fellow-travellers, and had a gallop over the plain together. Neby Sh'aib was a charming rocky glen, with green and water. Stairs led up to the old tomb, which owned shady arches, under which we slept. We passed the ruins of Khan Lubíyyeh. We then all left together, and rode through the little village of Hattín, where we lost our dog, an interesting camp follower with a mysterious history. About three weeks before, a fine large Kurdish mastiff appeared on a hillock, wistfully watching our camp. He was a monument of those fine feelings of humanity which Mr. Hepworth Dixon, with a child-like earnestness, lauds so much in the Arab. The poor beast was almost a skeleton, a broken cord tied round his neck, was eating into his flesh; a large raw hole was evidently burnt into his side. Full of compassion, I enticed the miserable brute with a plate of bones, which he greedily, but timidly and suspiciously, devoured. I retired a few paces, not to

* 4 Kings or 2 Kings xiv. 25; Joshua xix. 12-13.
Read Matthew xii. 1-9.

frighten him, and at last he got familiar enough to take from my hand, but if I attempted to touch his cord he flew from me in terror. It was evident that he had been tied up and brutally burnt with a torch or hot iron, either for amusement, or for some misdemeanour. The whole camp could not hold him to take it off, so we let him be. He attached himself to me, and slept at my tent door, and allowed no man nor beast to come into camp without orders. We tried him with all kinds of names, and he answered to "Barude" (gunpowder). Still, as long as he wore that cord he was at every man's mercy, like a bull with a nose-ring. When we got familiar enough to share breakfast and dinner, and even morning tea, together, I held a plate of meat to his nose, and whilst he was engaged with it, I slipped a sharp penknife under his cord; he struggled and bounded, which helped the penknife, and the cord remained in my hands. He flew away into the Desert, as if I had at least cut off his tail, but in an hour returned, astonished at his good fortune, crawled on to my knees, and licked my hands, evidently saying, "I know now what you have done for me." He never left me any more till, in riding through Hattín, he deliberately turned up another street; it might have been his home, or he saw some one he knew. I called and whistled, and sent men back after him for ten shillings' reward, but I never saw him again.

An hour later we passed between Hattín and Tiberias, the site of the first miracle of the loaves and fishes.* We had a gentle ascent and came to a few rocks, or a scoop on a mountain top, on the southern extremity of Kurmul Hattín. There are some large blocks of basalt, which were put here by St. Helena, and were called the twelve thrones of the twelve apostles. The Jews say that Jethro, father-in-law of Moses, was buried at the foot of this hill; and it was on this hill that Jesus Christ taught the Gospel of the eight Beatitudes.† The Crusaders camped and fought here; and the Holy Cross, carried by the Bishop of Lydda, was taken by the Saracens.‡

We have a most beautiful view descending this mountain into Tiberias. The little town lies on the edge of the lake, whose blue waters had charmed us for a long time. There were one or two fine cliffs visible on our descent—the work of an earthquake. The lake is a pretty miniature, but not nearly so grand as the Dead Sea.

We had a lazy and comfortable evening.

May 11th.—A lazy morning. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake had fever. Bahr Tabariyyeh (Luke of Tiberias, Sea of Chinnereth, Lake Gennezareth,

* Read Matthew iv. 22-25.

† Read Matthew v. 1-16.

‡ Tobias 8.

Sea of Galilee, as it has variously been called),* is a most interesting locality to Christians. It is pear-shaped, about 13 miles long, and 8 miles where broadest. It is very blue, 745 feet below sea-level, and about 30 fathoms deep. It is the middle of the three great basins of the Jordan. The waters are sweet, and full of fish. Around it lie the eight towns so much frequented and distinguished by our Saviour. There is much dispute as to the proper site of one and all, save Tiberias. The others are Capharnaum, Bethsaida in Galilee, Bethsaida Julius, Dalmanutha, Chorazin, Magdala, and Gennezareth. We came here to go round the lake, which is all surrounded by a hilly country and to hunt for these sites, making Tiberias our head-quarters. There was only one boat on the lake, and we managed to hire it with sailors for our stay.

Tiberias is a holy Jewish city, in the tribe of Zabulon, in Galilee, and was founded sixteen years before Christ, by Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of this province, who called it Tiberias, in honour of the Emperor, his protector. He built a palace, and made it his capital. Caius, successor of Tiberias, gave it to Agrippa in 41 A.D.

After the destruction of Jerusalem, Tiberias became a refuge for the Jewish nation, and in the second century the seat of the Sanhedrin, governed by the celebrated Khákhám (Rabbi) Juda Hakodesh, who compiled, or assisted in compiling, the Mishna.† From the school of Tiberias came the Gemara,‡ whose principal author was the Khákhám Jochonan, and the Masorah§ meant to conserve the purity of style and pronunciation. In speaking of the Jews to those who have not thought much about them, I perhaps might be allowed to explain that the Sanhedrin was the highest Judicial Tribunal, or Chief Council, among the Jews, consisting of seventy-two members, including the High Priest, who presided.

For three centuries Tiberias was a stepmother to the Jews in place of Jerusalem. The Khákhám Bar Anina, who taught St. Jerome Hebrew, was a native of this place. Another person of note, named Yusuf, discovered amongst the Jewish treasures the Gospel of St. John and the Acts, translated from Greek to Hebrew, and the Gospel of St.

* Read Matthew vi. 8-15, ix. 1-34, xv. 29-39.

† *Mishna* is in Arabic, El Muthanna (the repetition), the second law. The text of both the Jerusalem and the Babylonish Talmud, as distinguished from the Gemara, or commentary on the text.

‡ *Gemara* means perfect and complete. The second part of the Talmud, or commentary on the Jewish laws; in fact, its completion.

§ *Masorah* is a critical work containing remarks on the verses, words, letters, and vowel points of the Hebrew text of the Bible.

Matthew in Syriac as he wrote it, and became a Catholic. Tiberias has a castle and a few palm trees, and is situated on the borders of the lake. It is a large town, and contains at least 2000 inhabitants, almost all Jews.

The people wear curls at each side of their faces. It was very hot, but nevertheless they came to visit us all day long, and the women came in a body to see me. They were very cordial and hospitable. They took us to see the Synagogue—a square building or room, a pulpit in the middle; wooden seats run all around the wall. There was a cupboard, hidden by a curtain, which all devout Jews kissed. It contains scrolls of their law in magnificent cases. A separate room looks down upon their Synagogue, and contains their library, where some of their learned men were studying and praying. We then visited the house of our friend Zelmina, a Jew, who was much attached to us during all our time in Syria, and whom we much liked and respected. We went to see the Chief Rabbi, and had a very pleasant visit. His daughter was a very pretty girl, who had just arrived at the age to have her hair cut off—such beautiful hair that I felt it was a barbarous sacrifice. I rather thought that she agreed with me, though she was too orthodox to say so. There was a Damascus Jewess present, on a visit to her Tiberias friends; and one could not help contrasting the difference of the co-religionists. The Damascus lady was very much dressed and painted with a great assurance in her manner; the Tiberias simply dressed, no paint except Nature's, and humble and courteous in her greeting—quite the town and country mouse.

To go round the lake leisurely, and to hunt for the eight cities wherein our Saviour preached and wrought miracles, occupies two days. We started at 7 a.m. We were by chance thirteen souls. The sailors took their nets to fish for "Musht," whilst we explored on land. All was just as it should be. First we came to Magdala (Mejdel), the hamlet which gave birth to our sinful Saint Mary Magdalen, the example of hope to the unhappy of our sex. It must have been a very different place then. Now it owns twenty wretched huts, with little straw coops for sleeping on the roof in hot weather; one palm tree; a green fringe of low bushes to the water's-edge. It smells horribly, and looks most wretched. There is a tomb here of a Shaykh (El Ajami), the name implies a Persian Santon; there is a tomb seen on a mountain, said to be that of Dinah, Jacob's daughter. Small boys were running in Nature's garb on the beach, which is white, sandy, pebbly, and full of small shells. We had heard that there were ants at the

top of a high bare rock in the lake near here; we found them, and spiders also, and we wondered how they got their living. Further on was a Bedawi encampment amongst the oleanders on the beach. Súd Abu Sittēh their tribe was called, and their chief, Tellawíyyeh. Their black tents were pitched above the water, as if on purpose to catch fever.

There was no wind, and it seemed very slow work rowing round the broad end of the lake. There was no sign of any town of Gennezareth, whose land—west side of the lake—is the birthplace of Andrew, Peter, and Philip; nor yet of Bethsaida of Galilee. We only know or guess where they must have been. Chorazin is a two miles' difficult walk up a Wady to the north, and very rocky, through a thorny jungle. The Arabs called it—that is, the road—Kathir Mala'un, which means “thoroughly accursed,” for it was very hot, and the ruins and the well were not much to see when we got there; still, it was a satisfaction to have lost nothing by staying away and thinking we ought to have gone. Tell Hum is supposed to be Capharnaum.* Here the Semakíyyeh Arabs had burrowed holes for the winter. It was inhabited by our Lord, and is where He went into the Synagogue and cast out from a man an impure devil. Here also the Paralytic was let down through the roof. Here He cured Peter's mother-in-law and the servant of the Centurion, and preached the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, and foretold the fall of Capharnaum. Peter here found the silver piece in the fish's mouth. Capharnaum was a town bordering on the tribes of Naphtali and Zabulon. It was great under the Romans—it had a garrison, a synagogue, and a *douane*, or custom-house. Here Christ preached His doctrine and performed His miracles. There is an old tower built of big stones, some sculpture, and a few huts, palms, and oleanders. What ruins are left extend along the beach. It is thought that Jesus and Mary lived with Peter and his stepmother, as it is certain that our Lord had no house of His own.†

We saw an oblong building standing from north to south, with several bases of columns *in situ*, a partition running across it. At the north end there were carvings of a little temple in the doorway, with columns on a stone, and two small pillars in *alto-relievo*. The worst was, that when we landed and went inland to see anything, we generally had to push our way through the thorn jungle, and come out

* Read John xxi. 1-25, vi. 1-72; Mark ii. 1-12; Luke v. 31-40; Matthew xvii. 21-26, iv. 12-21, viii. 1-24.

† Matthew viii. 20:—“And Jesus saith unto him: The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”

like pincushions. The weather was perfect, but only too close and still; we should have liked more wind for our boat. But the lake was set like an opal in emeralds. I never saw such perfect colouring.

Poor Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake was sick, but all the rest of us were in high spirits. Towards night there was a glare behind the mountains, as if some great town in the neighbourhood was on fire—a sign of heat, they said. The night was sleepless, through the stifling air—fleas and mosquitoes were numerous; but we slept a little towards morning. Bethsaida Julius is on the Jaulán side of the lake, which Philip, son of Herod, Tetrarch of Bethania of Trachonitis and Auranitis, founded, and called Julius after the daughter (Julia) of Augustus. Philip Herod was buried here in a superb monument. Here our Lord opened the eyes of the blind man; and between Bethsaida and a stream called the Little Jordan and the lake, He multiplied the loaves and fishes for the second time. It is now called Et Tell, and the country is awful, the site is an hour away, and there is no road to it; so few go on account of its difficulties. Dalmanutha is said to be quite at the south of the lake; but whether it is or no, there is only the usual débris and a few stones left of it.

As soon as we returned I went off to the hot baths of Hamath or Emmaus, about three-quarters of an hour along the shore of the lake south of Tiberias. On the way I passed columns and the remains of the fortifications of old Tiberias, and tombs cut in the rocks. The first bath is at the foot of the mountain on the borders of the lake. It has a large fine white marble basin, through which the water passes. It is surrounded by columns of marble, supporting a cupola to let the vapour out. Pliny mentions these waters, and they are still considered good for rheumatism. They are salt and sulphuric, and make one look yellow and muddy until rewashed in clean water. In the middle is the large marble basin with little rooms around it; here people bathe for bone-aches, so it was full of Haríms, some of whom I knew. They were all in the big basin. I did not understand why they told me to go in cautiously, and not to be afraid. I laughed, and by way of showing them that English women were accustomed to water, and were not afraid, I plunged in for a swim; but I soon repented of my bravado. It gave me a considerable shock, for the heat is estimated at 142° (Fahrenheit) by Wilson. I felt as if I had jumped into boiling water. My skin was all burnt red, and I soon began to be faint. However, I remained in about twenty minutes. My Syrian girl, who went in with me, but cautiously, as advised, did faint, and had to be taken out. After leaving the bath I felt much invigorated, and lost

all the fever and illness resulting from the bath in the Dead Sea. She experienced the reverse, and I left her to rest in the divan, and went to the new Synagogue, where is the tomb of the Rabbi Mahiyeh Akiba, standard-bearer of Bar Kaukeba, and from thence to the old Baths of Solomon, hotter and more sulphuric than the others. I found an acquaintance from Beyrout, who had been brought all the way in a Tahktrawán (palanquin). We drank some sherbet together. I then went to see the Latin Church, which was being renewed. The original was built by Tancred, Governor of Tiberias during the Crusades, on the site where our Lord gave to Peter the keys of the kingdom of heaven.* There is one monk, with a few lay brothers, here. I then went into camp to receive the Jewesses in my tent.

A Bedawi Shaykh brought me a beautiful white mare for a present. I had to look hard the other way to refuse the temptation—harder still, because who is tempted by few things is tempted stronger, and because I knew that there must be something not altogether right in the background, to be done for it. Speaking of Bartíl (bribes) I may remark that whenever a man wants you to do anything wrong, the civilized and high caste Damascus way is first to flatter your genius, talents, and *esprit*; then to insinuate that your enemies have been abusing you most fearfully, and that the speaker has been fighting for you and taking your part. He is the only person capable of seeing and appreciating your extraordinary qualities. Then they offer their bait. It may be money or horses, or, if a woman, jewellery. A man once went so high with my husband as £20,000—£10,000 on the table and £10,000 when the thing was done; and it would have paid him well. When you refuse a good thing they are utterly amazed; they never calculated upon it. Then they threaten you with the Embassy and Foreign Office, and the ruin of your patronage, whatever it may be. Generally they know some member of some royal family, who will see you crushed in their behalf—that is, they have perhaps seen the hem of his garment upon a public occasion. This was the fifth horse I had refused; and as to diamonds, I have been untrue enough to my sex, when very much importuned, as to lay them on the doorstep, in order that the donors might be forced to take them away. Everybody has some weakness, before which they are apt to go down like a reed before the wind; but I confess that diamonds do not tempt me, unless they come to me honestly. When an official in the East, especially in the Levant, tells you "Nobody has ever offered me a bribe," do not believe him; he says that only to gull Englishmen at home. Believe

* Matthew xvi. 15-20.

rather, that the very men who say that the loudest, have their houses stocked with provisions all the year round, so that they can lay by their salaries; that the horses they ride are "lent" to them, and that the money they receive is either paid over to a Dragoman and shared, or is "an anonymous donation for the poor-box." People do not openly take presents to be reported home. I do not blame anybody, except an English gentleman, for taking gifts, since the day my husband was recalled; for who knows, after resisting every temptation, and working harder than any slave for his country, at what moment he may be turned adrift and penniless, to begin life over again in his old age. A gentleman or a lady cannot take them, for *noblesse oblige*, and there is always something not quite truthful or not quite fair to be done for it. Towards evening we had a pleasant little breeze.

Next morning we agreed to ride round the northern end of the lake. We galloped over the plain Wady Hammám, as close as we could to the lake, which was sandy, and full of little forests of oleander, and streams sometimes up to the girths. It is exceedingly pretty and picturesque, and infested by Bedawin. An hour's ride brought us to the land of Peter, Philip, and Andrew, but there is no town of Gennezareth nor of Bethsaida of Galilee. The site of Bethsaida is supposed to have been on the direct line between Damascus and Egypt, on the borders of the lake, sheltered by mountains, well watered, fertile, and rich with corn and game. It must have been of some importance, and Khan Minyeh, close by it, must have been its port. Here are the remains of a church built by St. Helena, over Peter's house. But Khan Minyeh is a disputed locality. Some say it is Capharnaum, and others that it is Bethsaida of Galilee. There is the Khan close to the white beach, shells, oleanders, and little bay, a pretty, green, shady place, whose streamlets produce a crop of rank luxuriance here rare. Then comes Ayn Tábigah and its watermill, which some say is Bethsaida of Galilee. It has brackish streams, a few walls and arches, a shelly beach, remains of a Roman aqueduct, a wall, and a ruined heap of rubbish.

Some even say that Dalmanutha is near Magdala; others place it near Ayn el Barideh; others again close to the Jordan, at the southern extremity of the lake, and this seems the most likely. Mejdél, Maggedan of Matthew xv., and Dalmanutha of Mark viii., and Magdala the birthplace of Mary Magdalen, according to many, are all one and the same.* Everybody differs in their conjectures. What appears to me

* Read for general use concerning the towns around the Lake, John i. 4-44; Matthew xi. 1-20; Mark iii. 1-20, v. 21-43, vii. 32-37, ix. 29-40; Luke vi. 12-19, ix. 37-44, xiii. 10-17.

to be the least known is Gergeṣa, in the country of the Gergesenes, on the east side of the lake, where Jesus Christ cast out an impure devil from a man.*

May 14th.—At 3 a.m. we rode quickly towards Khan Minyeh along the borders of the lake. After a scramble of one hour and thirty-five minutes over rocky hills, we came to Khan Jubb Yusuf, which is said to be the well into which Joseph was let down.† Here we found water, shade, and grass for our horses. Thence we went to see some curiously carved stones, that we had heard of at Keraseh; they did not repay our trouble. We then had a somewhat difficult ride, steep ascents and descents over sharp ridges of stones. Some Bedawin disputed with us about wild grass that belonged to nobody, because our horses had nibbled at it; and so proud are the Moḡháríbehs, that a ragged fellow considered himself insulted by Mr. Finzi gently asking him to hold his horse for a few minutes, a thing that in our part of the world he would have run to do as a matter of courtesy. He levelled his gun at Mr. Finzi, who, being active, knocked it out of his hand and took it from him. Thereupon the proud beggar followed us almost upon his knees for half an hour, when it was restored to him, with a caution not to threaten Englishmen in future. About half an hour before coming to the town of Safed, the country of Tobias,‡ there is a very pretty fountain at the foot of the mountain. The entrance to the town is through a gorge, all green with olive gardens, pomegranates, and cultivation. The town appears at first to hang upon a mountain declivity. Being perched several thousand feet above sea-level, it is very cold—a treat in Syria—and the view is magnificent. Till you reach the top you have no idea how large it is. The ascent begins at the fountain, and winds round and round the mountain like a serpent; as you ascend you fancy that you are passing several villages, but all are part of the town, and it is only on reaching the summit that you understand the extent and form of this Jewish holy city, renowned for its learning and its piety.

We were smoking our Narghílehs in our tents by 4.30 p.m. and receiving our Jewish visitors.

The next morning we climbed to the summit of the mountain, which is covered by the ruins of a castle. It extends over the whole top of the mountain, and there still remains some solid masonry, but not very ancient; some attribute it to the Crusaders. It is surrounded by a dry moat. The view is glorious. From this position we see the

* Read Mark viii. 22–26; Matthew viii. 21–34, xii. 22–24, xiv. 13–26.

† Read Genesis xxxvii. 19–23.

‡ Tobias i. 1.

form and extent of Safed like a map beneath us. The town extends all around the castle and the mountain, overhanging all its declivities. It is divided into three different quarters, occupied by Moslems and Jews. The Moslem quarter is subdivided into four: Hárat el Watar, Hárat el Akád (of the Kurds), Hárat es Suwawín, and Hárat el Jurn. The Jews occupy two quarters, divided into Hárat el Mogháribeh, Esh Hasardim, El Hāsura, and Esh Shekamfyeh, 5400 souls; Sephardim, 3600; Purishím, 160. Total, 9160. There are no Karaite Jews. The sixteenth century was Safed's golden age of learning and funds. They had synagogues, schools, and printing-press; but these poor people suffered sad reverses. On 1st January, 1837, a fearful earthquake occurred. The castle toppled down, and all the houses on the steepest declivity, which are Jewish, shared the same fate, and 5000 Jews were buried in the ruins of their houses; many were instantly killed, some died a miserable death entombed alive, and others were dug out after five or six days, but so mangled and prostrate from hunger and thirst, as only to gasp and die. Printing-press, schools, and synagogues were all involved in the common ruin.

Beyond and around the town, extending over mountain and valley, an extensive range, is cultivation—olive-groves, pomegranates, grass, gardens, grazing cattle, and flocks of goats, giving it a peaceful and pastoral appearance. There is at this season seen a greenness about the so-called barren mountains immediately outlying these—that is from a distance; they seem very different when you ride over them. As we stood on the summit we began to look from north to east in a circle, and we could see with the naked eye Jebel Kan'an, and Burj (a tower) Ali ed Dahar, the peak Jebel Kulayb, Kaukab el Hawa (a Crusader's castle) near Scythopolis, a cone or pointed mountain near Wady Farra, Karn Hattín (horned mountain of Hattín), where we were the other day (said to be Ecbatana, where the Cross was lost); the top of Tabor; the tomb of Rabbi Sham'un, on Jebel Meir'un; the villages of Sa'asa, Feshkala, Ayn Zaytoun, and several others; Jebel Rihán to the north. Carmel on the Mediterranean; the Plain of Esdraelon; the mountains of Gilead; the pear-shaped Sea of Tiberias, with its hamlets; and the Jordan flowing in and out at our feet to the south. Whilst Samaria and the Valley of the Jordan seemed quite close, the eye commands an enormous range; the Jaulán and the Haurán stretching right away into the Arabian Desert, the ancient kingdom of Bashan. Having seen the general features of the town, and its position, we descended.

I need not say that from the hour of our coming the Jews were all

hospitality, and flocked to our tents to await us. We were never more gratified with our reception anywhere than at Tiberias and Safed. The old Khákhám, or Rabbi, was charming. There was also another person who interested me very much. Many years ago an English Jew, named Cohen, left Liverpool, taking with him his wife and two little daughters, and settled in Syria amongst his co-religionists. He and his wife died, and the two girls were brought up by the Jews at Safed. One married Mr. Finzi, son of the English Vice-Consul at Acre; the other (Esther) a Safed Jew, named Obo. They know no other life than this. Although they are in every way completely like Safed Jewesses, they have preserved sufficient remnants of their English to converse and be understood. I was much interested and pleased with Esther. She was delighted to see an Englishwoman; and though all these years had passed without her hearing anything but Arabic and Hebrew, she began to speak at first a few words of broken English with me. But after twenty-four hours her words began to come back to her; and when she translated her ideas literally from Arabic to English, it was the prettiest thing in the world. I kept her with me all the time I was there, in spite of an extremely jealous husband, and felt quite an affectionate interest in her. Since I left she has written me two very nice letters in English, which I answered. She told me that she would like to have some books to improve her English and teach her children, and perhaps to open a school; and I sent her a large parcel of children's first English books, maps, copies, and primers for spelling and reading. I learnt from her all their domestic customs, history, "charms," mode of life—in fact, their *vie intime*.

It was very hot at Safed in the daytime, and very cold at night. We went to visit the various synagogues. One had an abundance of old painted carved wood; the cupboard or Tabernacle for the scrolls of the Law was surmounted by an imperial crown and a ducal coronet, under which was an inscription, and a mirror with an inscription, and hands joining with fingers parted two and two; also flowers, dolphins, and grapes. All the rest of our time was taken up in visiting and receiving the principal Jews.

Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake left early. They wanted to go on an expedition by themselves, and left me alone. I did not start till 7 a.m., and the Khákhám and Esther came to see me off. I had a tiresome ride of two hours and forty minutes after I left the fertility surrounding Safed, wandering and losing my way over stony mountains, here and there owning some long rank grass, till I came

to a small village called Almah. Here I found Bedawin, and as I felt sure that my husband must pass this way, I waited for him in their black tents under the trees. It was burning hot, with blasts of scorching wind. The others came up to me at 3 p.m., and we went on together. We had a scramble for two hours and twenty minutes up and down mountains, and through small Wadys or valleys, and at last came to Neby Joshua, here called, but contrary to Scripture, the Tomb of the Prophet—a white dome on a height overhanging the plain of El Húleh, which can be seen from afar, and might have been built to commemorate his victory.*

From this height you see my old bugbear from a new aspect. The plain of the Húleh is old ground, both to my reader and to me—an extensive swamp situated very low. All the dry patches are richly cultivated and fertile, black tents occupy all the best spots, and the swamps are a fever-stricken copy of Indian jungle. We remember the sources of the Jordan, the main drain of Syria, rise above this plain at Hasbeyyah, and that yonder small blue, triangular lake is Bahr el Húleh (Semachonitis), the waters of Merom of Scripture. I never see this plain without fever. To-day it is black from a recent prairie fire; this happens sometimes when the grass is very dry from the intense heat of the sun. The descent is hard, down the rocks into the plain, so we spared our horses and made it on foot. We encountered a solitary jackal, which ran away like a fox.

We galloped for half an hour over the plain, and reached our tents after sunset, at a spot known to the natives as Ayn Balláteh. We were very tired from the heat, and tried to sleep, but the stifling atmosphere, mosquitoes, spiders, scorpions, and other pests, made us envelop ourselves completely in sheets, and walk up and down all night, keeping up watch-fires. The jackals were very musical that night. When the morning light came, we were able to laugh at one another's miserable faces, all swollen with bites and stings. Mine was not recognizable—it was more like the face one sees in a spoon; and even Captain Burton, who always laughs at our misfortunes in this line, had a forehead all over bumps, from the sand flies.

17th May.—We were glad to be off early, for all were hot and feverish. We had four hours and twenty minutes zigzagging through water, long grass, and rocks, on account of the large tracts of swamp. We passed several Arab camps. Their summer tents are made of matting, buffalo spears stand against the doorway or entrance, and their bear-like dogs keep guard.

* Joshua vii. 3-8.

At last, after a long way round, we came to Jisr (Bridge) Rejjál, which is very ancient and composed of large stones. Here we found water and shade under arches, soft sand, a bubbling river, and a thicket of pink oleanders, against a taller one of green holm oak.

We then came to Tell el Kadi, where the noble old trees and upper and lower fountains with ice-like water were truly refreshing. We begin to feel now that we are close at home, by the greenness of the Tell, by the fertility, olives, corn, and pomegranates; by the bubbling streams bursting through the forest of holm oak and oleander—such a contrast to the desolation we have passed through, in the southern part of the Holy Land.

We came to Baniás (Dan, or Cæsareá-Philippi), and went up to the castle on the peak, and then descended to a fine clump of trees, which shade a few wild picturesque Moslem graves. We threw ourselves on the grassy carpet under the boughs, breakfasted, and siesta'd. However, people from the town recognized us, and visited us. We left again at 2.30. Had a two hours and a half scramble up mountain footpaths, and arrived at 5 p.m. at Mashadeh, a Druze village overhanging Birket er Ram (Phiala, or the Bowl Lake, of Josephus).

All of us except Captain Burton were more or less on the sick list—some headache or sickness, dysentery or fever, weakness, and aching bones, from the cold, or heat, or swamps, or insects. These last even got into our boots; I felt something hard in mine, and quickly pulling my foot out, it proved to be a large stinging insect.

We were up early, however, for we took a great interest in Birket er Ram (Tank of the High Place), a lakelet in the mountains below Hermon, at a considerable elevation. It is about 600 yards broad, and 800 or 900 wide, so that it is not quite round. It is a solitary looking water, which seems to have no inlet or outlet, and it is popularly supposed to have no bottom. Our taking soundings greatly attracted the villagers. There was no boat, so we emptied the water out of all our goatskins, blew them up with air, and tied them at each end. On to the top of these we fastened our camp table, and used the tent-poles for oars. We made two, one for Captain Burton and the other for Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake. They sounded with the lead, and the deepest part proved to be seventeen feet and a half, the temperature 67° 30' (Fahr.). The air began to whistle out of the skins before they got clear of the long reeds, but they kept on. It has a weedy bottom, and leeches under the stones. After eight and a half feet it deepened rapidly, and there were no shells. They ascertained all this, and got back just in time to save their rafts too, as the air was exhausted.

We then breakfasted, received Druze visits, and remounted.

We rode for four hours over a stony and uninteresting country alongside, but at a little distance from, our neighbour, Mount Hermon. It was a volcanic, dreary waste, making the ride seem longer. At 4.30 we came to a mill, with trees and water, near Bayt Jenn, where the hospitable and gracious-mannered Druze miller ran out and begged us to camp. We had a charming cool night, and all were quite well again.

19th May.—It was a delicious morning, in the cool dawn light, by the foaming river. We rode for four hours over dreary hills and up and down stony mountains, till we came to Katana, a village of Moslems, only three hours and a half from our own house, and where I often ride over the plain of Damascus.

We halted under a favourite fig tree, where is shade, water, and grass; refreshed our horses, breakfasted, slept, and wrote up journals. Then we made our remaining three hours and a half in a quiet amble. The plain was burning, the sun rained fire upon us, and blasts of hot wind scorched us, till at last we arrived at Mizzeh, the village on the borders of the green. We entered our own oasis. Oh! how grateful were the shade, the cool water, the aromatic smells. One hour from Mizzeh took us to our own little paradise, where we met a cordial greeting from all.

20th May.—We turned all our tired steeds out to grass, paid and dispersed the men and animals that did not belong to us, and cleaned the weapons and saddlery.

I did not know it then, but it was my last happy day. We found all manner of official troubles waiting for us; these lasted four months, and at the end of that time I left Syria, and have never since beheld it.

THE END.

LIST OF CAPTAIN BURTON'S WORKS.

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